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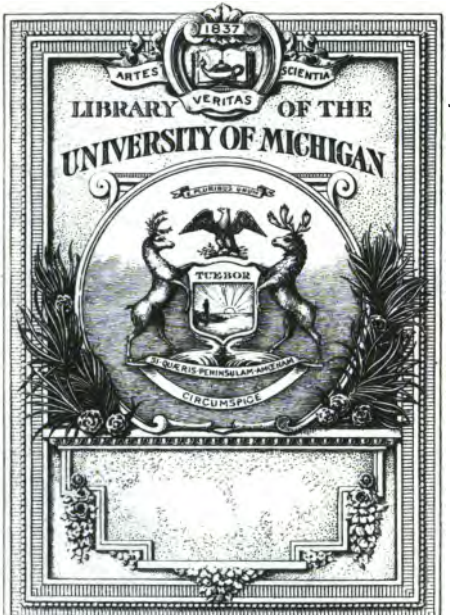

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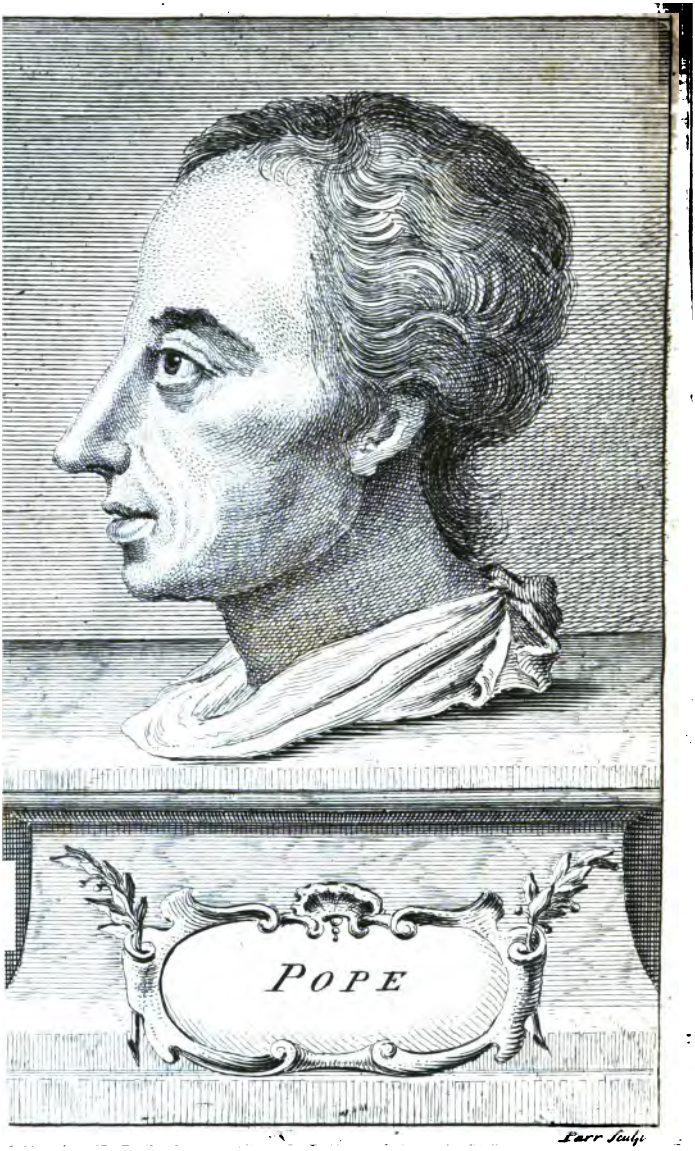
POPE
Parr Sculp

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

Faithfully Collected from

Authentic AUTHORS, Original MANUSCRIPTS, and the TESTIMONIES of many PERSONS of Credit and Honour:

Adorned with the

HEADS of divers ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS, treated of in these MEMOIRS, curiously engrav'd by the best Hands.

In TWO VOLUMES.

By WILLIAM AYRE, *Esq*;

LONDON:

Printed by his MAJESTY'S AUTHORITY,

For the AUTHOR, and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

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THE

PREFACE.

THE *Lives of private Men, though they afford not Examples which may fill the Mind with Ideas of Greatneſs and Power, like thoſe of Princes and Generals, yet are they ſuch as are more open to common Imitation; there are few within whoſe Compaſs thoſe Actions are, that is, there are, comparatively ſpeaking, few Princes or Generals, but the Actions of a private Man are as Counſel to all; if good eligible, if bad deteſtable, and to be avoided: For this Reaſon moſt wiſe Men have delighted in faithful* Biography. *But here lies the Difficulty, ſo few are true to their Subject, for Partiality either of Love or Hate, has cauſed many ſo to magnify or multiply the good or bad Actions of thoſe whoſe Lives they write, that it is ſcarce poſſible to know how to diminiſh, or what to divide by, to find the firſt Figure*

or Number they had to work upon; ſo that when (not without ſome Intreaty) I was induc'd to take upon me to write Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. POPE, *of whoſe* Poetry, Criticiſm, *and* Satire, *I had always been a profeſs'd Admirer, I reſolv'd not to ſuffer my Admiration to carry me greater Lengths than the cooleſt Reaſoning could juſtify, it being not my Buſineſs to write Panegyrick, but to illuſtrate Mr.* POPE's *Works, and ſhew what manner of Man he was, as well as how great a Poet: To this End, I have made uſe of all poſſible Means, my Friends, as well as myſelf, having ſpared no Pains to procure what Helps were attainable, ſome few I had in my own Hands which were never made publick, and the World ſtands obliged to thoſe of all Stations, who have been ſo kind to hand to me for this Uſe, what they thought would contribute to give Light into his Life; but moſt of all we are aſſiſted by his own Letters and Works, by which Means, ſeveral Things before in Diſpute, are now clear'd up, and others long forgotten, reveal'd to Memory, the Time and Place of Actions doubtful, fully fixt, and many Things once warmly contended for by certain*

tain cenſorious and ill-natured People given up.

By the Quotations it will appear, that a large Number of Authors have been peruſed and conſulted in this Caſe, and that nothing is affirmed without ſome Evidence; for how vain would it be to impoſe Fictions upon the Publick under the Pretence of a real Character?

Beſides this, I thought it highly proper, writing of Mr. Pope's *Patrons and Friends, not barely to mention their Names, but to give ſo much of their Character as might ſhow of what Claſs (not only as to Quality, but Taſte and Underſtanding) they were in: This I have done in the Duke of* Buckingham, *pretty much at large, as well as the Biſhop of* Rocheſter; *I have taken Notice of Dean* Swift, *Mr.* Dennis, *Mr.* Rowe, *Mr.* Cibber, *Mr.* Walſh, *Sir* William Trumbull, *Sir* Richard Blackmore, *Mr.* Oldmixon, *Mr.* Euſden, *Dr.* Garth, *Mr.* *Mr.* Welſted, *Mr.* Gay, *Mr.* Bloome, *Mr.* Digby, *Mr.* Theobald, *Mr.* Moore Smith, *and have not forgot a great Number more, ſome Friends, and ſome Enemies, to Mr.* Pope, *keeping as near as I could to their true Story of Life, and carefully avoiding*

voiding ſuch Circumſtances as have been reported upon ſlight, or no Authority.

As to the Criticiſm upon Paſtoral, *it will not be entirely diſagreeable to the Ear of thoſe who love Poetry; if the Compariſons be juſt, be aſſured that the Quotations are fair. The Tranſlations from the* Italian *of* Taſſo *and* Guarini *are my own, thoſe from the* Aminta *publiſhed ſome Years ſince, being the fourth Tranſlation of that Paſtoral into* Engliſh.

I hope it will be plain that I have ſpoken of Mr. Pope *every where with the greateſt Impartiality, and that I have not neglected to inſert in theſe Memoirs, any Thing by which his Fame might be enlarged and continued down to late Poſterity, if this Labour ſhould live ſo long; for herein, I muſt confeſs, I have not conſulted my own Intereſt, but took it in Hand (how unequal ſoever to the Taſk) leſt ſome other of more Art, might, mingling Falſhoods with Truth, give to future Times a falſe and imperfect Idea of our great Poet, Critick, and Satiriſt.*

There are ſeveral Things which I have omitted, though worthy of Notice, as not being certain whether they are not ſpurious, and ſome Pieces, though I am certain they were

were wrote by him, as he has not thought fit to honour them with his Name, I enter not into their Merits, but, as he desires, impute them not to him: There are, likewise, a few Verses which he wrote upon a merry Mistake made by a Physician, at the House of a noble and most estimable Earl; but, as I have not Liberty to publish them, they shall be suppress'd.

Except these, I have not received the least Hint from Persons of Honour and Credit, (to whom I return most grateful Thanks) of which I have not made some Use, and desire to be excused by those from whom I have had Papers without Names or Vouchers, for the Facts contained, at the same Time expressing a Displeasure against some, which I know to be dishonourably false, and if I were able to learn where to return them, I would do it with the Reproach and Contempt they and their Authors deserve.

It was by particular Desire that I enlarged so much on the Essay on Man, *and the* Universal Prayer—*In regard to the* Ethicks, *I have offered them to the Reader's Consideration, and taken Care to be guided in general by a Comment well approved of by Mr.* Pope.

The

The Quotations I have made uſe of, appeared to me the eaſieſt to determine the Senſe of the Argument, or elſe are ſuch Paſſages as are the moſt beautiful Poetry, where all is beautiful. It would be difficult to pick out any Lines in all the four Eſſays on Man, which do not greatly excel the ſame Number of Lines wrote by any other Engliſh *Poet, ſuppoſing them to be Rhimes; for he alone has the Manner of keeping up the greateſt Harmony in his Verſes, without ſpinning his Thoughts to Threads, it being ſcarcely poſſible to render the ſame Thoughts again in ſo few Words, even in Proſe.*

The Univerſal Prayer, *except a doubtful Word or two, is one continued Confeſſion of Benevolence and Humility, and might become the Mouth of a dying Saint: It ſhews, that ſpeculative Divinity pleaſed him leſs than practical; that his Words were not artfully contrived to teach his Heart what it ought to be, but aroſe from it, and do more Honour to his Memory than all his other Works, great and ſublime as they are, put together.*

MEMOIRS

A PATENT

Under his MAJESTY's ROYAL SIGNET.

G. II. R.

GEORGE *the* Second, *by the Grace of God, King of* Great-Britain, France, *and* Ireland, *Defender of the Faith*, &c.

To all to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, GREETING.

WHEREAS Our Truſty and Well-beloved, WILLIAM AYRE, *Eſq*; hath humbly repreſented unto Us, that he hath been at very great Expence and Labour, in Writing and Compiling a Work entitled, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of* Alexander Pope, *Eſq*; in Two Volumes, Octavo,

tavo; and hath humbly beſought Us, to grant him Our Royal Privilege, for the ſole Printing, Publiſhing, and Vending, the ſaid Work, for the Term of Fourteen Years: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which tend to the Advancement of Knowledge, are graciouſly pleas'd to condeſcend to his Requeſt; and do therefore by theſe Preſents, ſo far as may be agreeable to the Statute, in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto the ſaid WILLIAM AYRE, *Eſq*; his Executors, Adminiſtrators, and Aſſigns, Our Royal Licence for the ſole Printing, Publiſhing, and Vending the aforeſaid Work, for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof: Strictly forbidding all Our Subjects, within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint the ſame, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatſoever, without the Conſent or Approbation of the ſaid WILLIAM AYRE, *Eſq*; as they will anſwer the contrary at their Peril.

The Maſter, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers*, are to take Notice, that due Obedience may be render'd to Our Pleaſure, herein declared.

Given at Our Court at *St. James's*, the Eighteenth Day of *December*, 1744, and in the *Eighteenth* Year of Our Reign.

By his MAJELTY'*s Command*,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

ALEXANDER POPE was born in *London*, in the Year 1688, on the Eighth Day of *June*.

HIS Parents were *Alexander Pope*, a distant Relation of the Lord *Downe*, and *Editha*, Daughter of *William Turner*, Esq; of *York*.

THEIR Monument is in *Twickenham* Church, in the County of *Middlesex*: On which is the following Inscription:

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,
QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.
ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI
PIENTISSIMÆ, QUÆ VIXIT ANNOS
XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT,
ET SIBI.

Engliſhed thus:

To God the Great Creator, and beſt of Beings,
To *Alexander Pope*, a Gentleman of Honeſty,
Probity and Piety, who liv'd
LXXV Years, died M.DCC.XVII.

And to *Editha*, his excellent and truly pious Wife,
who liv'd XCIII Years, died M.DCC.XXXIII.

To His Well-deſerving Parents, the Son
erected this, and to himſelf.

And in his Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot* (deſigning it for publick View) he ſays,

Of gentle Blood (Part ſhed in Honour's Cauſe,
While yet in *Britain*, Honour had Applauſe)
Each Parent ſprang—"What Fortune, pray?—
Their own,
And better got than *Beſſus*'s from the Throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a Noble Wife;
Stranger to civil and religious Rage,
The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age:

No

No Courts he ſaw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:
Unlearn'd, he knew no Schoolman's ſubtle Art,
No Language, but the Language of the Heart:
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by Temp'rance, and by Exerciſe;
His Life, tho' long, to Sickneſs paſt unknown,
His Death was inſtant, and without a Groan.

It would certainly have been an Honour to any Univerſity in *Europe*, to have had the Cultivation of ſo excellent a Genius as that of Mr. *Pope*; but he having a very weakly Conſtitution, and Parents of uncommon Tenderneſs, they would not by any Means conſent to his going far from home; ſo that he received his Education in a private Manner, under Management of Tutors who were eſteemed learned Men, chiefly Mr. *Deane*, who was depriv'd of his Fellowſhip of *Univerſity*-College in *Oxford*, ſoon after the Revolution; he having declared himſelf a Papiſt in the Reign of King *James*, of which Religion Mr. *Pope*'s Family was, and had been many Centuries.

It was under this Gentleman he firſt began to reliſh the *Engliſh* and *Latin* Poets: It was not only an early Love and Underſtanding he ſhewed of them, but himſelf to be of their Number.

The firſt Poem of his which ever was made publick, is an Ode, wrote in the Year 1700; which well expreſſes the Bent of the Youth's Inclination; for he always affected Privacy and Retirement. At the writing of this Ode, he wanted a few Days of twelve Years of Age.

Happy the Man, whoſe Wiſh and Care,
A few paternal Acres bound,
Content to breathe his native Air,
In his own Ground.

Whoſe Herds with Milk, whoſe Fields with Bread,
Whoſe Flocks ſupply him with Attire,
Whoſe Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter, Fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years, ſlide ſoft away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day.

Sound Sleep by Night; Study and Eaſe,
Together mixt; ſweet Recreation,
And Innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With Meditation.

Thus, let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lie.

So far from being fond of childiſh Sports, that he would not engage in any that were noiſy; and the Weakneſs and Badneſs of his Conſtitution, would not permit him to uſe much Exerciſe; ſo that, except a little Drawing, he was almoſt continually ſtudying or converſing, and by the Time he was ſixteen Years old, had a very good Acquaintance among People of Faſhion, who were eſteemed to have, and had great Judgment of Men and Manners; and whoſe Converſation greatly help'd to enlarge his Mind, keep it in Action, and raiſe a noble Deſire of reſembling, in Time, or excelling, thoſe great Examples.

His Father, a Man of an exceeding good moral Character, who lov'd Silence and Solitude, reſolving to withdraw from the Town, (being thereto the more

more ſtrongly induc'd by the ill Health of his Son) bought an Eſtate at *Bingfield*, near *Oakingham*, and near the Seat of Sir *William* (*) *Trumbull*, who had been Secretary to King *William*, and reſign'd.

From this Gentleman's Acquaintance we may date Mr. *Pope*'s firſt Entrance into the polite World, though whilſt he was under Tuition, and almoſt two Years before he wrote his Paſtorals, he tranſlated the firſt Book of the *Thebaid* of *Statius*, of which the following is an Extract.

Oedipus, King of *Thebes*, having by Miſtake ſlain his Father *Lajus*, and married *Jocaſta* his Mother, put out his own Eyes, and reſign'd the Kingdom to his Sons. Being neglected by them, he makes a Prayer to the Fury *Tiſiphone*, to ſow Debate betwixt the Brothers.

Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy Regions reign,
Where guilty Spirits feel eternal Pain;
Thou, ſable *Styx!* whoſe livid Streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary Coaſts, which I, tho' blind, behold:

(*) Sir *William Trumbull* was born at *Eaſthamſted* in *Berkſhire*: He was Fellow of *All Souls* College in *Oxford*, follow'd the Study of the Civil-Law, and was ſent by King *Charles* the Second Judge-Advocate to *Tangier*, thence Envoy to *Florence*, *Turin*, &c. and in his Way back Envoy Extraordinary to *France*; from thence ſent by King *James* the Second Ambaſſador to the *Ottoman Port*. Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treaſury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, which Office he reſign'd in 1697. He retir'd to *Eaſthamſted* in *Windſor Foreſt*, and died in the Place of his Nativity in December 1716, aged 77 Years. Our Author celebrated that Retirement in his Poem on the Foreſt, and addreſs'd to him his firſt Paſtoral at 16 Years of Age.

Tiſiphone, that oft' haſt heard my Pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if *Oedipus* deſerve thy Care!
If you receiv'd me from *Jocaſta*'s Womb,
And nurs'd the Hope of Miſchiefs yet to come:
If leaving *Polybus*, I took my Way
To *Cyrrha*'s Temple on that fatal Day,
When by the Son the trembling Father dy'd,
Where the three Roads the *Phocian* Fields divide:
If I the *Sphynx*'s Riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd Reign:
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monſtrous Mixture ſtain'd my Mother's Bed;
For Hell and thee begot an impious Brood,
And with full Luſt thoſe horrid Joys renew'd:
Then ſelf-condemn'd to Shades of endleſs Night,
Forc'd from theſe Orbs the bleeding Balls of Sight.
Oh hear, and aid the Vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire!
My Sons their old unhappy Sire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his Kingdom, and depriv'd of Eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their Sceptres o'er my Urn;
Theſe Sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious Pride,
Inſult my Darkneſs, and my Groans deride.
Art thou a Father, unregarding *Jove!*
And ſleeps thy Thunder in the Realms above?
Thou Fury, then, ſome laſting Curſe entail,
Which o'er their Childrens Children ſhall prevail:
Place on their Heads that Crown diſtain'd with Gore,
Which theſe dire Hands from my ſlain Father tore;
Go, and a Parent's heavy Curſes bear;
Break all the Bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred Souls to mutual Hate and War.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee,
Blind as I am, ſome glorious Villainy!

Soon

Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their Hands,
Their ready Guilt preventing thy Commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd Miſchief frame,
They'd prove the Father from whoſe Loins they came.

This was look'd on as a Promiſe and Earneſt of what follow'd ſoon after, and as long as the Poet liv'd.

From hence we muſt look on him altogether finiſhing his Studies at Home, and among Men; converſant with Sir *William Trumbull*, (who had given him Leave to call him Patron) with Dr. *Garth*, Mr. *Wycherly*, Mr. *Walſh*, Mr. *Gay*, the Lords *Hallifax* and *Lanſdown*; and ſoon to Sir *Richard Steele*, Mr. *Addiſon*, and Mr. *Congreve*.

After having been handed to moſt of the beſt Poets and Criticks, to be over-look'd, his Paſtorals appear'd in publick: They were very much admir'd, ſet in Competition with the beſt Writings of that Kind in our Language, and Mr. *Philips*, the ingenious Author of the *Diſtreſs'd Mother*, thought no way ſuperior in his Attempt in that beautiful and difficult Part of Poetry. On this there grew a mutual Diſlike in both Mr. *Philips* and Mr. *Pope*, which was never either made up or forgot. The Performances are very different, but Sir *Richard Steele* has pretended to compare them. The Poems are both Paſtoral, though he ſeems to deny Mr. *Pope*'s that Name: Mr. *Pope*'s, indeed, is elevated Paſtoral, and (as he promiſes in his Diſcourſe on Paſtoral Poetry) favours moſt of the Golden Age: Mr. *Philips* has imitated *Spencer* more in ſome Places, and in others ſeems to raiſe his Style higher than Mr. *Pope*. The *Guardians* ſpeak thus.

1. I Deſigned to have troubled the Reader with no farther Diſcourſes of *Paſtorals*, but being informed

formed that I am taxed of Partiality, in not mentioning an Author whoſe Eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame Volume with Mr. *Philips*'s; I ſhall employ this Paper in Obſervations upon him, written in the *free Spirit of Criticiſm*, and without Apprehenſion of offending that Gentleman, whoſe Character it is that he takes the greateſt Care of his Works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt Concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the firſt Rule of Paſtoral, that its Ideas ſhould be taken from the Manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral form'd upon the Repreſentation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any Deviations from that Deſign degrade a Poem from being true Paſtoral. In this View it will appear that *Virgil* can only have two of his Eclogues allow'd to be ſuch: His firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the Ravages of Armies, and Oppreſſions of the Innocent; *Corydon*'s criminal Paſſion for *Alexis* throws out the ſecond; the Calumny and Railing in the third are not proper to that State of Concord; the eighth repreſents unlawful Ways of procuring Love by Inchantments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder. As to the fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by (*) *Heinſius*, *Salmaſius*, *Rapin*, and the Criticks in general. They likewiſe obſerve, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of *Theocritus* are to be admitted as Paſtorals; and even out of that Number the greater Part will be excluded for one or other of the Reaſons abovemention'd. So that when I remark'd in a former Paper, that *Virgil*'s Eclogues taken all together are rather ſelect Poems than Paſtorals; I might have ſaid the ſame Thing with

(*) *See* Rapin *de* Carm. Paſt. *par.* 5.

with no less Truth of *Theocritus*. The Reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the Criticks, viz. They never meant them all for Pastorals.

Now it is plain *Philips* hath done this, and in that Particular excelled both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

3. As Simplicity is the distinguishing Characteristick of Pastoral, *Virgil* hath been thought guilty of too courtly a Style; his Language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among Peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the Writings of *Ennius*, he had not imitated the Rusticity of the *Doric*, as well by the Help of the old obsolete *Roman* Language, as *Philips* hath by the antiquated *English*: For Example, might he not have said *Quoi* instead of *Cui*; *quicijum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our Modern hath Welladay for Alas, whilome for of old, make mock for deride, and witless Younglings for innocent Lambs, &c. by which Means he had attained as much of the Air of *Theocritus*, as *Philips* hath of *Spencer*?

4. Mr. *Pope* hath fallen into the same Error with *Virgil*. His Clowns do not converse in all the Simplicity proper to the Country: His Names are borrow'd from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, which are improper to the Scene of his Pastorals. He introduces *Daphnis*, *Alexis*, and *Thyrsis* on *British* Plains, as *Virgil* hath done before him on the *Mantuan*: Whereas *Philips*, who hath the strictest Regard to Propriety, makes choice of Names peculiar to the Country, and more agreeable to a Reader of Delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So easy as Pastoral Writings may seem, (in the Simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great Reading, both of the Antients and Moderns, to be a Master of it. *Philips* hath given us manifest Proofs

of

of his Knowledge of Books: It muſt be confeſſed his Competitor hath imitated ſome ſingle Thoughts of the Antients well enough, if we conſider he had not the Happineſs of an Univerſity Education, but he hath diſperſed them, here and there, without that Order and Method which Mr. *Philips* obſerves, whoſe whole third Paſtoral is an Inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of *Virgil*, and how judiciouſly reduced *Virgil*'s Thoughts to the Standard of Paſtoral; as his Contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale ſhows with what Exactneſs he hath imitated every Line in *Strada*.

6. When I remarked it as a principal Fault, to introduce Fruits and Flowers of a Foreign Growth, in Deſcriptions where the Scene lies in our own Country, I did not deſign that Obſervation ſhould extend alſo to Animals, or the ſenſitive Life; for *Philips* hath with great Judgment deſcribed Wolves in *England* in his firſt Paſtoral. Nor would I have a Poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. *Pope* hath done) to one particular Seaſon of the Year, one certain Time of the Day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue: 'Tis plain *Spencer* neglected this Pedantry, who in his Paſtoral of *November* mentions the mournful Song of the Nightingale:

Sad *Philomel* her Song in Tears doth ſteep.

And Mr. *Philips*, by a poetical Creation, hath raiſed up finer Beds of Flowers than the moſt induſtrious Gardener; his Roſes, Endives, Lillies, Kingcups, and Daffadils blow all in the ſame Seaſon.

7. But the better to diſcover the Merits of our two contemporary Paſtoral Writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a Parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular Thoughts in the ſame Light, whereby it will

will be obvious how much *Philips* hath the Advantage. With what Simplicity he introduces two Shepherds ſinging alternately?

Hobb. Come *Roſalind*, O come, for without thee
What Pleaſure can the Country have for me:
Come *Roſalind*, O come; my brinded Kine,
My ſnowy Sheep, my Farm, and all, is thine.

Lanq. Come *Roſalind*, O come; here ſhady Bowers
Here are cool Fountains, and here ſpringing Flow'rs.
Come *Roſalind*; here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long Time away.

Our other Paſtoral Writer, in expreſſing the ſame Thought, deviates into downright Poetry.

Streph. In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the ſhady Grove,
But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia*'s Sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,
More bright than Noon, yet freſh as early Day;
Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſt with her 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

In the firſt of theſe Authors, two Shepherds thus innocently deſcribe the Behaviour of their Miſtreſſes.

Hobb. As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I paſſed by,
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long Eye:
Then ſwift beneath the chryſtal Wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain to hide.

Lanq.

Lanq. As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
The Wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

The other Modern (who it muſt be confeſs'd hath a *Knack of Verſifying*) hath it as follows:

Streph. Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the Plain,
Then, hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;
But feigns a Laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

Daph. The ſprightly *Sylvia* trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind Glance at her Purſuer flies,
How much at Variance are her Feet and Eyes!

There is nothing the Writers of this Kind of Poetry are fonder of, than Deſcriptions of Paſtoral Preſents. *Philips* ſays thus of a Sheep-hook.

Of ſeaſon'd Elm; where Studs of Braſs appear,
To ſpeak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year.
The Hook of poliſh'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

The other of a Bowl emboſs'd with Figures.

—— where wanton Ivy twines,
And ſwelling Cluſters bend the curling Vines;
Four Figures riſing from the Work appear,
The various Seaſons of the rolling Year;
And What is that which binds the radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lie.

The

The Simplicity of the Swain in this Place, who forgets the Name of the Zodiack, is no ill Imitation of *Virgil*; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would *Philips* have dreſs'd this Thought in his *Doric?*

And what that Height, which girds the Welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay Signs in meet Array are ſeen.

If the Reader would indulge his Curioſity any farther in the Compariſon of Particulars, he may read the firſt Paſtoral of *Philips* with the ſecond of his Contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral Places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhown ſome Parts, in which theſe two Writers may be compar'd, it is a Juſtice I owe to Mr. *Philips*, to diſcover thoſe in which *no Man can compare with him.* Firſt, That *beautiful Ruſticity*, of which I ſhall produce two Inſtances, out of a Hundred not yet quoted.

O woful Day! O Day of Woe, quoth he,
And woful I who live the Day to ſee!

The Simplicity of Diction, the melancholy flowing of the Numbers, the Solemnity of the Sound, and the eaſy Turn of the Words, in this Dirge, (to make uſe of our Author's Expreſſion) are extreamly elegant.

In another of his Paſtorals, a Shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following Lines.

Ah me the while! ah me! the luckleſs Day,
Ah luckleſs Lad! the rather might I ſay;

Ah

Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my Sheep,
Which on the flow'ry Plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the Ear with theſe artful Repetitions of the Epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt Verſe! I defy the moſt common Reader to repeat them, without feeling ſome Motions of Compaſſion.

In the next Place I ſhall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly obſerv'd he excells: For Example:

A *rolling Stone* is ever bare of *Moſs*;
And to their Coſt, *green Years old Proverbs* croſs.
—He that *late lies down*, as *late will riſe*,
And Sluggard-like, till Noon-day ſnoring lies.
Againſt *Ill-Luck* all cunning *Foreſight* fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake, it nought avails.
—Nor fear, from *upright* Sentence, *wrong*.

Laſtly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of *Spencer*, and our only true *Arcadian*. I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral Writers of Paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral Counties. *Spencer* ſeems to have been of this Opinion: for he hath laid the Scene of one of his Paſtorals in *Wales*, where with all the Simplicity natural to that Part of our Iſland, our Shepherd bids the other *good Morrow* in an unuſal and elegant Manner:

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or *Diggon* hur is, or I miſ-ſay.

Diggon anſwers:
Hur was hur, while it was Day-light;
But now hur is a moſt wretched Wight, *&c.*

But

But the moſt beautiful Example of this Kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable Piece, which I chanc'd to find among ſome old Manuſcripts, entitled, *A Paſtoral Ballad:* which I think for its Nature and Simplicity, may (notwithſtanding the Modeſty of the Title) be allow'd a perfect Paſtoral: It may be obſerv'd as a further Beauty of this Paſtoral, the Words *Nymph*, *Dryad*, *Naiad*, *Fawn*, *Cupid*, or *Satyr*, are not once mention'd through the whole. I ſhall make no Apology for inſerting ſome few Lines of this excellent Piece. *Cicily* breaks thus into the Subject, as ſhe is going a Milking:

Cicily. Rager go vetch tha † Kee, or elſe tha Zun
Will quite be go, be vore c'have half a don.
Roger. Thou ſhould not ax me tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our Bull to bull tha Parſon's Kee.

It is to be obſerv'd, that this whole Dialogue is form'd upon the Paſſion of Jealouſy; and his mentioning the Parſon's Kine naturally revives the Jealouſy of the Shepherdeſs *Cicily*, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

Cicily. Ah *Roger*, *Roger*, chez was zore avraid
When in yond Vild you kiſs'd tha Parſon's Maid:
Is this the Love that once to me you zed, [bread?
When from the Wake thou brought'ſt me Ginger-
Roger. Cicily thou charg'ſt me valſe,—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha Parſon's Maid is ſtill a Maid for me.

In which Anſwer of his are expreſs'd at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden Age, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all Writers of Paſtoral.

At

† That is the *Kine* or *Cows*.

At the Concluſion of this Piece, the Author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the moſt ſimply in the World.

So *Rager* parted vor to fetch the Kee,
And vor her Bucket in went *Cicily*.

I am loath to ſhow my Fondneſs for Antiquity, ſo far as to prefer this antient *Britiſh* Author to our preſent *Engliſh* Writers of Paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious Remark, that *Philips* hath hit into the ſame Road with this old Weſt Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it it any Injuſtice to Mr. *Pope* that I forbore to mention him as a Paſtoral Writer; ſince upon the whole, he is of the ſame Claſs with *Moſchus* and *Bion*, whom we have excluded that Rank; and whoſe Eclogues, as well as ſome of *Virgil*'s, it may be ſaid, that (according to the Deſcription we have given of this Sort of Poetry) they are by no means Paſtorals, but ſomething better.

It was no ſmall Matter to be brought into the Liſts at ſixteen Years of Age with Mr. *Philips* who was then (not without very good Reaſon) much applauded by the Town, and by Mr. *Steel* who had a great Partiality and perſonal Friendſhip for Mr. *Philips*.

Mr. *Pope*'s Paſtorals are Four:
Spring, addreſs'd to Sir *William Trumbull*.
Summer, to Dr. *Garth*.
Autumn, to Mr. *Wicherly*.
Winter, in Memory of Mrs. *Tempeſt*.

The three Great Writers of Paſtoral Dialogue, which they both ſeem to follow in ſome Meaſure, tho'

(tho' through different Paths) are *Theocritus*, *Virgil* and *Spencer*.

Mr. *Pope* says, *Theocritus* excells all others in Nature and Simplicity. The Subjects of his *Idyllia* are purely pastoral, but he is not so exact in his Persons, having introduced Reapers and Fishermen as well as Shepherds. He is apt to be long in his Descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable Instance. In the Manners he seems a little defective, for his Swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to Rusticity; for Instance, in his fourth and fifth *Idyllia*. But 'tis enough that all others learn their Excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret Charm in it which no other could ever attain.

Virgil who copies *Theocritus*, refines upon his Original; and in all Points where Judgment has the principal Part, is much superior to his Master. Tho' some of his Subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful Variety in them which the *Greek* was a Stranger to. He exceeds him in Regularity and Brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but Simplicity and Propriety of Style; the first of which perhaps was the Fault of his Age, and the last of his Language.

Among the Moderns, their Success has been greatest who have most endeavour'd to make these Ancients their Pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous *Tasso*, and our *Spencer*. *Tasso* in his *Aminta* has as far excell'd all the Pastoral Writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic Poets of his Country. But as this Piece seems to have been the Original of a new Sort of Poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in *Italy*, it cannot so well be consider'd as a Copy of the Ancients. *Spencer's Ca-*

lendar, in Mr. *Dryden*'s Opinion, is the moſt complete Work of this Kind which any Nation has produc'd ever ſince the Time of *Virgil*. Not but he may be thought imperfect in ſome few Points. His Eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the Ancients. He is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats Matters of Religion in a Paſtoral Style as *Mantuan* had done before him. He has employ'd the *Lyric* Meaſure, which is contrary to the Practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the Reaſon his Expreſſion is ſometimes not concile enough: for the Tetraſtic has oblig'd him to extend his Senſe to the Length of four Lines, which would have been more cloſely confin'd in the Couplet.

In the Manners, Thoughts, and Characters, he comes near *Theocritus* himſelf; tho' notwithſtanding all the Care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the *Doric* had its Beauty and Propriety in the Time of *Theocritus*; it was uſed in Part of *Greece*, and frequent in the Mouths of many of the greateſt Perſons; whereas the old *Engliſh* and Country Phraſes of *Spencer* were either obſolete, or ſpoken only by People of the baſeſt Condition. As there is a Difference betwixt Simplicity and Ruſticity, ſo the Expreſſion of ſimple Thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The Addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides that general Moral of Innocence and Simplicity, which is common to other Authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares humane Life to the ſeveral Seaſons, and, at once expoſes to his Readers a View of the great and little Worlds, in their various Changes and Aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous Diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months

Months, has oblig'd him either to repeat the ſame Deſcription, in other Words for three Months together; or when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth for Example) have nothing but their Titles to diſtinguiſh them. The Reaſon is evident, becauſe the Year has not that Variety in it to furniſh every Month with a particular Deſcription, as it may every Seaſon. Thus far Mr. *Pope*'s Preface to his Paſtorals.

„ Upon the whole, Mr. *Walſh* pronounces on our Shepherd's Boy (as he called himſelf) the following Sentence, in a Letter to Mr. *Wycherley*.

Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* WYCHERLEY.

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the Papers you favoured me with, and had ſent them to you Yeſterday Morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you laſt Night myſelf. I have read them over ſeveral Times with great Satisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the Verſes very tender and eaſy. The Author ſeems to have a particular Genius for that Kind of Poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the Years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the Ancients, but what he has mixt of his own with theirs, is no Way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is no Flattery at all to ſay, that *Virgil* had written nothing ſo good at his Age. I ſhall take it as a Favour if you will bring me acquainted with him; and if he will give himſelf the Trouble any Morning to call at my Houſe, I ſhall be very glad to read the Verſes with

him, and give him my Opinion of the Particulars more largely than I can well do in this Letter.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt faithful,
and moſt humble Servant,

W. WALSH.

And now, that after ſpeaking of Paſtoral Dialogue, and hearing of *Taſſo* and *Guarini*, the two moſt famous Writers of Dramatick Paſtoral, the Reader may have ſome Idea of their Manner of Writing too, I have tranſlated a few Lines from each. *Taſſo* introduces *Daphne* ſpeaking to *Thyrſis*; confeſſing, that notwithſtanding the ſtrange Coyneſs of *Silvia* towards *Amintas*, ſhe began to think her fond of being admir'd, and ſtriving to make herſelf beautiful to be belov'd; and gives this Reaſon:

Low on the flow'ry Bank was *Silvia* bent,
As if to kiſs the gentle Wave ſhe meant,
Or flatter her own Form reflected there,
So young, ſo fine of Feature, and ſo fair.
She counſell'd with the Water how to place
Her flowing Hair, to give the greateſt Grace;
And o'er her Hair her Veil, then from her Breaſt,
With many various Flow'rs a Garland dreſt:
Sometimes the Lilly o'er her Breaſt ſhe throws,
Sometimes her Cheeks ſhe matches with the Roſe,
Then ſmiles with Victory, and joys to ſee
The Roſe and Lilly not ſo fair as ſhe.
Her Looks betray'd her Thoughts, and ſeem'd to ſay,
'Ye vanquiſh'd Beauties, live my Slaves To-day:
'Not that I wear you to adorn my Face,
'But to inſult and publiſh your Diſgrace.

'Much

JOSEPH ADDISON ESQ.r

‘ Much paler (to thy Shame) thou Lilly grow,
‘ And bluſh thou Roſe to be exceeded ſo:
‘ For heighten'd thus, the gazing Crowd ſhall ſee
‘ Your Bloom and Colour faint, when ſeen with me.’

Theſe Lines are miſrepreſented, and the whole Paſtoral condemn'd on that Account in the Guardian; which Number (if I miſtake not) was wrote by Mr. *Addiſon*. That Paper takes the Liberty to ſay, that *Taſſo* introduces a young Shepherdeſs ſpeaking to herſelf, and that it betrays too much Art and Fineneſs of Thought for her to ſay, “ I do not “ wear theſe Flowers to adorn me, but only to “ make them aſhamed.” Had ſhe ſpoke them, it would certainly have been abſurd; but *Daphne* is an old Shepherdeſs, in whoſe Mouth they are put, and *Thyrſis* tells her in the ſame Scene, that ſhe is able to teach a thouſand Girls as much: So that *Taſſo*'s Fame ſtands fair ſtill, and the Guardian was either ignorant of the Language *Taſſo* wrote in, or elſe he maliciouſly ſtrove to ſet the unlearned (I mean as to the *Italian*) againſt that Prince of the *Italian* Poets.

Guarini in his Paſtor Fido, who wrote after *Taſſo*, has made uſe of Scenes Comick and Tragick, as well as Paſtoral, and is full of Plot and Contrivance; which (though deviating from the Simplicity required, properly ſpeaking, in Paſtoral) has pleaſed more Readers. The following is the Story of *Amintas* and *Lucrina*, and is the Foundation of the Plot of the Drama:

It is Part of the ſecond Scene of the firſt Act.

MIRTILLO, ERGASTO.

Ergaſto. As yet the Prieſthood and the Temple's Care,

Was handed down, without Regard to Age,
Amintas then was Prieſt; a noble Shepherd,
Who lov'd *Lucrina*; ſhe, a beauteous Nymph,
Was wond'rous fair, but wond'rous falſe and vain.
With artful Looks, with feign'd perfidious Smiles,
She long abus'd his pure, his generous Love,
And nouriſh'd in his Breaſt too falſe an Hope,
O Wretch *Amintas!* When without a Rival.
But when e're long (now judge of Woman's Faith)
A Shepherd bold, uncouth, of meaner Rank,
Who ſcarce found Words to ſpeak his own Deſires,
Had partly told his Tale, and glanc'd the reſt,
She met his Eyes, mingling Love's Fire from her's.
So quick her Heart forſook her former Vows,
And flew ſo ſwift from Truth to her new Love.
Amintas was not jealous of the Wrong;
Wretched *Amintas!* Who from thence was ſcorn'd,
From whom ſhe fled, and ſtopp'd her faithleſs Ear;
And perjur'd as ſhe was, abhorr'd his Sight.
Did the abandon'd Shepherd ſigh and weep;
Did he lament, and fill the Plain with Groans?
If thou haſt felt ſucceſsleſs Love, judge thou.

Mirtillo. Ah me! What high Diſtreſs with this great Load
All other Grief compar'd, ſeems light and ſmall.

Ergaſto. His Heart thus loſt, his loud Complaints unheard,
And his Sighs ſcatter'd by the wanton Wind,
He ſought the Goddeſs; has (ſaid he) my Heart
Been pure to thee, O *Cinthia!* Power Divine!
If ever I had lighted up thy Flames
With Hands of Innocence, revenge my Wrongs!
Puniſh the fair Deceiver who betray'd me,
Hear me great Goddeſs! Hear me great *Diana!*
The Supplications of her fav'rite Prieſt,
The Plaints the Wailings of his Loveſick Soul

Rais'd

Rais'd heavenly Pity, mix'd with heavenly Wrath
Revenge was what he ask'd, and what she grants:
She took her Bow, dire Instrument of Rage
And through *Arcadia*'s miserable Plains
Shot poison'd Darts, and Arrows fraught with Death:
Arrows that wounded every Sex and Age
That without Mercy or Distinction slew
All Remedies are vain, and who would fly
Runs nearer to his Death, and meets the Blow:
Call the Physician, he but lives to see
His Art all baffled, and himself the Proof
Falls dead, before the Sick he came to heal.
In Heaven their only Hope of Succour lay,
And from the Oracle, to know Heaven's Will.
From whence this Answer full, distinct, and clear,
But above Measure horrible and grievous.
That powerful *Cinthia* pour'd her Anger forth
Which thus, and only thus, could be appeas'd.
Th' offending Nymph, contemning Gods and Vows,
Lucrina, or for her some willing Victim
Must by *Amintas*'s Hand (he she offended)
Bleed, a full Sacrifice for all in one.
She let fall unavailing Tears, she sought
Help from her Lover, but no Help was there.
With solemn Steps she instantly was led
A weeping Victim to the sacred Altar:
Where at the Feet of the betray'd *Amintas*
Which oft had trac'd her Footsteps as she flew,
Her trembling Knees she bow'd; and from his Hand
Shrunk fearful back attending cruel Death.
Dauntless *Amintas* grasp'd the sacred Steel
Revenge and Wrath seem'd kindling in his Looks
Lightning up Flames; then turning to the Nymph
Said, with a Sigh the Messenger of Death:
Behold *Lucrina*; what a Love thou'st follow'd
And what hast left; behold it from this Blow,

Theſe Words pronounc'd, back on himſelf he turn'd
The fatal Knife, and plung'd it in his Breaſt.
In one the Lover, Prieſt and Victim fell.
Bleeding and dying in *Lucrina*'s Arms.
At ſuch a dreadful Spectacle ſo ſtrange,
The miſerable Damſel ſtood ſuſpended,
As yet uncertain if the Pain ſhe felt
Was Stabs of Steel or thoſe of ſharper Grief.
Soon as her Senſe and Voice return'd, ſhe cried
Mixing her Words with Sighs and Showers of Tears:
Faithful and firm *Amintas*, now too late
Haſt thou convinc'd me of thy Truth and Love,
Thou, who haſt dying given me Life, and Death:
Was it a Crime to leave thee? that I'll mend,
And with thy Soul eternally join mine.
This ſaid, the Steel as yet lukewarm and red
From his late lov'd his wounded Breaſt ſhe drew
And buried it in her own Heart; ſhe fell
And in *Aminta*'s Arms whoſe dying Eyes
Had ſeen her give the Blow ſunk gently down.

More concerning attempting Paſtoral Comedy in *Engliſh*.

Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

June 24. 1706.

I Receiv'd the Favour of your Letter, and ſhall be very glad of the Continuance of a Correſpondence by which I am like to be ſo great a Gainer. I hope, when I have the Happineſs of ſeeing you again in *London*, not only to read over the Verſes I have now of your's, but more that you have written ſince; for I make no doubt but any one who writes ſo well, muſt write more. Not that I think the moſt voluminous Poets always the beſt, I believe the contrary is rather true. I mention'd ſomewhat to you in *London* of a *Paſtoral Comedy*, which I ſhou'd be

be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince. I find *Menage*, in his Obſervations, upon *Taſſo*'s *Aminta*, reckons up fourſcore Paſtoral Plays in *Italian*: And in looking over my old *Italian* Books, I find a great many Paſtorals, and Piſcatory Plays, which I ſuppoſe *Menage* reckons together. I find alſo by *Menage*, that *Taſſo* is not the firſt that writ in that Kind, he mentioning another before him, which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the *Aminta*, *Paſtor Fido*, and *Filli di Sciro* of *Bonarelli*, are the three beſt, ſo I think there is no Diſpute but *Aminta* is the beſt of the three: Not but that the Diſcourſes in *Paſtor Fido* are more entertaining and copious, in ſeveral Peoples Opinion, tho' not ſo fit for Paſtoral; and the Fable of *Bonarelli* more ſurpriſing. I do not remember many in other Languages, that have written in this Kind with Succeſs. *Racan*'s *Bergeries* are much inferior to his Lyric Poems; and the *Spaniards* are all too full of Conceits. *Rapin* will have the Deſign of Paſtoral Plays to be taken from the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. I am ſure there is nothing of this Kind in *Engliſh* worth mentioning, and therefore you have that Field open to yourſelf. You ſee I write to you without any Sort of Conſtraint or Method, as Things come into my Head, and therefore pray uſe the ſame Freedom with me, who am, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* WALSH.

July 2. 1706.

I Cannot omit the firſt Opportunity of making you my Acknowledgments for reviewing thoſe Papers of mine. You have no leſs Right to correct me, than the ſame Hand that rais'd a Tree has to prune it. I am convinc'd, as well as you, that one may correct

correct too much; for in Poetry, as in Painting, a Man may lay Colours one upon another, till they ſtiffen and deaden the Piece. Beſides, to beſtow heightning on every Part is monſtrous: Some Parts ought to be lower than the reſt; and nothing looks more ridiculous, than a Work, where the Thoughts, however different in their own Nature, ſeem all on a level: 'Tis like a Meadow newly mown, where *Weeds*, *Graſs*, and *Flowers* are all laid even, and appear undiſtinguiſh'd. I believe too, that ſometimes our firſt Thoughts are the beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the Grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt Wine.

I have not attempted any Thing of Paſtoral Comedy, becauſe I think the Taſte of our Age will not reliſh a Poem of that Sort. People ſeek for what they call *Wit*, on all Subjects, and in all Places; not conſidering that Nature loves Truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing; *Conceit* is to Nature what *Paint* is to Beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it wou'd improve. There is a certain Majeſty in Simplicity, which is far above all the Quaintneſs of Wit: Inſomuch, that the Criticks have excluded it from the loftieſt Poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the Epic no leſs than the Paſtoral. I ſhou'd certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charm'd with *Guarini* and *Bonarelli*, and imitate *Taſſo* not only in the Simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the *Fable* too. If ſurpriſing Diſcoveries ſhou'd have Place in the Story of a Paſtoral Comedy, I believe it wou'd be more agreeable to Probability, to make them the Effects of *Chance* than of *Deſign*; Intrigues not being very conſiſtent with that Innocence which ought to conſtitute a Shepherd's Character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by meer

Acci-

Accident; unleſs it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the *Fountain*, which is the Contrivance of *Daphne*, and even that is the moſt ſimple in the World: The contrary is obſervable in *Paſtor Fido*, where *Coriſca* is ſo perfect a Miſtreſs of Intrigue, that the Plot could not have been brought to paſs without her. I am inclin'd to think the Paſtoral Comedy has another Diſadvantage, as to the *Manners*: Its General Deſign is to make us in love with the Innocence of a rural Life, ſo that to introduce Shepherds of a vicious Character, muſt in ſome meaſure debaſe it; and hence it may come to paſs, that even the virtuous Characters will not ſhine ſo much, for Want of being oppoſed to their Contraries.—Theſe Thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reaſon to doubt them: But I hope your Judgment will ſet me right.

Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

July 20. 1706.

I Had ſooner return'd you Thanks for the Favour of your Letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an Account at the ſame time of my Journey to *Windſor*; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my Corporation of *Richmond* in *Yorkſhire*. I think you are perfectly in the right in your Notions of Paſtoral; but I am of Opinion, that the Redundancy of Wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleaſes the common People, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt Judges. *Paſtor Fido* indeed has had more Admirers than *Aminta*; but I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of Difference between the Admirers of one and the other. *Coriſca*, which is a Character generally admir'd by the ordinary

ordinary Judges, is intolerable in a Paſtoral; and *Benarelli*'s Fancy, of making his Shepherdeſs in love with two Men equally, is not to be defended, whatever Pains he has taken to do it.

Now to return to Mr. *Pope*.

It was about this Time he began to correſpond by Letters to ſuch of his learned and poetical Friends as were at a Diſtance from him; and one of the firſt of theſe was Mr. *Wycherley*, who was above fifty Years older than Mr. *Pope*, had wrote ſeveral applauded Comedies, and is mention'd by a very great Critick and Wit, to be one of the two who in that Age had ever hit upon the true Comedy. This Gentleman is very ill uſed by *Giles Jacob*, in his Lives and Characters of the *Engliſh* Poets; where, without mentioning one of the very fine Things he has wrote, he contents himſelf with ſaying:

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, *Eſq*;

THIS ingenious Gentleman publiſh'd a Volume of Poems in Folio; but he thereby rather leſſened his Fame, than increas'd it; tho' he tells you in the Poſtſcript to his Preface, that they were written at a Time, when 'twas not ſo much his Head's Occaſion to write, as his Pocket's; when he deſign'd his Works ſhould have made him live, and not he to have made them live; and that he wrote not to give Pains to his Mind, but to eaſe it from Pains; to play the Fool with ridiculous Thoughts, rather than run mad with anxious ones. He has a Satirical Preface to his Criticks, who were ſuch before they were his Readers: He begins; "To you, I ſay, you "Anti-Wits, I direct my Diſcourſe; who, like "Gameſters *ante manum*, venture your little "Stocks of Wit or Credit in *Parnaſſus*, but to de-

"prive

" prive others of theirs, tho' you have no other Sort " of Wit, but what you firſt borrow, or purloin, " from the bold Puſhers for Fame, the Scribblers, " your adventrous Benefactors; whom you, like " Rooks at Play, (when you have got all you can " by them) attack and puſh with their own Coin " and Stores of Senſe; ſo, like the other Rooks, " live on the Deſtruction of your beſt Friends and " Maintainers; and upon gutting a Book, as the " Midnight Judicature do upon gutting a Houſe." His Preface is long and full of Wit and pointed Satire againſt the Criticks; and he has a Dedication to the greateſt Friend of the Muſes, *Vanity:* which ends with a Satire on himſelf, and his large Work.

And outward Greatneſs does confeſs,
Moſt often inward Emptineſs,
And great Books, as great Heads (we know)
Contain leſs as they make more Show.

To his Bookſeller, who deſir'd his Picture before his Book, he has theſe Lines:

To ſhow this Book my Writing, Act, and Deed,
You'd have me to it put my Mark or Head.

Of Love he writes thus:

If Love's a Bleſſing (as it is) you ſay,
We for it ought not then to pay, but pray;
Since Bleſſings, as they go for more divine,
Shou'd more be gain'd by Pray'r, or Praiſe, than Coin.

This Deſcription of Love I take to be very good:

Know,

Know, Love is not by Precept taught,
Nor what it is, can Reaſon prove,
Above Expreſſion, above Thought,
Inſtinct, by which our Senſes move;
Which, by Denying, is confeſs'd,
And oft expreſs'd by Dumbneſs beſt.

He has theſe Lines on a Lady's Poſteriors, which he diſcover'd on her falling over a Stile:

My Heart held out againſt your Face and Eyes,
But cou'd no more, againſt your Breech and Thighs,
Which they both took and wounded by Surprize;
Who did (as 'twere) 'till then in Ambuſh lie
For my poor Life, at leaſt my Liberty;
So ſecret Enemies more Miſchief do,
The leſs ſtill they their Pow'r to do it, ſhow.
By that Aſſaſſinate my Life's betray'd——

Mr. *Wycherley*, in his Poems, is very ſatirical on Courtiers, eſpecially in his Praiſe of Ignorance, dedicated to the Court; and his Heroick Epiſtle, to the Honour of Pimps and Pimping, dedicated to the Court, and written at a Time when ſuch were moſt conſiderable there. And ſpeaking of Wit recommending a Perſon, he has theſe Verſes:

To Court, to gain Mens, Womens Favour, go,
Be ſure, no more Wit than they have to ſhow;
Since each Sex fears Men moſt, of the moſt Wit,
Will ſuch into their Secrets leaſt admit,
For Fear of their diſcovering their Shame,
Avoid their Courtſhip, but to 'ſcape their Blame,
And ſtill their Pleaſure loſe, to keep their Fame.

This Gentleman, at the End of his humorous Preface

face and Contents, has a very particular Errata; and in general, Errata the whole Book.

In his latter Days wanting Money, (tho' poſſeſſing a ſmall Eſtate) he was deſirous of publiſhing ſome Madrigals, which he had compos'd many Years before, with ſome other Pieces, all which he ſent Mr. *Pope*, deſiring him to correct, purge them, and ſelect the beſt, reſolving to riſque them in the Preſs: See his Letters upon that Head, as well as Mr. *Pope*'s Replies.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

AS to the damn'd Verſes I entruſted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to ſave them from other Peoples damning them; ſince the Criticks, who are generally the firſt damn'd in this Life, like the Damn'd below, never leave to bring thoſe above them under their own Circumſtances. I beg you to peruſe my Papers, and ſelect what you think beſt, or moſt tolerable, and look over them again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of them, as a harden'd old Gameſter will (in ſpite of all former ill Uſage by Fortune) puſh on an ill Hand, in Expectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially, ſince I have ſuch a Croupier, or Second, to ſtand by me as Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

April 1, 1710.

I HAVE had your's of the 30th of the laſt Month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhould be, ſince it tells me you could be better pleaſed to be ſick again in Town, in my Company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient

tient to be depriv'd of Happineſs than of Health: Yet, my dear Friend, ſet Raillery or Compliment aſide, I can bear your Abſence (which procures your Health and Eaſe) better than I can your Company when you are in Pain; for I cannot ſee you ſo, without being ſo too. Your Love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my Love to it or you, ſince there I can enjoy your Company, without ſeeing you in Pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleaſure; there I can have you without Rivals or Diſturbers; without the C——s too civil, or the T——s too rude; without the Noiſe of the Loud, and the Cenſure of the Silent; and would rather have you abuſe me there with the Truth, than at this Diſtance with your Compliment: Since now your Buſineſs of a Friend and Kindneſs to a Friend, is by finding Fault with his Faults, and mending them by your obliging Severity. I hope (in point of your good Nature) you will have no cruel Charity for thoſe Papers of mine, you were ſo willing to be troubled with; which I take moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſhall acknowledge with Gratitude, as long as I live. No Friend can do more for his Friend than preſerving his Reputation (nay not by preſerving his Life, ſince by preſerving his Life he can only make him live about threeſcore or fourſcore Years; but by preſerving his Reputation, he can make him live as long as the World laſts; ſo ſave him from damning, when he is gone to the Devil: Therefore I pray condemn in private, as the Thieves do their Accomplices in *Newgate*, to ſave them from Condemnation by the Publick. Be moſt kindly unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers, as you Country-Gentlemen do with your Trees, ſlaſh, cut, and lop off the Excreſcencies and dead Parts of my wither'd Bays, that the little Remainder

mainder may live the longer, and encreaſe the Value of them, by diminiſhing the Number. I have troubled you with my Papers, rather to give you Pain than Pleaſure, notwithſtanding your Compliment, which ſays, you take the Trouble kindly: Such is the Generoſity to your Friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them to do them a Kindneſs; and you think it done to you, when they give you an Opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my Letters out of Intereſt, if not Kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure your's to me, ſo that I write to you more for my own Sake than your's; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee Intereſt in my Kindneſs, which is like the Friendſhip of the World, rather to make a Friend than to be a Friend; but I am your's as a true Plain-dealer.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an Account in your Letter of the Trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my Papers you took down with you, with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle you have in your Hands; amongſt which, you ſay, you find numerous (*) Repetitions of the ſame Thoughts and Subjects: all which I muſt confeſs my want of Memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing them; ſince of all Figures, that of Tautology is the laſt

(*) The Truth of this may be ſeen in the whole printed Volume of his *Miſcellanies*, in *Folio* 1704, in almoſt every Page.

laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive myſelf for; but ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome Pains to examine and compare thoſe Papers in your Hands with one another, as well as with the former printed Copies or Books of my damn'd Miſcellanies; all which (as bad a Memory as I have) with a little more Pains and Care, I think I can remedy; therefore I would not have you give yourſelf more Trouble about them, which may prevent the Pleaſure you have, and may give the World, in writing upon new Subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourſelf and others. Now as to your Remarks upon the whole Volume of my Papers; all that I deſire of you, is to mark in the Margin (without defacing the Copy at all) either any Repetition of the Words, Matter, or Senſe, or any Thoughts or Words too much repeated; which if you will be ſo kind as to do for me, you will ſupply my Want of Memory with your good one, and my Deficiencies of Senſe, with the Infallibility of your's; which if you do, you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt repent the Trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much. Now as to what you call Freedom with me, (which you deſire me to forgive) you may be aſſured I would not forgive you unleſs you did uſe it; for I am ſo far from thinking your Plainеſs a Fault, or an Offence to me, that I think it a Charity and an Obligation; which I ſhall always acknowledge, with all Sort of Gratitude to you for it; who am therefore

(Dear Mr. POPE)

Your moſt oblig'd humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

All the News I have to ſend you, is, that poor Mr. *Betterton* is going to make his Exit from the Stage

Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and (as the Phyſicians ſay) will certainly carry him off ſuddenly.

Mr. POPE's *Anſwer.*

May 2, 1719.

I AM ſorry you perſiſt to take ill my not accepting your Invitation, and to find (if I miſtake not) your Exception not unmixt with ſome Suſpicion. Be certain I ſhall moſt carefully obſerve your Requeſt, not to croſs over, or deface the Copy of your Papers for the future, and only to mark in the Margin the Repetitions: But as this can ſerve no further than to get rid of thoſe Repetitions, and no way rectify the *Method*, nor *connect* the *Matter*, nor improve the *Poetry* in *Expreſſion* or *Numbers*, without further blotting, adding, and altering; ſo it really is my Opinion, and Deſire, that you ſhould take your Papers out of my Hands into your own; and that no Alterations may be made but when both of us are preſent; when you may be ſatisfied with every Blot, as well as every Addition, and nothing be put upon the Papers but what you ſhall give your own Sanction and Aſſent to, at the ſame Time.

Do not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence, that I would decline any Part of this Taſk: On the contrary, you know, I have been at the Pains of tranſcribing ſome Pieces, at once to comply with your Deſire of not defacing the Copy, and yet to loſe no Time in proceeding upon the Correction. I will go on the ſame way if you pleaſe; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my ſincere Opinion, that the greater Part would make a much better Figure as *Single Maxims* and *Reflections* in Proſe, after the

Manner of your Favourite *Rochefoucault*, than in Verſe:* And this when nothing more is done but marking the Repetitions in the Margin, will be an eaſy Taſk for yourſelf to proceed upon, notwithſtanding the bad Memory you complain of.

I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,
Your's, &c.

In Compliance with his Requeſt, Mr. *Pope*, as you have ſeen, began to look them over, and as there was great Room for Amendment, to blot and interline, and ſometimes almoſt new make Parts of the Performances. He was much complimented by Mr. *Wycherley* till the above Letters of Diſſatisfaction came to his Hand, and one more, for Mr. *Pope* ſtill continu'd to write. This laſt was of a very extraordinary Nature, letting him know in few and hollow Words, that he was going out of Town without ſaying where, and did not expect to hear from him till he came back. This extorted from Mr. *Pope* a Proteſtation that nothing ſhould induce him ever to write to him again. In a Letter to Mr. *Cromwell* he expreſſes himſelf thus:

I Hope it will be no Offence to give my moſt hearty Service to Mr. *Wycherley*, tho' I perceive by his laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my Letters,

* Mr. *Wycherley* lived five Years after, to *December* 1715, but little Progreſs was made in this Deſign, thro' his Old Age, and the Increaſe of his Infirmities. However, ſome of the Verſes which had been touched by Mr. *P.* with 308 of theſe Maxims in Proſe were found among his Papers, which having the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Mercenary, were publiſhed in 1728, in Octavo, under the Title of *The Poſthumous Works of Willaim Wycherley, Eſq;*

Letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of Town, and till his Return was my Servant, *&c.* I guess by Your's he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all Truth and Honour, that is, assure him I have ever born all the Respect and Kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this Hour what it is that has estrang'd him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my Friend, since no Invitation of his shall ever more make me free with him. I could not have thought any Man had been so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own Experience of a Friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a Maxim of Safety, but not so much of Honesty. There is but one Way I know of conversing safely with all Men, that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boast this Comfort in my Affairs with Mr. *Wycherley*. But I pardon his Jealousy, which is become his Nature, and shall never be his Enemy, whatsoever he says of me. *Your*, &c.

Notwithstanding all this, he kept a constant Respect, and a Sort of Reverence to him, whenever spoke of he lamented the Misunderstanding between them, which wholly rose from the Jealousy, Weakness and Petulancy of Mr. *Wycherley*, and curs'd the Person (a Thing not customary with him) whose wicked Insinuations had been the Cause of it. Upon the Death of that humorous and truly witty and natural Poet, he wrote his Friend Mr. *Blount* a Letter, which plainly shews his Opinion of his great Abilities, his Love of him as a good Man, and his Love of him as one he was resolv'd always to be a Friend to, though Age, Vexation, and the very

ill Uſage of his next Heir had made him forward and almoſt too peeviſh to be humour'd by the beſt Natures, yet ſo very ſuſpicious as to be open to all Whiſpers and Calumnies. Mr. *Pope*'s Letter is dated 21 *Jan.* 1715-6.

To EDWARD BLOUNT, *Eſq;*

Dear Sir,

I Know of nothing that will be ſo intereſting to you at preſent, as ſome Circumſtances of the laſt Act of that eminent Comic Poet, and our Friend, *Wycherley*. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his Acquaintance, that he would marry as ſoon as his Life was deſpair'd of. Accordingly a few Days before his Death he underwent the Ceremony: and join'd together thoſe two Sacraments, which wiſe Men ſay ſhould be the laſt we receive; for if you obſerve, Matrimony is plac'd after Extreme Unction in our Catechiſm, as a Kind of Hint of the Order of Time in which they are to be taken. The old Man then lay down, ſatisfied in the Conſcience of having, by this one Act, paid his juſt Debts, oblig'd a Woman who (he was told) had Merit, and ſhewn an heroic Reſentment of the ill Uſage of his next Heir. Some Hundred Pounds which he had with the Lady, diſcharg'd thoſe Debts; a Jointure of Four Hundred a Year made her a Recompence; and the Nephew he left to comfort himſelf, as well as he could, with the miſerable Remains of a mortgaged Eſtate. I ſaw our Friend twice after this was done, leſs peeviſh in his Sickneſs than he uſed to be in his Health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much

much asham'd of marrying. The Evening before he expir'd, he call'd his young Wife to the Bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one Request, the last he should make. Upon her Assurances of consenting to it, he told her, *My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again.* I cannot help remarking, that Sickness which often destroys both Wit and Wisdom, yet seldom has Power to remove that Talent which we call *Humour*. Mr. *Wycherley* shew'd his even in this last Compliment, tho' I think his Request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy Terms.

So trivial as these Circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd myself to know such Trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent Person. The wisest and wittiest of Men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober Moments. At least our Friend ended much in the Character he had liv'd in, and *Horace*'s Rule for a Play may as well be applied to him as a Playwright:

——— *servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

I am, &c.

From Time to Time he shew'd himself more to the World, and brought to the Light a Sacred Poem call'd the *Messiah*, in Imitation of tho' much exceeding *Virgil*'s *Pollio*, concluding thus:

No more the rising Sun shall gild the Morn,
Nor Ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her Silver Horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays,
One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze

O'erflow thy Courts: The Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine!
The Seas ſhall waſte, the Skies in Smoke decay,
Rocks fall to Duſt, and Mountains melt away;
But fix'd his Word, his ſaving Pow'r remains;
Thy Realm for ever laſts, thy own *Meſſiah* reigns!

Windſor Foreſt, a Poem addreſs'd to my Lord *Lanſdown*, in which is the beautiful Metamorphoſis of a Nymph into the River *Loddon*.

Here, as old Bards have ſung, *Diana* ſtray'd,
Bath'd in the Springs, or ſought the cooling Shade:
Here arm'd with Silver Bows, in early Dawn,
Her buſkin'd Virgins trac'd the Dewy Lawn.
Above the reſt a rural Nymph was fam'd,
Thy Offspring, *Thames!* the fair *Lodana* nam'd;
(*Lodona*'s Fate, in long Oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt)
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her Nymph be known,
But by the Creſcent and the golden Zone. [known,
She ſcorn'd the Praiſe of Beauty, and the Care,
A Belt her Waſte, a Fillet binds her Hair,
A painted Quiver on her Shoulder ſounds
And with her Dart the flying Deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the Chace, the Maid
Beyond the Foreſt's verdant Limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and furious with Deſire
Purſu'd her Flight; her Flight increas'd his Fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce Eagle moves, [Doves;
When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling
As from the God with fearful Speed ſhe flew,
As did the God with equal Speed purſue.

Now

Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the Nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind his ſounding Steps ſhe hears;
And now his Shadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
(His Shadow lengthen'd by the ſetting Sun)
And now his ſhorter Breath with ſultry Air
Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair.
In vain on Father *Thames* ſhe calls for Aid,
Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd Maid. [vain;
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in
" Ah *Cynthia!* ah—tho' baniſh'd from thy Train,
" Let me, O let me, to the Shades repair,
" My Native Shades—there weep, and murmur there.
She ſaid, and melting as in Tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft ſilver Stream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver Stream her Virgin Coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the * Name the hapleſs Virgin bore,
And bathes the Foreſt where ſhe rang'd before:
In her chaſte Current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with Celeſtial Tears augments the Waves.
Oft in her Glaſs the muſing Shepherd ſpies
The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
The watry Landſkip of the pendant Woods,
And abſent Trees that tremble in the Floods:
In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are ſeen,
And floating Foreſts paint the Waves with green.
Thro' the fair Scene rowl ſlow the lingring Streams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the *Thames*.

The *Rape of the Lock*, a Poem in Five Canto's, has a great deal of Fancy and fine Humour: It was wrote to expoſe the little unguarded Follies of the Fair Sex; the Paſſages are fabulous, and the Machines rais'd on the Foundation of the *Roſicrucian*

* *The River* Loddon.

Roſicrucian Doctrine of Spirits, according to which the Four Elements are ſuppos'd to be inhabited, the Air by Sylphs, the Earth by Gnomes, the Water by Nymphs, and the Fire by Salamanders. It is dedicated to Mrs. *Arabella Fermor*.

Madam,

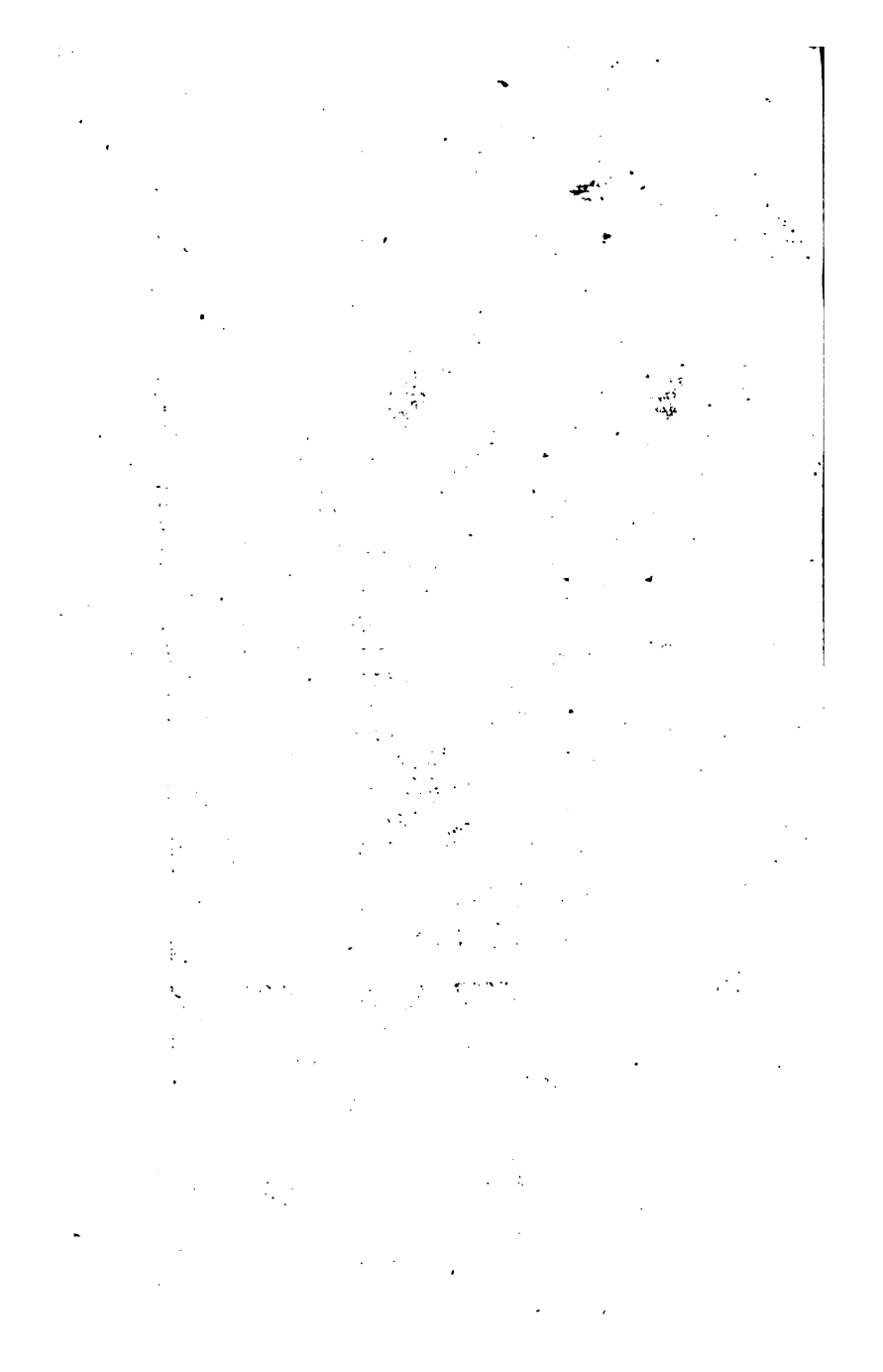
IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome Value for this Piece, ſince I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me Witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good Senſe and good Humour enough, to laugh not only at their Sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it ſoon found its Way into the World. An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookſeller, You had the Good-nature, for my Sake, to conſent to the Publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my Deſign, for the *Machinery* was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The *Machinery*, Madam, is a Term invented by the Criticks, to ſignify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one Reſpect like many modern Ladies; let an Action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt Importance. Theſe Machines I determin'd to raiſe on a very new and odd Foundation, the *Roſicrucian* Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard Words before a Lady; but it is ſo much the Concern of a Poet to have his Works underſtood, and particularly by your Sex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult Terms.

The

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMER
Parr Sculp



The *Rosicrucians* are a People I must bring you acquainted with. The best Account I know of them is in a *French* Book call'd, *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its Title and Size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by Mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in Mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose Habitation is Air, are the best condition'd Creatures imaginable. For they say, any Mortals may enjoy the most intimate Familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very easy to all true *Adepts*, an inviolate Preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the Passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the Beginning, or the Transformation at the End; [except the Loss of your Hair, which I always name with Reverence.] The human Persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the Character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the World half so uncensured as you have done. But let its Fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this Occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest Esteem,

Madam, Your most obedient humble Servant,
A. POPE.

The Game at Ombre is describ'd with so much Wit, Humour and Delicacy I venture to affirm, it can but give Pleasure even to those who may have read it many times over.

Belinda

Belinda now, whom Thirſt of Fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,
At *Ombre* ſingly to decide their Doom;
And ſwells her Breaſt with Conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,
Each Band the Number of the Sacred Nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important Card:
Firſt *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*,
Then each, according to the Rank they bore;
For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,
Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of Place.
Behold, four *Kings* in Majeſty rever'd,
With hoary Whiſkers and a forky Beard:
And four fair *Queens* whoſe Hands ſuſtain a Flow'r,
Th' expreſſive Emblem of their ſofter Pow'r;
Four *Knaves* in Garbs ſuccinct, a truſty Band,
Caps on their Heads, and Halberds in their Hand;
And particolour'd Troops, a ſhining Train,
Draw forth to combat on the Velvet Plain.
The ſkilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care;
Let Spades be Trumps, ſhe ſaid, and Trumps they were.
Now move to War her ſable *Matadores*,
In Show like Leaders of the ſwarthy *Moors*.
Spadilio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive Troops, and ſwept the Board.
As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,
And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.
Him *Baſto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard
Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,
The hoary Majeſty of *Spades* appears;
Puts forth one manly Leg, to Sight reveal'd;
The reſt his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.
The Rebel *Knave*, that dares his Prince engage,
Proves the juſt Victim of his Royal Rage.

Ev'n

Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,
Sad Chance of War! now deſtitute of Aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the Victor *Spade!*
Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;
Now to the *Baron* Fate inclines the Field.
His warlike *Amazon* her Hoſt invades,
Th'Imperial Conſort of the Crown of *Spades*.
The *Club*'s black Tyrant firſt her Victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:
What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,
His Giant Limbs in State unwieldy ſpread?
That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,
And of all Monarchs only graſps the Globe?
The *Baron* now his *Diamonds* pours apace;
Th' embroider'd *King* who ſhows but half his Face,
And his refulgent *Queen*, with Pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken Troops an eaſy Conqueſt find.
Clubs, *Diamonds*, *Hearts*, in wild Diſorder ſeen,
With Throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level Green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed Army runs,
Of *Aſia*'s Troops, and *Afric*'s ſable Sons,
With like Confuſion different Nations fly,
In various Habits, and of various Dye;
The pierc'd Battalions diſ-united fall,
In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.
The *Knave* of *Diamonds* now exerts his Arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful Chance!) the *Queen* of *Hearts*.
At this, the Blood the Virgin's Cheeks forſook,
A livid Paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her Look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,
Juſt in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State)
On one nice *Trick* depends the gen'ral Fate,
An *Ace* of *Hearts* ſteps forth: the *King* unſeen
Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive *Queen*.

He

He ſprings to Vengeance with an eager Pace,
And falls like Thunder on the proſtrate *Ace*.
The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,
The Walls, the Woods, the long Canals reply.

The two Lines, where *Belinda* bewails the Loſs of her Hair:

Oh! had'ſt thou, Cruel, been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in Sight, or any Hairs but theſe.

It is ſaid, that to ſome very nice Ears of the Fair Sex they have given Offence, by Reaſon of the *Double-Intendre* they admit of; but as there is a Poſſibility to take them in a Senſe, wholly innocent and chaſte, it is hoped they will conſtrue them ſo.

Let them ſuppoſe that *Belinda* ſays, ſhe would rather have loſt all the Hair that lay conceal'd under her Head-dreſs, than that ſmall ſingle Lock, which hung in Sight, and was ornamental. A Gentleman has appear'd to their Defence, underſtanding them in their moſt ludicrous Senſe:

Who cenſure moſt, more precious Hairs would loſe,
To have the Rape recorded by his *Muſe*.

Upon the whole, this Poem has more Humour and good-natur'd Mirth in it, than any other of our Author's; and is his only Attempt in this Way.

At the Time of the writing of this Poem he was about twenty-four Years old: It was firſt printed without the Author's Name; but after the Addition of the Machinery, (which was wanting before) Mr. *Pope* publiſh'd it, and prefix'd the Dedication.

So cautious he was of making his Fame ſecure, not to truſt his Name to ſo ſmall a Work, 'till he was ſure of Applauſe; which fully proves the Prudence of his Conduct, and that he reſolv'd, either to

to have proper Fame, or die in Oblivion; and this was often his Practice afterwards.

Some Pieces ſtaid in their State of Probation ſeven Years, and he was late to confeſs to what many would not have loſt the Pleaſure of immediately owning, on any Conſideration whatever. But he, tho' not ſo eager and greedy, was yet deſirous of, and laying continual Claim to the Reputation of the beſt Poet living; and he was that.

There always is a Drawback upon Fame; Mr. *Pope* drew upon him the Envy of many of his contemporary Poets; and in particular, that of Mr. (*) *Dennis*, who, though a very good Critick and

(*) Mr. *Dennis* was born in the Year 1657, and Son of an eminent Citizen of *London*. He had his firſt Education at *Harrow on the Hill*, under the pious and learned Mr. *William Horn*; having with him as School-Fellows, the late Lord *Francis Seymour*, afterwards Duke of *Somerſet*, the preſent Duke of *Somerſet* his Brother, and ſeveral others, who have ſince made no inconſiderable Figure in the World. He remov'd from *Harrow* to *Caius-College* in *Cambridge*, where he took the Degrees of Batchelor and Maſter of Arts; and afterwards, deſiring rather to improve his Mind than his Fortune, he ſaw *France* and *Italy*. In his Youth he was very familiarly converſant with ſeveral Gentlemen about Town remarkable for their Wit and Gallantry; and the Affection he always had for Poetry, and which began in his very Infancy, brought him acquainted with ſome of the moſt celebrated Dramatick Writers of the Age, *viz.* Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Congreve*, and Mr. *Southern*. Mr. *Dennis* is excellent at *Pindarick* Writings, perfectly regular in all his Performances, and a Perſon of ſound Learning: And that he is Maſter of a great Deal of Penetration and Judgment, his Criticiſms, particularly on Sir *Richard Blackmore*'s *Prince Arthur*, ſufficiently demon-

and Poet, was miſtaken in regard to Mr. *Pope*; and being grown old, in Ill-nature very unfairly, ungenerouſly, and weakly, attacks Mr. *Pope*. In a Pamphlet called, *Remarks on Mr.* Pope's *Rape of the Lock, in ſeveral Letters to a Friend:* In his Preface he ſays, he was provok'd to it by the Folly, the Pride,

demonſtrate. He has obliged the World with the following Plays:

I. *A Plot and no Plot*; a Comedy, acted at the Theatre Royal, 1697. Dedicated to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Sunderland*. This Play, I am informed, Mr. *Dennis* intended as a Satire upon the Credulity of the *Jacobite* Party at that Time; and, as a certain Author has obſerved, is exactly regular, and diſcovers itſelf to be written by a Maſter of the Art of the Stage, as well as by a Man of Wit.

II. *Rinaldo and Armida*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1699. Dedicated to the Duke of *Ormond*.

III. *Iphigenia*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, 1700.

IV. *Liberty Aſſerted*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, by her Majeſty's Servants, 1704. This Play is dedicated to *Anthony Henley*, Eſq; and was acted with very great Applauſe.

V. *Appius* and *Virginia*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre Royal; Dedicated to *Sidney* Earl of *Godolphin*.

VI. *The Comical Gallant*; *with the Humours of Sir* John Falſtaff; a Comedy. Being an Alteration of *Shakeſpear's Merry Wives of Windſor*.

VII. *Gibraltar, or the Spaniſh Adventure*; acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

This Gentleman, in his Comedy, hath ſhewn a great Deal of Juſtneſs and Delicacy of Reflection; a Pleaſantneſs of Humour, a Novelty and Diſtinction of Characters, and admirable Conduct and Deſign, and a uſeful Moral. When he firſt began to write Tragedy, he ſaw, with Concern, that Love had got the entire Poſſeſſion

Pride, and the Petulancy of that little Gentleman; *A. P—E*; which puerile Manner of calling him *Ape*, (by adding a Capital *E* to the initial Letters of his Name, hinting at his Form, for he was ſmall, lean, and crooked,) has ſomething in it two low for Contempt;

tion of the Tragick Stage, contrary to the Nature and Deſign of Tragedy, the Practice of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and our Countryman *Shakeſpear*. As his Intentions were more to get Reputation than Money, and to gain the Approbation of the Judicious and Knowing (which he look'd upon as a certain Earneſt of future Fame) rather than of a Crowd of ignorant Spectators and Readers; he reſolved to deviate a little from the reigning Practice of the Stage, and not to make his Heroes whining Slaves in their Amours; which not only debaſes the Majeſty of Tragedy, but confounds moſt of its principal Characters, by making that Paſſion the predominant Quality in all; and which muſt for ever make the preſent and ſucceeding Writers unable to attain to the Excellency of the Ancients: But he did not think it adviſeable at once to ſhew his principal Characters wholly exempt from it, apprehending that ſo great and ſudden an Alteration might prove diſagreeable; he rather choſe to ſteer a middle Courſe, and to make Love appear violent, but at the ſame Time to give Way to the Force of Reaſon, or to the Influence of ſome other more noble Paſſion; as in *Rinaldo*, it gives Place to Glory; in *Iphigenia*, to Friendſhip; and in *Liberty Aſſerted*, to the publick Good. He thought by theſe Means an Audience might be entertain'd and prepar'd for greater Alterations, whereby the Dignity of Tragedy might be ſupported, and its principal Characters juſtly diſtinguiſh'd. He has writ ſeveral other Pieces both in Verſe and Proſe, beſides his other Works; the chief of which, with four of his Plays, are publiſh'd in Two Volumes Octavo.

If I did not allow this Gentleman to be a Poet, and the greateſt Critick of this Age, I ſhould be wanting in Juſtice

Contempt; and he repeats it six Times in the same Manner, in the same Preface, as being fond of it; tho' an ingenious School-Boy, of twelve Years old, would have blush'd at it. In his second Letter he says:

SIR,

Justice to his Character. In his *Grounds of Criticism* he observes, that the antient Poets deriv'd that Advantage which they have over the Moderns, to the constituting their Subjects after a religious Manner; and he proves from the Precepts of *Longinus*, (tho' that Author did not make the Discovery) that the greatest Sublimity is to be deriv'd from religious Ideas. He is of Opinion, that one of the principal Reasons that has made the modern Poetry so contemptible, is, that by divesting itself of Religion, it is fallen from its Dignity, and its original Nature and Excellence; and from the greatest Production of the Mind of Man, is dwindled to an extravagant and vain Amusement. These Reflections are very much for the Reputation of the Author; and in another Place, speaking of Subjects for Poetry, There are some Persons (says he) mov'd by Love, and are not touch'd by Ambition; others are animated by Ambition, and only laugh at Love: Some are pleas'd with a brave Revenge, others with a generous Contempt of Injuries; but the eternal Power and infinite Knowledge of God, the Wonders of the Creation, and the beautiful Brightness of Virtue, make a powerful Impression on all. Mr. *Dennis* is very fond of *Milton*, a certain Demonstration of his sound Judgment, and in his Blank Verse he has come nearest that sublime Poet of any of his Contemporaries. His Poems are the following.

I. *Upon our Victory at Sea, and burning the* French *Fleet at* La Hogue *in* 1692. This Poem is writ in Rhyme.

II. *A Pindarick Ode on the King: Written in the Year* 1691; *occasion'd by the Victory of* Aghrim.

III. *To Mr.* Dryden, *upon his Translation of the Third Book*

SIR, *May* 3, 1714.

I HOPE mine of the first of this Month came to your Hands, which contained some Reflections upon the Dedication and Title-Page of the *Rape of the Lock*; which latter creates an Expectation of Pleasantry in us, when there is not so much as one Jest in the Book.

Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur ineptè?

How much more judiciously does *Boileau* appear in the Title-Page of his *Lutrin?* In a sottish Emulation of which, this and several late fantastick Poems

Book of Virgil's Georgicks. This is an excellent Pindarick.

IV. *Part of the* Te Deum *paraphras'd*, in Pindarick Verse.

V. *The Court of Death; a Pindarick Poem, dedicated to the Memory of her most sacred Majesty Queen* Mary. This is a very good Piece.

VI. *The Passion of* Byblis; *made* English *from the ninth Book of* Ovid's Metamorphoses.

VII. *The Monument: a Poem sacred to the immortal Memory of King* William *the Third. Dedicated to* William *Duke of* Devonshire.

VIII. *A Poem on the Battle of* Blenheim, *dedicated to Queen* Anne. This is the chief of Mr. *Dennis*'s Performances, and is indeed an admirable Poem.

XI. *On the Battle of* Ramellies. *A Poem in five Books, dedicated to* Charles *Lord* Halifax.

X. *On the Accession of King* George *to the* British *Throne.*

Mr. *Dennis*, in all his Writings, is a zealous Defender of Liberty; and, in his Military Poems, there appears great Spirit, and Thoughts very beautiful. He has written, besides his Poetry, *An Essay on Publick Spirit*, and several other learned Tracts in Prose; and a *Collection of Letters* very much admir'd.

appear both to you and me to have been writ. *Boileau* calls his *Lutrin* an Heroick Poem, and he is ſo far from raiſing an Expectation of Laughter, either in the Title, or in the Beginning of the Poem, that he tells Monſieur *de Lamoignon*, to whom he addreſſes it, that 'tis a grave Subject, and muſt be read with a grave Countenance.

Garde toy de rire en ce grave ſujet.
Lutrin, Chant. I.

Butler modeſtly calls his Poem, by the Name of his Hero, *Hudibras*; and without endeavouring to prepoſſeſs his Reader, leaves the Poem itſelf to work its natural Effect upon him.

But now, Sir, ſince I have ſaid that the *Rape of the Lock* ſeems to be writ in Imitation of *Lutrin*, (I mean ſo far in Imitation, that the Author had a Mind to get Reputation by writing a great many Verſes upon an inconſiderable Subject, as *Boileau* appears to have done before him;) I believe it will not be diſagreeable to you, if I ſhew the Difference between the *Lutrin* and this fantaſtick Poem.

The *Rape of the Lock* is a very empty Trifle, without any Solidity or ſenſible Meaning; whereas the *Lutrin* is only a Trifle in Appearance, but under that Appearance carries a very grave and very important Inſtruction: For if that Poem were only what it appears to be, *Boileau* would run counter to the fam'd Rule which he has preſcrib'd to others.

Now ſince 'tis impoſſible that ſo judicious an Author as *Boileau* ſhould run counter to his own, and to the Inſtructions of his Maſter *Horace*, the *Lutrin* at the Bottom cannot be an empty Trifle. 'Tis indeed a noble and important ſatirical Poem, upon the Luxury, the Pride, the Diviſions, and Animoſities of the *Popiſh* Clergy. 'Tis true indeed the admirable

ble Addreſs of the Poet has made it in Appearance a Trifle; for otherwiſe it would not have been ſuffer'd in a bigotted *Popiſh* Country. But yet *Boileau* in ſome Places ſeems to have given broad Hints at what was his real Meaning; as in the following Paſſage:

La Deeſſe en entrant, qui voit la nappe miſe,
Admire un ſi bel ordre, & reconnoit l'egliſe.
Lutrin, Chant. I.

And this other Paſſage is ſtill more bold.

Pour ſoûtenir ſes droits, que le ciel autoriſe,
Abîme tout plûtôt, c' eſt l' eſprit de l'egliſe.
Lutrin, Chant. I.

As the *Rape of the Lock* is an empty Trifle, it can have no Fable nor any Moral; whereas the *Lutrin* has both Fable and Moral. 'Tis true, indeed, the Allegory under which that Moral is conceal'd, is not ſo perſpicuous as *Boileau* would have made it, if it had not been for the Apprehenſion of provoking the Clergy. But on the other Side, 'tis not ſo obſcure, but that a penetrating Reader may ſee through it. The Moral is, "That when Chriſtians, and "eſpecially the Clergy, run into great Heats about "religious Trifles, their Animoſity proceeds from "the Want of that Religion which is the Pretence "of their Quarrel." The Fable is this; "Two "Perſons being deſerted by true Piety, are em-"broiled about a religious Trifle, to the Perplexity "and Confuſion of them and theirs: Upon the Re-"turn of Piety, they agree to ſet aſide the Trifle "about which they differed, and are reconciled, to "the Quiet and Satisfaction both of themſelves and "their Partizans."

If you will be pleaſed to compare the Beginning of the Sixth Canto with the reſt of the Poem, you

will eaſily ſee that this Account which I have given of the *Lutrin* is not without Foundation. But you know very well, Sir, that there is not the leaſt Shadow of a Moral or Fable in the *Rape*.

As nothing could be more ridiculous than the writing a full, an exact, and a regular Criticiſm upon ſo empty a Buſineſs as this trifling Poem; I will ſay but a Word or two concerning the Incidents, and ſo have done with what relates immediately to the Deſign. The Intention of the Author in writing this Poem, as we find in the Title-Page, is to raiſe the Mirth of the Reader; and we find by the Effects which *Hudibras* and the *Lutrin* produce in us, that *Butler* and *Boileau* wrote with the ſame Intention. Now you know very well, Sir, that in a Poem which is built upon an Action, Mirth is chiefly to be rais'd by the Incidents. For Laughter in Comedy is chiefly to be excited by Surprize, when Things ſpring from one another againſt our Expectation. Now whereas there are ſeveral ridiculous Incidents in the *Lutrin*, as, The Owl in the Pulpit frighting the nocturnal Champions; the Prelate's giving his Benediction to his Adverſary, by Way of Revenge and Inſult; The Battle in the Bookſeller's Shop, &c. And whereas there are a thouſand ſuch in *Hudibras*, there is not ſo much as one, nor the Shadow of one in the *Rape of the Lock*: Unleſs the Author's Friends will object here, That his perpetual Gravity, after the Promiſe of his Title, makes the whole Poem one continued Jeſt. *I am Your's*, &c.

Being reſolv'd before-hand to be pleas'd with nothing, in his fourth Letter he falls foul of the *Machinery*.

The Practice of the greateſt modern Heroick-Poets is conformable to that of the antient.

1. They

1. They take their *Machines* from the Religion of their Country; witneſs *Milton*, *Cowley*, *Taſſo*.

2. They make them Allegorical.

3. They oppoſe them to one another.

4. They ſhew a juſt Subordination among them, and a juſt Proportion between their Functions.

The Author of the *Rape* has run counter to this Practice both of the Antients and Moderns. He has not taken his *Machines* from the Religion of his Country, nor from any Religion, nor from Morality. His Machines contradict the Doctrines of the Chriſtian Religion, contradict all ſound Morality; there is no allegorical nor ſenſible Meaning in them; and for theſe Reaſons they give no Inſtruction, make no Impreſſion at all upon the Mind of a ſenſible Reader. Inſtead of making the Action wonderful and delightful, they render it extravagant, abſurd, and incredible. They do not in the leaſt influence that Action; they neither prevent the Danger of *Belinda*, nor promote it, nor retard it, unleſs, perhaps, it may be ſaid, for one Moment, which is ridiculous. And if here it be objected, that the Author deſign'd only to *entertain* and *amuſe*; To that I anſwer, That for that very Reaſon he ought to have taken the utmoſt Care to make this Poem *probable*, according to the important Precept of *Horace*.

Ficta voluptatis cauſâ ſint proxima veris.

And that we may be ſatisfy'd that this Rule is founded in *Reaſon* and *Nature*, we find by conſtant Experience, that any thing that ſhocks *Probability* is moſt inſufferable in Comedy.

There is no Oppoſition of the *Machines* to one another in this *Rape of the Lock*. *Umbriel* the *Gnome* is not introduc'd till the Action is over, and till *Ariel* and the Spirits under him, have quitted *Belinda*.

There is no juſt *Subordination* among theſe *Machines*, nor any juſt *Proportion* between their *Functions*. *Ariel* ſummons them together, and talks to them as if he were their Emperor.

Ye *Sylphs* and *Sylphids*, to your Chief give ear,
Fays, *Fairies*, *Genii*, *Elves*, and *Dæmons*, hear;
Ye know the Spheres and various Taſks aſſign'd,
By Laws eternal to th' aerial Kind.
Some in the Fields of pureſt *Æther* play,
And baſk and whiten in the Blaze of Day.
Some guide the Courſe of wandring Orbs on high,
Or roll the Planets thro' the boundleſs Sky—
Or brew fierce Tempeſts on the watry Main,
Or o'er the Glebe diſtill the kindly Rain.
Others on Earth o'er human Race preſide,
Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:
Of theſe the Chief the Care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms Divine the *Britiſh* Throne.

Now, Sir, give me leave to aſk you one Queſtion: Did you ever hear before that the Planets were roll'd by the aerial Kind? We have heard indeed of Angels and Intelligences who have perform'd theſe Functions: But they are vaſt glorious Beings, of *Celeſtial* Kind, and *Machines* of another Syſtem. Pray which of the *aerial* Kind have theſe *ſublime* Employments? For nothing can be more ridiculous, or more contemptible, than the Employments of thoſe whom he harangues.

To ſave the Powder from too rude a Gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd Eſſences exhale.

There is a Difference almoſt infinite between theſe vile Functions and the former ſublime ones, and

and therefore they can never belong to Beings of the ſame Species. Which of the aerial Kinds are the Movers of Orbs on high, or the Guardians of Empires below; when he who calls himſelf their Chief, is only the Keeper of a vile *Iſeland Cur*, and has not ſo much as the Intendance of the Lady's *Favourite Lock*, which is the Subject of the Poem? But that is entruſted to an inferior Spirit, contrary to all manner of Judgment and Decorum.

The *Machines* that appear in this Poem are infinitely leſs conſiderable than the *human Perſons*, which is without Precedent. Nothing can be ſo contemptible as the *Perſons*, or ſo fooliſh as the *Underſtandings* of theſe *Hobgoblins*. *Ariel*'s Speech for the firſt thirty Lines, is one continu'd Impertinence: For, if what he ſays is true, he tells them nothing but what they knew as well as himſelf before. And when he comes at length to the *Point*, he is full as impertinent as he was in his *Ramble* before; for after he has talk'd to them of *black Omens* and *dire Diſaſters* that threaten his Heroine, theſe Bugbears dwindle to the breaking a Piece of *China*, the ſtaining a *Petticoat*, the loſing a *Necklace*, a *Fan*, or a Bottle of *Sal Volatile*. But we ſhall conſider this Paſſage further when we come to examine the *Sentiments*; and then we ſhalll ſee, that *Sawney* takes the Change here, and 'tis *He*, a little *Lump of Fleſh*, that talks; inſtead of a little *Spirit*.

That which makes this Speech more ridiculous, is the Place where it is ſpoken, and that is upon the Sails and Cordage of *Belinda*'s Barge; which is certainly taken from the two Kings of *Brentford* deſcending in Clouds, and ſinging in the Style of our modern Spirits.

1 *King*. O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray,
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our Way,
And on their high Ropes we will play.

But now, Sir, for the *Perſons* of theſe Sylphs and Sylphids, you ſee what Ideas the Threats of *Ariel*, give us of them, when he threatens them, that for their Neglect they ſhall

Be ſtopt in Vials, or transfix'd with Pins,
Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole Ages in a Bodkin's Eye.

Diſcord is deſcrib'd by *Homer* with her Feet upon the Earth, and Head in the Skies: Upon which *Longinus* cries out, That this is not ſo much the Meaſure of *Diſcord*, as of *Homer*'s *Capacity*, and *Elevation* of *Genius*. Ev'n ſo theſe *diminitive Beings* of the intellectual World, may be ſaid to be the *Meaſure* of Mr. *Pope*'s *Capacity* and *Elevation* of Genius. They are, indeed, Beings ſo *diminutive*, that they bear the ſame Proportion to the reſt of the intellectual, that Eels in Vinegar do to the reſt of the material World. The latter are only to be ſeen thro' *Microſcopes*, and the former only thro' the falſe Optics of a *Rocſirucian* Underſtanding.

I ſhall mention but one or two more of the numerous Defects which are to be found in the *Machines* of this Poem; the one is, The Spirits, which he intends for *benign* ones, are *malignant*, and thoſe, which he deſigns for *malignant*, are *beneficent* to Mankind. The *Gnomes* he intends for *malignant*, and the *Sylphs* for *beneficent* Spirits. Now the *Sylphs* in this Poem promote that *Female Vanity* which the *Gnomes* mortify. And Vanity is not only a great Defect in Human

Human Nature, but the Mother of a thousand Errors, and a thousand Crimes, and the Cause of most of the Misfortunes which are incident to Humanity.

The last Defect that I shall take notice of, is, That the *Machines* in this Poem are not taken from *one System*, but are *double*, nay *treble* or *quadruple*. In the first *Canto* we hear of nothing but *Sylphs*, and *Gnomes*, and *Salamanders*, which are *Roficrucian* Visions. In the second we meet with *Fairies*, *Genii*, and *Dæmons*, Beings which are unknown to those Fanatick Sophisters. In the fourth, *Spleen* and the *Phantoms* about, are deriv'd from the Powers of *Nature*, and are of a separate System. And *Fate* and *Jove*, which we find in the fifth *Canto*, belong to the Heathen Religion.

But now, Sir, in treating of these Matters, I have, before I perceiv'd it, transgress'd the Bounds which I prescrib'd to my self, which I desire that you would excuse.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

In his next Letter he finds general Fault with all the Poems, and will not allow that there is any Thing good either in Diction, Sentiments, Versification, Contrivance, or Execution; and mentioning the two Lines *Belinda* speaks, lamenting the Loss of the Lock, he adds eight more, which I can't say I think any great Ornament to the Poem.

Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry Side are seen
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by Spleen;
Here living Tea-Pots stand, one Arm held out,
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout.

A Pipkin there like *Homer's* Tripod walks,
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a Gooſe-pie talks:
Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
And Maids, turn'd Bottles, call aloud for Corks.

Then adds to his Friend:

Now, Sir, I appeal to you and your Friends, if ever there was ſuch execrable Stuff, ſuch lamentable, ſuch deplorable Pleaſantry! What ſays *Horace?*

Scribendi rectè ſapere eſt & principium & fons.

However this *Criticiſm* is dead, ſunk in Oblivion, and the *Rape of the Lock* living, beautiful, and prais'd; and if not entirely without Faults, they are ſuch as are not obvious to every Reader, and eaſily pardon'd by the Diſcerner, who finds ſo many Things to admire, he forgets or elſe forgives thoſe little Offences to Decency; (for there indeed lies all the Offence) and Mr. *Dennis* having often taken the like Liberty himſelf, might have done leſs than ſet his Hand to keep down riſing Merit. His other Attempts (for he made more on *Windſor-Foreſt*, *Temple of Fame*, and the *Tranſlation of Homer*) were as vain as this. He concludes this *Criticiſm* by calling Mr. *Pope* an Aſs; and indeed ſeems very angry, to find that there was a Poet coming or rather come forward, that would wear a greener Lawrel than himſelf. I don't find that Mr. *Pope* ever made any Reply to this, but treaſur'd it up, to help to furniſh freſh Matter for the *Dunciad*, a Work, of which hereafter we ſhall ſpeak more at large.

The abovemention'd Poem has been tranſlated into *French* and *Italian*, and though it appears without all its original Beauty in both, it has been very well received; yet the *Italian* Ladies can but wonder that ſo young and fine a Creature, as *Belinda*, ſhould be

ſo.

ſo long unguarded by her Mother, Aunt, or ſome one, whoſe Buſineſs it ſhould have been to have taken Care of her Lock and her Reputation too: Whilſt the *French* Ladies ſee nothing to grieve at, and ſay, What hinder'd her from wearing a *Tete* with Curls as long again. We don't find Mr. *Dennis's Criticiſm* was ever tranſlated.

Another Poem that created him no little Envy, and much more Praiſe, was the *Temple of Fame*; the Hint of it was taken from *Chaucer's Houſe of Fame*; the Deſign is in a Manner entirely alter'd, the Deſcriptions, and moſt of the particular Thoughts his own, yet he would not ſuffer it to be printed without this Acknowledgment; not thinking a Concealment of this Nature the leſs unfair for being common. Whoever has a Mind to compare this Poem with *Chaucer*, may begin with the Third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two firſt that anſwers to their Title.

After deſcribing the *Temple*, he ſpeaks of his firſt Sight of *Fame*:

Scarce to the Top I ſtretch'd my aking Sight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a Height.
Full in the midſt, proud *Fame*'s Imperial Seat,
With Jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid Em'ralds there revive the Eye;
The flaming Rubies ſhew their ſanguine Dye;
Bright azure Rays from lively Saphires ſtream,
And lucid Amber caſts a golden Gleam.
With various-colour'd Lights the Pavement ſhone;
And all on Fire appear'd the glowing Throne:
The Dome's high Arch reflects the mingled Blaze,
And forms a Rainbow of alternate Rays.
When on the *Goddeſs* firſt I caſt my Sight,
Scarce ſeem'd her Stature of a Cubit's Height,

But

But ſwell'd to larger Size the more I guz'd,
'Till to the Roof her tow'ring Front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple every Moment grew,
And ampler *Viſtas* open'd to my View;
Upward the Columns ſhoot, the Roofs aſcend,
And Arches widen, and long Iles extend.
Such was her Form, as antient Bards have told;
Wings raiſe her Arms, and Wings her Feet infold;
A thouſand buſy Tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open Eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning Ears.
Beneath, in Order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her Virgin Handmaids) ſtill attend the Shrine:
With Eyes on *Fame* for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For *Fame* they raiſe the Voice, and tune the String.
With Time's firſt Birth began the Heav'nly Lays,
And laſt eternal thro' the Length of Days.

First at the Shrine the learned World appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their Prayer:
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe Mankind,
With Studies pale, with midnight Vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior Throne:
On Wit and Learning the juſt Prize beſtow,
For *Fame* is all we muſt expect below.

The Goddeſs heard, and bad the Muſes raiſe
The Golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From Pole to Pole the Winds diffuſe the Sound,
That fills the Circuit of the World around;
Not all at once, as Thunder breaks the Cloud;
The Notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt Degrees they every Moment riſe,
Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the Skies.
At every Breath were balmy Odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread:
Leſs fragrant Scents th' unfolding Roſe exhales,
Or Spices breathing in *Arabian* Gales.

Next

Next these the Good and Just, an awful Train,
Thus on their Knees address'd the sacred Fane.
Since living Virtue is with Envy curst,
And the best Men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our Merits forth,
And give each Deed th' exact intrinsic Worth.
Not with bare Justice shall your Act be crown'd,
(Said *Fame*) but high above Desert renown'd:
Let fuller Notes th' applauding World amaze,
And the loud Clarion labour in your Praise.

And now a Rabble-Rout of Scribblers appear'd in Arms, Mr. *Dennis* at their Head; and as they strove to destroy Mr. *Pope's Temple of Fame*, destroy'd their own, and firmly establish'd his; Sir *Richard Steele* lending a Hand, having approved of it before its Appearance in Publick in the following Letter:

Mr. STEELE *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your *Temple of Fame* twice, and cannot find any thing amiss of Weight enough to call a Fault, but see in it a Thousand Beauties. Mr. *Addison* shall see it to Morrow: After his Perusal of it, I will let you know his Thoughts. I desire you will let me know whether you are at Leisure or not? I have a Design which I shall open a Month or two hence, with the Assistance of the Few like yourself. If your Thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further.

I am, Your, &c.

And accordingly it had as good Treatment from Mr. *Addison*, whose Friendship Mr. *Pope* had, as he imagined,

imagined, been ſome Time in Poſſeſſion of; and as yet nothing appear'd to the contrary. By this Time Mr. *Pope* was got ſo far into Favour and Reputation with the Town, that he needed little Recommendation but his own Merit; and he began (as he in Reaſon might) to aſſume the Name of a Critick, and to give Rules to others in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, which is full of Wit, beautiful Turns, Variety of Metaphors, and Obſervations on Poetry and Criticiſm: A few Extracts will ſerve to give the Reader a pleaſing Idea of the whole.

First follow *Nature*, and your Judgment frame
By her juſt Standard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring Nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal Light,
Life, Force, and Beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the Source, and End, and Teſt of Art.
That Art is beſt which moſt reſembles her;
Which ſtill preſides, yet never does appear:
In ſome fair Body thus the ſprightly Soul
With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the whole,
Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve ſuſtains;
It ſelf unſeen, but in th' Effects, remains.
There are whom Heav'n has bleſt with Store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it:
For Wit and Judgment ever are at Strife,
Tho' meant each other's Aid, like Man and Wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur, the Muſe's Steed,
Reſtrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed,
The winged Courſer, like a gen'rous Horſe,
Shews moſt true Mettle when you check his Courſe.

A perfect Judge will read each Work of Wit
With the ſame Spirit that its Author writ;
Survey the *Whole*, nor ſeek ſlight Faults to find,
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind;

No

Nor loſe, for that malignant dull Delight,
The gen'rous Pleaſure to be charm'd with Wit.
But in ſuch Lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning Faults, one quiet Tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our Hearts
Is not th' Exactneſs of peculiar Parts;
'Tis not a Lip, or Eye, we Beauty call,
But the joint Force and full Reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well proportion'd Dome,
(The World's juſt Wonder, and ev'n thine, O *Rome!*)
No ſingle Parts unequally ſurprize;
All comes united to th' admiring Eyes;
No monſtrous Height, or Breadth, or Length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Avoid *Extreams*; and ſhun the Fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little, or too much.
At ev'ry Trifle ſcorn to take Offence,
That always ſhows great Pride, or little Senſe.
Thoſe Heads, or Stomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy Rapture move,
For Fools admire, but Men of Senſe approve;
As Things ſeem large which we thro' Miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
Be thou the firſt true Merit to befriend,
His Praiſe is loſt, who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the Date, alas! of modern Rhymes;
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that Golden Age appears,
When Patriarch Wits ſurviv'd a thouſand Years;
Now Length of Fame (our ſecond Life) is loſt,
And bare Threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt:
Our Sons their Father's failing Language ſee,
And ſuch as *Chaucer* is ſhall *Dryden* be.

So when the faithful Pencil has design'd
Some fair Idea of the Maſter's Mind,
Where a new World leaps out at his Command,
And ready Nature waits upon his Hand;
When the ripe Colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt Shade and Light,
When mellowing Time does full Perfection give,
And each bold Figure juſt begins to live;
The treach'rous Colours in few Years decay,
And all the bright Creation fades away!

Be Niggards of Advice on no Pretence;
For the worſt Avarice is that of Senſe.
With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt:
Fear not the Anger of the Wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear Reproof, who merit Praiſe.

Such was *Roſcommon*—not more learn'd than good,
With Manners gen'rous as his noble Blood;
To him the Wit of *Greece* and *Rome* was known,
And ev'ry Author's Merit, but his own.
Such late was (*) *Walſh*,—the Muſes Judge and Friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To Failings mild, but zealous for Deſert;
The cleareſt Head, and the ſincereſt Heart.
This humble Praiſe, lamented Shade! receive,
This Praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give!
The Muſe, whoſe early Voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her Heights, and prun'd her tender Wing,
(Her Guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low Numbers ſhort Excurſions tries.

Content,

(*) Mr. *Walſh*, of *Abberley* in *Worceſterſhire*, Gentleman of the Horſe in Queen *Anne*'s Reign, Author of ſeveral beautiful Pieces in Proſe and Verſe, and in the Opinion of Mr. *Dryden* (in his Poſtſcript to *Virgil*) the beſt Critick of our Nation in his Time: He died at forty-nine Years old, in the Year 1708.

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their Wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
Careleſs of Cenſure, nor too fond of Fame,
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from Faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

Not theſe Lines above quoted, and many more as fine, could preſerve the Piece from the ſevere Cenſure of Mr. *Dennis* and others; but chiefly Mr. *Dennis*, often a very good Critick, always an ill-natur'd one: often, through Envy and private Pique, a very malicious and falſe one. And it is aſſerted, that the ſaid Mr. *John Dennis*, on the 27th of *March*, finding on Mr. *Bernard Lintot*'s Counter a Book called, *An Eſſay on Criticiſm*, then publiſh'd, he read a Page or two with much Frowning, 'till coming to theſe Lines,

Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at laſt.

Throwing the Book down, he ſaid in great Anger, That means me by G—d. In his Reflections on our Author's *Eſſay on Criticiſm* hear what he ſays:

"His Precepts are falſe, or trivial, or both; his "Thoughts are crude and abortive, his Expreſſions "abſurd, his Numbers harſh and unmuſical, with- "out Cadence or Variety; his Rhymes trivial and "common. Inſtead of Majeſty, we have ſomething "that is very Boyiſh; and, inſtead of Perſpicuity "and lucid Order, we have but too often Obſcurity "and Confuſion."

Nay, he ſeems poſitive in his Triumph over the Poetry in another Place.

"What rare Numbers are here? Would not one "ſwear this Youngſter had eſpouſed ſome antiqui-

" ted Muſe, who had ſued out a Divorce from ſome " ſuperannuated Sinner, upon Account of Impo- " tence; and who being pox'd by her former Spouſe, " has got the Gout in her decrepid Age, which " makes her *hobble ſo damnably?*"

And preſently he leaves the Poem, and falls foul on Mr. *Pope*'s Character with great Virulency and Spite, which (if true) was impoſſible to be known to him.

" A little affected Hypocrite, who has nothing in " his Mouth but Candour, Truth, Friendſhip, " Good-Nature, Humanity, Affability, and Mag- " nanimity. He is ſo great a Lover of Falſehood, " that whenever he has a Mind to calumniate his " Contemporaries, he upbraids them with ſome " Defect; which is juſt contrary to ſome good Qua- " lity, for which all their Friends and Acquaintance " commend them. He ſeems to have a particular " Pique to People of Quality, and Authors of that " Rank. He muſt derive his Religion from St. *O-* " *mers.*"

He excuſes himſelf a little in the Preface:

" I can ſafely affirm, that I never attack'd any of " theſe Writings, unleſs they had Succeſs infinitely " beyond their Merit." So that it was their Succeſs gauled him, he imagining it to be infinitely beyond their Merit.

After this we believe no Reader can wonder at what they hereafter may find in the *Dunciad*, in Return to this Uſage of Mr. *Dennis*, for we think ſuch Treatment would juſtify any Thing: It is very certain, that Envy and Hate of ſuperior Merit blinded *Dennis* ſo, that he always judg'd wrong, or at leaſt, pronounc'd wrong Sentences againſt Mr. *Pope*.

As to his Knowledge of Numbers, and Compoſition of Verſe, his own fine Rules given ſhow him a great

great Master, and able to teach Mr. *Dennis*. How few have excell'd! none, except in Variety.

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's Song.
And smooth or rough with such is right or wrong;
In the bright Muse tho' thousand Charms conspire,
Her Voice is all these tuneful Fools admire,
Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their Ear,
Not mend their Minds: As some to Church repair,
Not for the Doctrine, but the Musick there.
These equal Syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire;
While Expletives their feeble Aid do join;
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line,
While they ring round the same unwary'd Chimes,
With sure Returns of still-expected Rhymes.
Where-e'er you find *the cooling Western Breeze*,
In the next Line, *it whispers thro' the Trees*;
If Chrystal Streams *with pleasing Murmurs creep*,
The Reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with *Sleep*:
Then, at the last, and only Couplet fraught,
With some unmeaning Thing they call a Thought,
A needless *Alexandrine* ends the Song, [along,
That like a wounded Snake draws its slow Length
Leave such to tune their own dull Rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy Vigor of a Line, [join.
Where *Denham*'s Strength, and *Waller*'s Sweetness
'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
The Sound must seem an Eccho to the Sense.
Soft is the Strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows;
But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
The hoarse, rough Verse should like the Torrent roar.
When *Ajax* strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw,
The Line too labours, and the Words move slow;

Not ſo, when ſwift *Camilla* ſcours the Plain, [Main.
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and ſkims along the

Theſe, we believe, will be a ſatisfactory Proof of his great Power as a Poet, if any Body yet doubts of it, or if any Lover and Reader of *Engliſh* Poetry has not before ſeen thoſe admir'd and very famous Lines.

Before we ſpeak of *Homer*, the *Dunciad*, &c. we ſhall take Notice of ſome other Writings of our Poet:

To Mr. *Jervas*, with Mr. *Freſnoy*'s Art of Painting.

On a Fan of the Author's Deſign, in which was painted the Story of *Cephalus* and *Procris*; with the Motto *Aura veni*.

On *Silence*, in Imitation of Lord *Rocheſter*.

An Epitaph.

Verſes occaſion'd by ſome of the Duke of *Buckinghqm*'s.

He wrote a moſt excellent Letter in Verſe from *Eloiſa* to *Abelard*; it is chiefly taken from the *French* Letters between thoſe two extraordinary Perſons. Mr. *Bayle*, in his *Hiſtorical Dictionary*, makes Mention of them: They flouriſh'd in the twelfth Century, and were two of the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Perſons of their Age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate Paſſion. After a long Courſe of Calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the Remainder of their Days to Religion. It was many Years after this Separation that a Letter of *Abelard*'s to a Friend (which contained the Hiſtory of his Misfortunes) fell into the Hands of *Eloiſa*; this awak'ning all her Tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated Letters, which give ſo lively a Deſcription of the Struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion.

There

There is a Spirit of Tenderneſs and a Delicacy of Sentiments runs all through the Letter; but the prodigious Conflict, the War within, the Difficulty of making Love give up to religious Vows, and Impoſſibility of forgetting a firſt real Paſſion, ſhine above all the reſt.

Ah wretch! believ'd the Spouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the Slave of Love and Man.
Aſſiſt me Heav'n! but whence aroſe that Pray'r?
Sprung it from Piety, or from Deſpair?
Ev'n here where frozen Chaſtity retires,
Love finds an Altar for forbidden Fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the Lover, not lament the Fault;
I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,
Repent old Pleaſures, and ſollicit now:
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt Offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my Innocence,
Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt Science to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the Sin, yet keep the Senſe,
And love th' Offender, yet deteſt th' Offence?
How the dear Object from the Crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh Penitence from Love?
Unequal Taſk! a Paſſion to reſign,
For Hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
E'er ſuch a Soul regains its peaceful State,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often, Hope, Deſpair, Reſent, Regret,
Conceal, Diſdain—do all Things but forget.
But let Heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,
Not touch'd, but rapt, not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me Nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my Love, my Life, myſelf—and you.

Fill my fond Heart, with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's Lot?
The World forgetting, by the World forgot.
Eternal Sunſhine of the ſpotleſs Mind!
Each Pray'r accepted, and each Wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and Reſt, that equal Periods keeps;
Obedient Slumbers that can wake and weep;
Deſires compos'd, Affections ever even,
Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt Beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal Ring,
For her white Virgins *Hymenæals* ſing;
For her the unfading Roſe of *Eden* blooms,
And Wings of Seraphs ſhed divine Perfumes;
To Sounds of heav'nly Harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in Viſions of eternal Day.
Far other Dreams my erring Soul employ,
Far other Raptures, of unholy Joy;
When at the Cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing Day,
Fancy reſtores what Vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then Conſcience ſleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my looſe Soul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear Horrors of all conſcious Night!
How glowing Guilt exalts the keen Delight!
Provoking Dæmons all Reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me every Source of Love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy Charms,
And round thy Phantom glue my claſping Arms.
I wake—no more I hear, no more I view,
The Phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud, it hears not what I ſay;
I ſtretch my empty Arms, it glides away:
To dream once more I cloſe my willing Eyes;
Ye ſoft Illuſions, dear Deceits, ariſe!

Alas

Alas no more! methinks we wandring go
Thro' deary Waſtes, and weep each other's Woe;
Where round ſome mould'ring Grove palelvy creeps,
And low brow'dRocks hang nodding o'er the Deeps.
Sudden you mount; you beckon from the Skies;
Clouds interpoſe, Waves roar, and Winds ariſe;
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad Proſpect find,
And wake to all the Griefs I left behind.

What Scenes appear where e'er I turn my View,
The dear Ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the Grove, before the Altar riſe,
Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes!
I waſte the Mattin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
Thy Image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy Voice I ſeem in every Hymn to hear,
With ev'ry Bead I drop too ſoft a Tear.
When from the Cenſor Clouds of Fragrance roll,
And ſwelling Organs lift the riſing Soul.
One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
Prieſts, Tapers, Temples, ſwim before my Sight:
In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here, in humble Grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous Drops juſt gath'ring in my Eye,
While praying, trembling, in the Duſt I roll,
And dawning Grace is opening on my Soul.
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my Heart;
Come, with one Glance of thoſe deluding Eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the Skies.
Take back thatGrace,thoſeSorrows, and thoſe Tears,
Take back my fruitleſs Penitence and Pray'rs,
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the Bleſt above,
Aſſiſt the Fiends and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe *Alps* between us! and whole Oceans roll!

Ah

Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one Pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy Oaths I quit, thy Memory reſign.
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair Eyes, and tempting Looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd Ideas! all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay Daughter of the Sky!
And Faith, our early Immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable Gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal Reſt!

Abelard and *Eloiſa* were interr'd in the ſame Grave or in Monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of *Paracelete*: He died in the Year 1142, ſhe in 1163. He founded the Monaſtery.

When ſhe ſpeaks of her entring into Vows what a moving and paſſionate Deſcription ſhe gives of it.

Canſt thou forget what Tears that Moment fell,
When warm in Youth I bade the World farewel?
As with cold Lips I kiſs'd the trembling Veil,
The Shrines all trembled and the Lamps grew pale:
Heaven ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd
And Saints with Wonder heard the Vows I made.

He was her Tutor in Philoſophy and Divinity, but each being overcome by the Love of the other. At laſt their chief Study grew how to procure reciprocal and mutual Delight, which being diſcover'd brought on a tragick Scene of Separation, and a Wound to *Abelard* worſe than Death, for her Relations caus'd him to be unmann'd, which no way abated the Warmth of *Eloiſa*'s Paſſion.

Nature

Nature fonde check'd, Religion disapproves,
Even thou art cold, yet *Eloisa* loves.

I believe it is not in the Power of our Language to go beyond this Poem in Tenderness and Harmony, and yet the Verses to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady are esteemed equal to them.

This Lady seems to have been a particular Favourite of our Poet, whether he himself was the Person she was removed from I am not able to say, but whoever reads his Verses to her Memory, will find she had a very great Share in him.

This young Lady who was of Quality, had a very large Fortune, and was in the Eye of our discerning Poet a great Beauty, was left under the Guardianship of an Uncle who gave her an Education suitable to her Fate, for Mr. *Pope* declares she had Titles and she was thought a fit Match for the greatest Peer, but very young she contracted an Acquaintance and afterwards to a Degree of Intimacy with a Young Gentleman, who, it only imagined, and having settled her Affections there, refus'd a Match propos'd to her by her Uncle, Spies being set upon her it was not long before her Correspondence with her Lover of lower Degree was discover'd, which when tax'd with by her Uncle, she had too much Truth and Honour to deny. The Uncle finding that she could not, nor would strive to withdraw her Regard from him, after a little Time forc'd her Abroad, where she was receiv'd with all due Respect to her Quality, but kept up from the Sight or Speech of any Body but the Creatures of this severe Guardian, so that it was impossible for her Lover even to deliver a Letter that might ever come to her Hand.

Several

Several were receiv'd from him with Promiſes to get them privately deliver'd to her, but thoſe were all ſent to *England* and only ſerv'd to make them more Cautious who had her in Care.

She languiſh'd here a conſiderable Time, went through a great deal of Sickneſs and Sorrow, wept and ſigh'd continually, at laſt wearied out and deſpairing quite, the unfortunate Lady—as Mr. *Pope* juſtly calls her, put an End to her own Life, having bribed a Woman Servant to procure her a Sword, ſhe was found Dead upon the Ground, but warm, the Severity af the Laws of the Place where ſhe was in, denied her Chriſtian Burial, and ſhe was buried without Solemnity, or even any to wait on her to her Grave, except ſome Young People of the Neighbourhood, who ſaw her put into common Ground, and ſtrew'd her Grave with Flowers.

Which gave ſome Offence to the Prieſthood, who would have buried her in the Highway, but it ſeems their Power there did not extend ſo far.

The Poem not being very long may ſerve for a farther Illuſtration of this Affair, where the Expreſſions are ſo ſtrong and Natural, that the Heart muſt have had no little Share in the Compoſition.

What beck'ning Ghoſt, along the moonlight Shade
Invites my Steps, and points to yonder Glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding Boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary Sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heav'n a Crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a Heart,
To act a Lover's or a *Roman*'s Part?
Is there no bright Reverſion in the Sky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her Soul aspire
Above the vulgar Flight of low Desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest Abodes;
The glorious Fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their Images on Earth it flows,
And in the Breast of Kings and Heroes glows!
Most Souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an Age,
Dull sullen Pris'ners in the Body's Cage:
Dim Lights of Life that burn a Length of Years,
Useless, unseen, as Lamps in Sepulchres:
Like Eastern Kings a lazy State they keep,
And close confin'd in their own Palace sleep.

From these perhaps (e'er Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying Sky.
As into Air the purer Spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred Dregs below;
So flew the Soul to its congenial Place,
Nor left one Virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false Guardian of a Charge too good,
Thou, mean Deserter of thy Brother's Blood!
See on these Ruby Lips the trembling Breath,
These Cheeks, now fading at the Blast of Death:
Cold is that Breast which warm'd the World before,
And those Love-darting Eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the Ball,
Thus shall your Wives, and thus your Children fall:
On all the Line a sudden Vengeance waits,
And frequent Hearses shall besiege your Gates.
There Passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long Fun'rals blacken all the Way)
Lo these were they, whose Souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with Hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the Proud away,
The Gaze of Fools, and Pageant of a Day!
So perish all, whose Breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others Good, or melt at others Woe.

What

What can atone (oh ever injur'd Shade!)
Thy Fate unpity'd, and thy Rites unpaid?
No Friend's Complaint, no kind domestick Tear
Pleas'd thy pale Ghost, or grac'd thy mournful Bier.
By foreign Hands thy dying Eyes were clos'd,
By foreign Hands thy decent Limbs compos'd,
By foreign Hands thy humble Grave adorn'd,
By Strangers honour'd, and by Strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no Friends in sable Weeds appear,
Grieve for an Hour, perhaps, then mourn a Year,
And bear about the Mockery of Woe
To midnight Dances, and the publick Show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy Ashes grace,
Nor polish'd Marble emulate thy Face?
What tho' no sacred Earth allow thee Room,
Nor hallow'd Dirge be mutter'd o'er thy Tomb?
Yet shall thy Grave with rising Flow'rs be dress,
And the green Turf lie lightly on thy Breast:
There shall the Morn her earliest Tears bestow,
There the first Roses of the Year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver Wings o'ershade
The Ground, now sacred by thy Reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a Stone a Name,
What once had Beauty, Titles, Wealth, and Fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A Heap of Dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
Deaf the prais'd Ear, and mute the tuneful Tongue.
Ev'n he, whose Soul now melts in mournful Lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous Tear he pays;
Then from his closing Eyes thy Form shall part,
And the last Pang shall tear thee from his Heart;
Life's idle Business at one Gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

Besides

Besides these, he has alter'd the *Merchant's Tale* from *Chaucer*, and the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, both which are a little obscene, but that being originally *Chaucer's* Fault, we will not charge it to the Account of our Poet who has some Crimes of that Nature to answer for for himself, which we shall take Notice of in a proper Place. He translated *Sapho to Phaon* from *Ovid's Epistles*, and *Vertumnus* and *Pomona*, and the *Fable of Dryope* from his *Metamorphosis*, and wrote several other small Poems, some of which hereafter we shall speak farther about; a *Prologue to Cato* much admir'd, and an *Epilogue to Jane Shore*, never spoke, but design'd for Mrs. *Oldfield*.

But we cannot help taking immediate Notice of his *Ode for Musick on Santa Cecilia's Day*. Mr. *Dryden* had gain'd such prodigious Fame by his *Feast of Alexander*, that the Poets after him were generally laugh'd at in their Attempts that Way. Mr. *Pope* however ventur'd after many Solicitations, much Encouragement, putting forward, and a Certainty of Applause from one Quarter, and has plainly shewn, that he was not the Judge of Harmony and adapting Words to Musick that *Dryden* was. It is indeed, as to the Poetical Part, the worst of our Poet's Performances, except an Attempt in the same Way.

In two Chorus's to the *Tragedy of Brutus*, not made publick these are still worse, and Mr. *Pope* was so sensible of this that he turn'd his Pen no more this Way.

As to the Sense and Design of the *Ode on Santa Cecilia's Day* they are not bad; but Mr. *Dryden's Ode* is more musical without being set, than any Musick can make our Poet's. In the Sense Mr. *Dryden* has made in *Alexander's Feast* one gross Mistake,

ſtake, it is rather a Contradiction than Nonſenſe. He begins:

'Twas at the Royal Feaſt for *Perſia* won
By *Philip*'s warlike Son.

Where he openly acknowledges him to be the Son of *Philip*. A very little while afterwards:

The Song began from *Jove*
Who left his bliſsful Seats above,
(Such is the Power of mighty Love)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God,
Sublime on verdant Spires he rode,
When he the fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he fought her ſnowy Breaſt;
Then round her ſlender Waiſt he curv'd, [World.
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sovereign of the

Where he declares him the Son of *Jupiter*. Of Mr. *Pope*'s Ode, the two following Stanza's are the beſt. *Orpheus* ſeeking his Wife *Eurydice* in the Shades, addreſſes himſelf to the Infernal Deities:

By the Streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant Winds that blow
O'er th' *Elyſian* Flowers
By thoſe happy Souls who dwell
In yellow Meads of *Aſphodel*,
Or *Amarinthine* Bowers:
By the Heroe's armed Shades
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy Glades.
By the Youth's that dy'd for Love,
Wand'ring in the Myrtle Grove,
Reſtore, reſtore *Eurydice* to Life;
Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife!
He ſung, and Hell conſented
To hear the Poet's Pray'r;

Stern

Stern *Proserpine* relented,
And gave him back the Fair.
Thus Song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A Conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had fast bound her
With *Styx* nine Times round her,
Yet Musick and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the Lover turns his Eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move?
No Crime was thine, if 'tis no Crime to love.
Now under hanging Mountains,
Beside the Falls of Fountains,
Or where *Hebrus* wanders,
Rolling in *Meanders*,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his Moan;
And calls her Ghost
For ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst *Rhodope*'s Snows!
See, wild as the Winds, o'er the Desart he flies;
Hark! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* Cries,
—Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in Death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his Tongue,
Eurydice the Woods,
Eurydice the Floods,
Eurydice the Rocks and hollow Mountains rung.

I shall add a Word or two more concerning the *Essay on Criticism*, Mr. *Pope* having then some Diffi-

dence of himſelf, or at leaſt ſeeming to have it, ſent a Copy of that Poem to Sir *William Trumbull*, who was ſo charm'd with it, that he wrote Mr. *Pope* a Letter concluding thus: "All I can add is, that if "your Exceſs of Modeſty ſhould hinder you from "publiſhing this Eſſay, I ſhall only be ſorry I have "no more Credit with you to perſuade you to oblige "the Publick, and in particular, *Dear Sir*, &c."

As to Mr. *Dennis*'s Remarks on it, Mr. *Lintot* ſhew'd them to Mr. *Pope* before they were publiſh'd, and afterwards our Author ſent them to the Hon. *J. C.* Eſq; with a Letter, where is ſeen that Mr. *Pope* in ſome Places ſubmits to his Laſh, and promiſes to alter ſome of the Faults pointed at in any future Edition that might be printed:

June 15, 1711.

I Send you *Dennis*'s Remarks on the (*) *Eſſay*, which equally abound in juſt Criticiſms and fine Railleries: The few Obſervations in my Hand in the Margins, are what a Morning's Leiſure permitted me to make, purely for your Peruſal. For I am of Opinion, that ſuch a Critick as you will find him by the latter Part of his Book, is but one Way to be properly anſwered, and that Way I would not take after what he informs me in his Preface, that he is at this Time perſecuted by Fortune: This I knew not before; if I had, his Name had been ſpared in the *Eſſay* for that only Reaſon. I can't conceive what Ground he had for ſo exceſſive a Reſentment; nor imagine how thoſe three (†) Lines can be call'd a Reflection.

(*) On *Criticiſm*.

(†) But *Appius* reddens at each Word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threatning Eye,
Like ſome fierce Tyrant in old Tapeſtry.

Reflection on his Person, which only describe him subject a little to Anger on some Occasions. I have heard of Combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very Blow which they design'd to lay heavy on their Antagonists. But if Mr. *Dennis*'s Rage proceeds only from a Zeal to discourage young and unexperienc'd Writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his Verse not Prose: For I have often known, that when all the Precepts in the World would not reclaim a Sinner, some very sad Example has done the Business. Yet to give this Man his Due, he has objected to one or two Lines with Reason, and I will alter 'em in Case of another Edition: I will make my Enemy do me a Kindness where he meant an Injury, and so serve instead of a Friend. What he observes at the Bottom of Page 20th of his Reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the Haste of the Press: 'Tis right *Hibernian*, and I confess it what the *English* call a *Bull* in the Expression, tho' the Sense be manifest enough: Mr. *Dennis*'s Bulls are seldom in the Expression, they are always in the Sense.

I shall certainly never make the least Reply to him, not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of Opinion, that if a Book can't answer for itself to the Publick, 'tis to no Sort of Purpose for its Author to do it. If I am wrong in any Sentiment of that *Essay*, I protest sincerely, I don't desire all the World should be deceiv'd (which would be of very ill Consequence) merely that I myself may be thought right (which is of very little Consequence.) I'd be the first to recant, for the Benefit of others, and the Glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a Man owns himself to have been in an Error, he does but tell you in other Words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an Advantage by

the publiſhing of that Book of *D*———*s*'s, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known: It has been the Occaſion of making me Friends and open Abettors of ſeveral Gentlemen of known Senſe and Wit; and of proving to me what I have 'till now doubted, that my Writings are taken ſome Notice of by the World in general, or I ſhould never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a Cuſtom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in Triumph, to have common Soldiers in the Streets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in Mind, that tho' his Services were in the Main approved and rewarded, yet he had Faults enough to keep him humble.

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for Wit in theſe Days ought to have the Conſtancy of a Primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer Martyrdom in the Cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt Time that a Wit was attack'd for his Religion, as you'll find I am moſt zealouſly in this Treatiſe: And you know, Sir, what Alarms I have had from the oppoſite Side on this Account. Have I not Reaſon to cry out with the poor Fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?

Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, & ſuper ipſi*
Dardanidæ *infenſi pœnas cum Sanguine poſcunt!*

'Tis however my Happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial:

Jove was alike to *Latian*, and to *Phrygian*,
For you will know that Wit's of no Religion.

The Manner in which Mr. *D.* takes to Pieces ſeveral particular Lines detach'd from their natural Places, may ſhew how eaſy it is for a Caviller to give a new Senſe, or a new Nonſenſe, to any Thing. And indeed

indeed his Conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine Meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox Parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our Friend the *Abbé* is not of that Sort, who, with the utmoſt Candour and Freedom, has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhew'd himſelf one (as he very well expreſſes it) rather of a Number than a Party. The only Difference between us in Relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks moſt Sorts of Learning flouriſh'd among them, and I am of Opinion that only ſome Sort of Learning was barely kept alive by them: He believes, that in the moſt natural and obvious Senſe, that Line (*A ſecond Deluge Learning over-run*) will be underſtood of Learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be underſtood only (as 'tis meant) of polite Learning, Criticiſm, Poetry, *&c.* which is the only Learning concern'd in the Subject of the *Eſſay*. It is true, that the Monks did preſerve what Learning there was, about *Nicholas* the Vth's Time; but thoſe who ſucceeded fell into the Depth of Barbariſm, or, at leaſt, ſtood at a Stay while others roſe from thence, inſomuch that even *Eraſmus* and *Reuchlin* could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the *Abbé*'s Zeal in my Commendation, and Goodneſs in not concealing what he thinks my Error. And his teſtifying ſome Eſteem for the Book, juſt at a Time when his Brethren rais'd a Clamour againſt it, is an Inſtance of great Generoſity and Candour, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

This Letter ſhews that our Author knew how to conceal and defer his Reſentment, 'till he had got a little more Power and Advantage over his Antagoniſt:

Even *Jove* muſt flatter with an empty Hand;
'Tis Time to thunder when we graſp the Brand.

Nay more, when Mr. *Dennis* publiſh'd his Letters familiar, moral, and critical, by Subſcription, at one Guinea a Sett, Mr. *Pope* became a Subſcriber for two Copies, and ordering them to be left at Mr. *Congreve*'s, called for them, leaving the Money with him. He wrote to Mr. *Dennis*,

May 3, 1721.

SIR,

I Called to receive the two Books of your Letters from Mr. *Congreve*'s, and have left with him the little Money I am in your Debt. *I look upon myſelf to be much more ſo, for the Omiſſions you have been pleaſed to make in thoſe Letters in my Favour; and ſincerely join with you in the Deſire, that not the leaſt Traces may remain of that Difference between us, which indeed I am ſorry for.* You may therefore believe me, without either Ceremony or Falſeneſs,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

A. POPE.

This Letter had it been ſincere, as *Dennis* ſeems to have been then, (for it was rather of Diſ-ſervice to him than otherwiſe, to omit any of the Correſpondence between them, both as it leſſen'd the Bulk of his Book, and that every Body was curious to read any Thing about Mr. *Pope*.) It will appear that Traces did always remain of this Difference 'till and after the Death of poor *Dennis*, who died in the Year 1733, and was buried at St. *Martin's in the Fields*.

Mr.

Mr. *Curl*, the Bookseller, calls this last Letter Mr. *Pope*'s Recantation and Submission; but if it was a Submission, it was not hearty, for there will in the Course of Mr. *Pope*'s Life (which consisted chiefly in Study, Writing, and the Conversation of some select Friends) be Occasion to mention Mr. *Dennis* under his Correction; for Mr. *Dennis* attack'd him (repenting his former Desires of Amity and Oblivion of Injuries) on his translating *Homer*.

The *Essay* being (which set a new Value on it) translated into *French* Verse, occasioned a Letter from the Poet to the Translator:

To General ******.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the Sentiments of my Heart, as you have done those of my Head, in your excellent Version of my *Essay*; I should not only appear the best Writer in the World, but what I much more desire to be thought, the most your Servant of any Man living. 'Tis an Advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great Honour and a great Improvement: This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same Time made others take my Sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly your's. Your Verses are no more a Translation of mine, than *Virgil*'s are of *Homer*, but are like his, the justest Imitation and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a *French* Dress, you have not only adorned my Outside, but mended my Shape; and if I am now a good Figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a Country, which is famous for making every Man a fine Gentleman. It is by your Means, that (contrary to most young Travellers)

lers). I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a Bill of Commerce for Translation established the next Parliament, we could not fail of being Gainers by that, nor of making ourselves Amends for all we have lost by the War. Nay, tho' we should insist upon the demolishing of *Boileau*'s Works; the *French*, as long as they have Writers of your Form, might have as good an Equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our Ministers can be, of the Terms I have gained from Abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the World the Benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the Temptation of printing your admirable Translation here; to which if you will be so obliging to give me Leave to prefix your Name, it will be the only Addition you can make to the Honour already done me.

I am, Your, &c.

From this Time, after very short Appearances, the Phantom Criticks all vanished; Mr. *Pope*'s *Poetry*, his *Pastorals*, his *Rape of the Lock*, his *Essay on Criticism*, his *Temple of Fame*, *Eloisa*, all his Compositions were in the Hands of every Body; both Sexes, all Ages, almost all *Europe*; any one would think he ought to have been contented with his Share of Fame; the weak Attacks of his Enemies augmented it, but the Profits arising from those Writings were inconsiderable, so he thought fit to check his Fancy, and undertake a Work of Labour, from whence he might secure his future Fortune, shew his Learning, establish his Reputation, and comply with the pressing Desires of many of the Nobility.

This was the Translation of the *Iliad* of *Homer*; by

by this Mr. *Pope* found all he went in Search of, Money and Fame, and this was a fresh Mortification to Mr. *Dennis*, who could get little of either; indeed his Pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an angry Character, and as they are now scarce extant, a Taste of his Style may be satisfactory to the Curious.

" A young short Gentleman, whose outward " Form tho' it should be that of a downright Mon- " key, would not differ so much from human Shape, " as his unthinking immaterial Part does from hu- " man Understanding.———He is as stupid and as " venemous as a hunchback'd Toad. A Book, thro' " which Folly and Ignorance, those Brethren so " lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big, " and very dull, and strut and hobble Cheek by " Jowl, with their Arms on kimbo; being led, and " supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, " Impudence." *Reflect. on the* Essay *on* Crit. *Page* 26, 29, 30.

" I regard him (saith he) as an Enemy, not so " much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to " my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been " the sole Felicity of my Life. A Vagary of For- " tune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, " and the epidemic Madness of the Times have gi- " ven him Reputation, and Reputation (as *Hobbs* " says) is Power, and that has made him dangerous, " Therefore I look on it as my Duty to King " *George*, whose faithful Subject I am; to my Coun- " try, of which I have appear'd a constant Lover; " to the Laws, under whose Protection I have so " long liv'd; and to the Liberty of my Country, " more dear then Life to me, of which I have now " for forty Years been a constant Assertor, *&c.* I " look upon it as my Duty, I say, to do—you shall

" see

" ſee what—to pull the Lion's Skin from this little " Aſs, which popular Errors has thrown round him; " and to ſhow, that this Author, who has been late- " ly ſo much in Vogue, has neither Senſe in his " Thoughts, nor *Engliſh* in his Expreſſions." Dennis, *Rem. on* Hom. *Preſ. P.* 2, *and P.* 91, *&c.*

Mrs. *Centlivre* is complain'd of, as having wrote a Ballad againſt Mr. *Pope*'s *Homer*, before he had begun it; and accordingly ſhe has a Place of one Line in the *Dunciad*:

At laſt *Centlivre* felt her Voice to fail.

Mr. *Lewis Theobald*, after having in the *Cenſor* given a Character of the *Tranſlation*, which extols it to the greateſt Height, changes his Sentiment in his *Eſſay on the Art of ſinking in Reputation*, where he ſays thus: " In order to ſink in Reputation, let him " take it into his Head to deſcend into *Homer*, (let " the World wonder as it will how the Devil he got " there) and pretend to do him into *Engliſh*, ſo his " Verſion denotes his Neglect of the Manner how."

It was inſinuated that Mr. *Broome* was, in Reality, the Tranſlator of *Homer*, and only the Verſification Mr. *Pope*'s. The Opinion our Author had of Mr. *Broome* was ſufficiently ſhewn by his joining him in the Undertaking of the *Odyſſey*, in which Mr. *Broome* having engaged without any previous Agreement, diſcharg'd his Part ſo much to Mr. *Pope*'s Satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full Sum of Five Hundred Pounds, and a Preſent of all thoſe Books, for which his own Intereſt could procure him. Subſcription, to the Value of One Hundred more; but he is denied to have had any Hand in the *Iliad*. " After the *Iliad* he undertook (ſays Mr. *Theobald*, " *Miſt*'s Journal *June* 8.) the Sequel of that Work, " the *Odyſſey*; and having ſecur'd the Succeſs by a " numerous

" numerous Subſcription, he employ'd ſome Under-
" lings to perform what according to his Propoſals
" ſhould come from his own Hand." To which heavy Charge, we in Truth oppoſe nothing *but the* WORDS OF MR. POPE'S PROPOSALS FOR THE ODYSSEY, printed by *J. Watts*, *Jan.* 10, 1724.

" I take this Occaſion to declare, that the Sub-
" ſcription for *Shakeſpear* belongs wholly to Mr.
" *Tonſon*; and that the future Benefit of this PROPO-
" SAL is not ſolely for my own Uſe, but for that of
" two of my Friends, who have aſſiſted me in this
" Work."

His Adverſaries were *Dennis*, *Gildon*, *Welſted*, *Theobald*, &c. but what are *Dennis*, *Gildon*, *Welſted*, or *Theobalds*; the great Mr. *Addiſon* began not to care that Mr. *Pope* ſhould proſper too much in Poetry, tho' he had rais'd himſelf by it, being the Son of *Lancelot Addiſon*, was born at *Milſton* near *Ambroſebury*, in the County of *Wilts*, in the Year 1671. He receiv'd his firſt Education at the *Charter-Houſe* in *London*, from whence he was removed to *Queen's-College* in *Oxford*; he was afterwards elected into *Magdalen-College*, where he took the Degrees of Batchelor and Maſter of Arts. He wrote ſeveral very good Poems, both in *Latin* and *Engliſh*; and in the Year 1695 he wrote a Poem to King *William*, upon one of his Majeſty's Campaigns, addreſs'd to Sir *John Somers*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. This occaſioned a Meſſage from that Nobleman to Mr. *Addiſon*, deſiring to ſee him; Mr. *Addiſon* was then in the 28th Year of his Age, and expreſſing a Deſire to ſee *France* and *Italy*, a Penſion was obtained from the Crown of 300*l. per Annum*, to ſupport him in his Travels. The Account of his Travels was publiſh'd in the Year 1705, which at firſt was but indifferently receiv'd. His Dialogues upon

upon Medals were begun to be caſt into the Form he gave them at *Vienna* in the Year 1702; it is a poſthumous Work; an admirable Poem of Mr. *Pope*'s is prefix'd to it.

Mr. *Addiſon* remained without any Employment 'till the Year 1704, when writing a Poem called the *Campaign* on the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Succeſs, the Lord Treaſurer *Godolphin* beſtow'd on him the Place of Commiſſioner of the Appeals, vacant by the Removal of Mr. *Lock* to the Council of Trade. In 1705 he attended the Lord *Halliſax* to *Hanover*, and in 1706 was made Secretary to the Secretary of State, who was then Sir *Charles Hedges*.

About this Time he wrote his Opera called *Roſamond*, which did not ſucceed on the Stage, being wholly un-theatrical, and but badly help'd up with Muſick.

The Earl of *Wharton* being made Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland* in 1709, he appointed Mr. *Addiſon* Secretary for that Kingdom; the Salary of Keeper of the Records in *Ireland* was conſiderably augmented, and that Poſt was beſtow'd on him.

He had a conſiderable Hand in the *Spectators*, *Guardians*, &c. In the Year 1713, thinking to do Service to his Party, he produc'd *Cato*; Mr. *Pope* wrote the Prologue, and it run (being ſtrongly ſupported by Party) a whole Month.

There are in it a great many fine Verſes, but the Plot being ill laid, and the Love Plot being almoſt the loweſt that appears on our Modern Stages, and the monſtrous Abſurdity of two *Roman* Maids converſing as *Lucia* and *Martia* do, has leſſen'd it much:

O *Martia*, *Martia*, might my big ſwoln Breaſts, *&c.*

The *French Voltaire*, though very often miſtaken, has here certainly all the Argument on his Side.

On

On the whole we confeſs the *Campaign*, and what went before it, are the beſt of this Gentleman's writing, who began to quit Poetry for Power. Here is not Room to enumerate the ſeveral Faults pointed at in *Cato* by the Criticks and Poets then judging, nor did he, I believe, care much, for his End was fully anſwered. After the Death of Queen *Anne* he was made Secretary to the Lords Juſtices; and when the Earl of *Sunderland* was conſtituted Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland* in *September*, 1714, he became a ſecond Time Secretary for the Affairs of that Kingdom, and was made one of the Lords Commiſſioners of Trade a little after that Earl reſign'd his Poſt of Lord Lieutenant; and in the Year 1717 he was made Secretary of State, through the Means of the Lord *Hallifax*.

He died at *Holland-Houſe*, near *Kenſington*, of an Aſthma and Dropſy, on the 17th of *June*, 1719, and left behind him only one Daughter by the Counteſs of *Warwick* and *Holland*, to whom he was married in 1716.

This Gentleman at once threw off all his former Eſteem, Love, and good Treatment of our Poet; and began to endeavour to leſſen his Tranſlation of the *Iliad*, though in the *Spectator*, Numb. 258, he had given Mr. *Pope* ſuch a Profuſion of Praiſe, which he never could, with Honour, withdraw from him again.

" The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which was " publiſhed ſome Months ſince, is a Maſter-piece " in its Kind. The Obſervations follow one ano- " ther, like thoſe in *Horace*'s Art of Poetry, with- " out that methodical Regularity, which would " have been requiſite in a Proſe Writer. They are " ſome of them *uncommon*, but ſuch as the Reader " muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them explain'd with

" that

" that Eaſe, and Perſpicuity in which they are de-
" livered. As for thoſe which are the *moſt known*
" and the moſt *receiv'd*, they are placed in ſo beau-
" tiful a Light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt Allu-
" ſions, that they have in them *all the Graces of No-*
" *velty*; and make the Reader, who was before
" acquainted with them, ſtill more convinc'd of
" their Truth, and Solidity. And here give me
" leave to mention what Monſieur *Boileau* has ſo
" well enlarged upon, in the Preface to his Works:
" That Wit and fine Writing doth not conſiſt ſo
" much in advancing things that are *new*, as in
" giving Things that are *new* an agreeable Turn.
" It is impoſſible for us who live in the latter Ages
" of the World, to make Obſervations in Criticiſm,
" Morality, or any Art or Science, which have
" not been touch'd upon by others: We have little
" elſe left us, but to repreſent the *common Senſe* of
" Mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more
" uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Ho-*
" *race*'s Art of Poetry, he will find but few Precepts
" in it, which he may not meet with in *Ariſtotle*;
" and which were not *commonly known* by all the
" Poets of the *Auguſtan* Age. His Way of expreſ-
" ſing, and applying them, not his *Invention* of
" them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

" *Longinus* in his Reflections has given us the ſame
" kind of Sublime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral
" Paſſages that occaſioned them. I cannot but
" take Notice that our *Engliſh* Author, has, after
" the ſame manner, exemplify'd ſeveral of his Pre-
" cepts, in the very Precepts themſelves. He then
produces ſome Inſtances of a particular kind of Beau-
ty in the *Numbers*, and concludes with ſaying, that
" there were three Poems in our Tongue of the
" ſame Nature, and each a Maſter-piece in its
Kind;

" Kind; The Essay on translated Verse, The " Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on " Criticism.

Mr. *Tickell* was the Man chose to make a Figure against Mr. *Pope* by Mr. *Addison*, as Mr. *Pope* had been before chose to translate *Homer* by Sir *Richard Steele*, who was in Danger of being undermin'd in his Reputation, and Sir *Samuel Garth* told Mr. *Gay*, 8 *July* 1715, and desir'd him to tell Mr. *Pope* that every Body was pleas'd with his Translation, but a few at *Button*'s, where Sir *Richard Steele* told him Mr. *Addison* said that *Tickell*'s Translation was the best that ever was in any Language.

Sir *Richard Steele* afterwards in his Preface to an Edition of *The Drummer*, a Comedy wrote by Mr. *Addison* shews it to be his Opinion, that not Mr. *Tickell* but Mr. *Addison* himself was the Person who translated this Book. Of this Controversy hear Mr. *Pope* speak himself in a Letter to the Honourable *James Craggs*, Esq; dated *July* 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the Opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, to assure you of the Continuance of that Esteem and Affection I have long born you, and the Memory of so many agreeable Conversations as we have pass'd together. I wish it were a Compliment to say such Conversations as are not to be found on this Side of the Water; for the Spirit of Dissention is gone forth among us; nor is it a Wonder that *Button*'s is no longer *Button*'s, when *Old England* is no more *Old England*, that Region of Hospitality, Society, and good Humour. Party affects us all, even the Wits, tho' they gain as little by Politics as they do by their Wit. We talk much of fine Sense, refin'd Sense, and exalted Sense; but for Use and Happiness give me a little common

common Senſe. I ſay this in regard to ſome Gentlemen profeſs'd Wits of our Acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of conſequence at this time of day, in the midſt of this raging Fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the buſy part of the Nation are not more divided about *Whig* and *Tory*, than theſe idle Fellows of the Feather about Mr. *Tickell*'s and my Tranſlation. I (like the *Tories*) have the Town in general, that is the Mob, on my ſide; but 'tis uſual with the ſmaller Party to make up in Induſtry what they want in Number, and that's the Caſe with the little Senate of *Cato*. However, if our Principles be well conſider'd, I muſt appear a brave *Whig*, and Mr. *Tickell* a rank *Tory*; I tranſlated *Homer* for the Publick in general, he to gratify the inordinate Deſires of One Man only. We have, it ſeems, a great *Turk* in Poety, who can never bear a Brother on the Throne; and has his Mutes too, a Set of Nodders, Winkers, and Whiſperers, whoſe Buſineſs is to ſtrangle all other Offſprings of Wit in their Birth. The new Tranſlator of *Homer* is the humbleſt Slave he has, that is to ſay, his fifſt Miniſter; let him receive the Honours he gives him, but receive them with Fear and Trembling; let him be proud of the Approbation of his abſolute Lord; I appeal to the People, as my rightful Judges and Maſters; and if they are not inclin'd to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high flying Proceedings from the ſmall Court-faction at *Button*'s. But after all I have ſaid of this great Man, there is no Rupture between us: We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is oblig'd. And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the *Grand Monarch*; who has too many great Qualities not to be reſpected, tho' we know he watches any Occaſion to oppreſs us.

When I talk of *Homer*, I muſt not forget the early

early Preſent you made me of *Monſieur de la Motte's* Book. And I can't conclude this Letter without telling you a melancholy Piece of News which effects our very Entrails.——is dead, and Soupes are no more! You ſee I write in the old familar Way. "This is not to the Miniſter but to the Friend."—However, it is ſome Mark of uncommon Regard to the Miniſter, that I ſteal an Expreſſion from a Secretary of State. *I am*, &c.

This rais'd the Spirit of Mr. *Pope* againſt whom were almoſt daily Accuſations. *Miſt's Journal* aſſerts, that "Mr. *Addiſon* rais'd this Author from "Obſcurity, obtain'd him the Acquaintance and "Friendſhip of the *whole Body* of our *Nobility*, and "transferr'd his powerful Intereſts with thoſe great "Men to this riſing Bard, who frequently levied "by that Means unuſual Contributions on the Pub-"lick——No ſooner was his Body lifeleſs, but this "Author, reviving his Reſentment, libell'd the "Memory of his departed Friend, and what was "ſtill more heinous, made the Scandal publick." Grievous the Accuſation! unknown the Accuſer! the Perſon accuſed no Witneſs in his own Cauſe, the Perſon in whoſe Regard accus'd dead! But if there be living any one Nobleman whoſe Friendſhip, yea, any one Gentleman whoſe Subſcription Mr. *Addiſon* procur'd to our Author; let him ſtand forth, that Truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis amica veritas.* But in Verity the whole Story of the Libel is a *Lye:* Witneſs thoſe Perſons of Integrity, who ſeveral Years before Mr. *Addiſon's* Deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſad Verſes, in no wiſe a Libel, but a friendly Rebuke, ſent privately in our Author's own Hand to Mr. *Addiſon* himſelf; and never made publick till by *Curl*,

their own Bookſeller, in his Miſcellanies, 12*mo.* 1727. One Name alone which I am authorized here to declare, will ſufficiently evince this Truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Burlington.*

Mr. *Addiſon* behaved in ſo tyrannical and aſſuming a Manner that he at laſt extorted from Mr. *Pope* the following Lines, ſpeaking of the *Moores, Smiths, Welſteds* and other Poetical Triflers of the Times, he turns directly on him, which, conſidering it was publiſh'd after his Death is certainly very ſevere.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe Fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires,
Bleſt with each Talent, and each Art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with Eaſe:
Shou'd ſuch a Man, too fond to rule alone
Bear, like a *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous Eyes,
And hate for Arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint Praiſe, aſſent with civil Leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a Fault, and heſitate Diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous Foe, and a ſuſpicious Friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd,
Like *Cato*, gave his little Senate Laws,
And ſit attentive to his own Applauſe;
While Wits and Templers ev'ry Sentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh Face of Praiſe.
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a Man there be!
Who would not weep, if *Addiſon* were he!

Yet

Yet Mr. *Pope* in ſome Meaſure ſtands juſtified from an Interview with Mr. *Addiſon* at the Inſtance of Sir *Richard Steel*, who was preſent at it as well as Mr. *Gay*. This Conference had never been but for Mr. *Jervas* who let Mr. *Pope* know he had had ſome Converſation with Mr. *Addiſon* that pleas'd him very much, for Mr. *Addiſon* aſſured Mr. *Jervas* that he would make uſe not only of his Intereſt but of his Art to do Mr. *Pope* Service, he ſaid, he did not mean his Art of Poetry but his Art at Court, and proteſted, notwithſtanding many Inſinuations were ſpread, that it ſhould not be his Fault if there was not the beſt Underſtanding and Intelligence between them. He ſaid that it was true he had been afraid Dr. *Swift* might have carried him, that is Mr. *Pope*, too far among the Enemy during the Animoſity, but now all was ſafe, and Mr. *Pope* in his Opinion was eſcap'd. When Mr. *Jervas* inform'd Mr. *Pope* of this he made this Reply. The friendly Office you endeavour to do betwixt Mr. *Addiſon* and me, deſerves Acknowledgments on my Part. You thoroughly know my Regard to his Character, and my Propenſity to teſtify it, by all Ways in my Power, you as thoroughly know the ſcandalous Meanneſs of that Proceeding, which was us'd by *Philips* to make a Man I ſo highly value ſuſpect my Diſpoſition towards him. But as, after all Mr. *Addiſon* muſt be Judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeem'd not to be a very juſt one to me, ſo I muſt own to you, I expect nothing but Civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his Friendſhip; and as for any Offices of real Kindneſs or Service, which it is in his Power to do me, I ſhould be aſham'd to receive them from any Man who has no better Opinion of my Morals than to think me a Party Man, nor of my Temper than to believe me capable of maligning

or envying another's Reputation as a Poet. In a Word Mr. *Addiſon* is ſure of my Reſpect at all Times and of my real Friendſhip. Whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am. After this Converſation, ſome Years after, and at the Deſire of Sir *Richard Steel*, as ſaid before, they met; at firſt a very cold Civility, and nothing elſe appear'd on either Side, for Mr. *Addiſon* had a natural Reſerve and Gloom at the Beginning of an Evening, but Wine and Converſation at laſt generally open'd his Mouth. Sir *Richard Steele* beg'd him to perform his Promiſe in making up the Breach with Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Pope* deſir'd the ſame, as well as to be made ſenſible how he had offended, ſaid the Tranſlation of *Homer* if that was the great Crime, was at the Requeſt and almoſt Command of Sir *Richard Steele*, and intreated Mr. *Addiſon* to ſpeak candidly and friendly, though it might be with ever ſo much Severity, rather than by keeping up any Forms of Complaiſance to conceal any of his Faults. This Mr. *Pope* ſpoke in ſuch a Manner as plainly ſhew'd he thought Mr. *Addiſon* the Aggreſſor, and expected him to condeſcend and own himſelf the Cauſe of the Breach between them. But he was deceiv'd, for Mr. *Addiſon* without appearing to be in Anger, though quite overcome with it, begun a formal Speech, ſaid, that he always had wiſh'd him well and often had endeavour'd to be his Friend, and as ſuch adviſ'd him, if his Nature was capable of it to diveſt himſelf of Part of his Vanity which was too great for his Merit, ſaid that he had not arriv'd yet to that Pitch of Excellence he might imagine, or think his moſt partial Readers imagined, ſaid when he and Sir *Richard Steel* corrected his Verſes they had a different Air, he reminded Mr. *Pope* of the Amendments of a Line in the Poem call'd *Meſſiah*, by Sir *Richard Steel*.

He

He wipes the Tears forever from our Eyes.

Which is taken from the Prophet *Iſaiah*.

The Lord God will wipe away Tears from off all Faces.

Sir *Richard* expreſs'd it in this Verſe.

From every Face he wipes off every Tear.

And it ſtands ſo alter'd in the newer Editions of Mr. *Pope*'s Works.

He proceeded to lay before him all the Miſtakes and Inaccuracies hinted at by the Crowd of Scriblers and Writers, ſome good, ſome bad who had attack'd Mr. *Pope*, and added many Things which he himſelf objected to, ſpeaking of Mr. *Pope*'s *Homer*, he ſaid to be ſure he was not to blame to get ſo large a Sum of Money but it was an ill executed thing and not equall to *Tickell*'s who had all the Spirit of *Homer*. (This afterwards appears to be wrote by Mr. *Addiſon* himſelf, tho' *Tickell*'s Name was made uſe of) Mr. *Addiſon* concluded ſtill in a low hollow Voice of feign'd Temper, that he was not ſolicitous about his own Fame as a Poet, but of Truth, that he had quitted the Muſes to enter into the Buſineſs of the Public, and all that he ſpoke was through Friendſhip and a Deſire that Mr. *Pope*, as he would do if he was much humbler, might look better to the World. Mr. *Gay* ſpoke a few Words in Anſwer before Mr. *Pope*, but his Expectations from the Court made him very cautious, it was not ſo with our Poet, he told Mr. *Addiſon* he appeal'd from his Judgment, did not eſteem him able to correct him, and that he had long known him too well to expect any Friendſhip, upbraided him with being a Penſioner from his Youth, ſacrificing the very Learning that was

purchas'd with the publick Money to a mean Thirſt of Power, that he was ſent abroad to encourage Literature, and had always endeavour'd to cuff down new-fledg'd Merit: At laſt the Conteſt grew ſo warm, that they parted without any Ceremony, and Mr. *Pope* immediately wrote thoſe Verſes which are not thought by all to be a very falſe Character of Mr. *Addiſon*. They were handed about and ſeen by many of Mr. *Pope*'s Friends, but not publiſh'd till in the Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot* he gave them a Place, where we will leave them and return to *Homer*, whoſe Enemies you have heard of. But who ſhall number his Friends? Firſt, the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was ſo far in his Intereſt that he took the Pains to methodize his own Thoughts on the Controverſy than in *France* about *Homer*, and ſend them to Mr. *Pope* to aſſiſt him in the Work, in the following Letter.

YOU deſire my Opinion as to the late Diſpute in *France* concerning *Homer*; and I think it excuſable (at an Age alas of not much Pleaſure) to amuſe myſelf a little in taking notice of a Controverſy, than which nothing is at preſent more remarkable (even in a Nation who value themſelves ſo much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illuſtrious Subject of it, and of the two Perſons ingaged in the Quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyrick Kind of Poetry, even in the Opinion of his very Adverſary. The other a Lady (and of more Value for being ſo) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that Sort of it which moſt becomes her Sex for Softneſs, Genteelneſs, and promoting of vertue; and ſuch as (one would think) is not ſo liable

DUKE of BUCKINGHAM

Parr Sculp

ble as other Parts of Scholarſhip, to rough Diſputes, or violent Animoſity.

Yet it has ſo happen'd, that no Writers, even about Divinity itſelf, have been more outragious or uncharitable than theſe two polite Authors; by ſuffering their Judgments to be a little warped (if I may uſe that Expreſſion) by the Heat of their eager Inclinations, to attack or defend ſo great an Author under Debate: I wiſh for the Sake of the Publick, which is now ſo well entertain'd by their Quarrel, it may not end at laſt in their agreeing to blame a third Man who is ſo preſumptuous as to cenſure both, if they ſhould chance to hear of it.

To begin with Matter of Fact. *M. Dacier* has well-judg'd, that the beſt of Poets certainly deſerv'd a better Tranſlation, at leaſt into *French* Proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in Verſe was deſpair'd of: I believe indeed from a Defect in that Language, incapable of mounting to any Degree of Excellence ſuitable to ſo great an Undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this Taſk as well as Proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong Side of Tapeſtry is able to repreſent the right) ſhe has added to it alſo many and uſeful Annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own Sex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the *Greek*, and conſequently her Adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that Ignorance.

'Tis no Wonder therefore in doing this, ſhe is grown ſo enamour'd of that unſpeakably-charming Author, as to have a Kind of Horror at the leaſt Mention of a Man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. *de la Motte*, he being already deſervedly famous for all Sorts of *Lyrick* Poetry, was ſo far introduc'd by her into thoſe Beauties of the *Epic* Kind, (tho' but in that Way of Tranſlation)

as not to reſiſt the Pleaſure and Hope of Reputation by attempting that in Verſe, which had been applauded ſo much for the Difficulty of doing it even in Proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extremely exceed the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient Right of being excus'd for Vanity on all Occaſions; he was not content to out-do M. *Dacier*, but endeavour'd to out-do *Homer* himſelf, and all that ever in any Age or Nation went before him in the ſame Enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt this preſumptuous Attempt, *Homer* has been in all Times ſo well defended, as not to need my ſmall Aſſiſtance; yet I muſt needs ſay his Excellencies are ſuch, that for their Sakes he deſerves a much gentler Touch for his ſeeming Errors. Theſe if M. *de la Motte* had tranſlated as well as the reſt, with an Apology for having retain'd them out of meer Veneration; his Judgment in my Opinion would have appear'd much greater than by the beſt of his Alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. *de la Motte* in wondering at ſome odd Things in *Homer*, but 'tis chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay his divine ones, which almoſt ſurprize me at finding him any where in the fallible Condition of humane Nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a Difficulty to gueſs what can be the Reaſon of theſe Exceptions againſt *Homer*, from one who has himſelf tranſlated him, contrary to the general Cuſtom of Tranſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be ſingular, in getting above the Title of a Tranſlator, though ſufficiently honourable in this Caſe. For ſuch an Ambition no body has leſs Occaſion, than

one

one who is so fine a Poet in other Kinds; and who must have too much Wit to believe, any Alteration of another can entitle him to the Denomination of an *Epic* Poet himself: though no Man in this Age seems more capable of being a good one, if the *French* Tongue would bear it. Yet in his Translation he has done too well, to leave any Doubt (with all his Faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Besides he could not be ignorant, that finding Faults is the most easy and vulgar Part of a Critic; whereas nothing shews so much Skill and Taste both, as the being throughly sensible of the sublimest Excellencies.

What can we say in Excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare:* Since as good a Poet as I believe the *French* Language capable of, and as sharp a Critic as any Nation can produce, has by too much censuring *Homer* subjected a Translation to Censure, that would have otherwise stood the Test of the severest Adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that wrong Way of Criticism, I wonder he miss'd a Stone so easy to be thrown against *Homer*, for his filling the *Iliad* with so much Slaughter, (for that is to be excused, since a War is not capable of being described without it) but with so many various Particulars of Wounds and Horror, as shew the Writer (I am afraid) so delighted that Way himself, as not the least to doubt his Reader being so also. Like *Spanioletta*, whose dismal Pictures are the most disagreeable for being always so movingly painted. Even *Hector*'s last parting from his Son and *Andromache*, hardly makes us Amends for his Body's being dragg'd thrice round the Town. M. *de la Motte* in his strongest Objection about that dismal Combat, has sufficient Cause to blame

blame his enrag'd Adverſary; who here gives an Inſtance that 'tis impoſſible to be violent without committing ſome Miſtake; her Paſſion for *Homer* blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his Failings. By which Warning I am become a little more capable of Impartiality, though in a Diſpute about that very Poet for whom I have the greateſt Veneration.

M. *D'Acier* might have conſidered a little, that whatever were the Motives of M. *de la Motte* to ſo bold a Proceeding, it could not darken that Fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely, even after the vain Attempts of *Plato* himſelf againſt it; cauſed only perhaps by a like Reaſon with that of Madam *Dacier*'s Anger againſt M. *de la Motte*, namely, the finding that in Proſe his Genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime Heights of Poetry, which therefore he baniſh'd out of his Commonwealth.

Nor were theſe Objections to *Homer* any more leſſening her Merit in tranſlating him as well as that Way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt admirable Verſes can be any Diſparagement to as excellent Proſe.

The beſt Excuſe for all this Violence is, its being in a Cauſe, which gives a Kind of Reputation even to Suffering, notwithſtanding ever ſo ill a Management of it.

The worſt of defending even *Homer* in ſuch a paſſionate Manner is, its being more a Proof of her Weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe *Homer* any more than *Hector* for flying at the firſt Sight of *Achilles?* whoſe terrible Aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſable Fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that Account of *Minerva*'s reſtoring his Dart to *Achilles*, comes a little too

too late, for excusing *Hector*'s so terrible Apprehension at the very first.

To which Mr. *Pope* replied:

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's Compliance with my Request, in giving me your Opinion of the *French* Dispute concerning *Homer*: And I shall keep my Word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small Points, not so much of the Dispute, as of the Parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the Lady's Learning, though I respect it very much. It is great Complaisance in that polite Nation to allow her to be a Critick of equal Rank with her Husband. To instance no farther his Remarks upon *Horace* shew more good Sense, Penetration, and a better Taste of his Author, and those upon *Aristotle*'s Art of Poetry more Skill and Science, than any of her's on any Author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are besides for the most Part less her own; of which her Remarks upon *Homer* are an Example, where *Eustathius* is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more Depth of Learning in those upon *Terence*, *Plautus*, or (where they were most wanted) upon *Aristophanes*, only the *Greek Scholia* upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find Defects in a Lady; my Employment upon the *Iliad* forc'd me to see them; yet I have had so much of the *French* Complaisance as to conceal her Thefts; for wherever I have found her Notes to be wholly another's, (which is the Case in some Hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without

out obſerving upon it. If Madam *Dacier* has ſeen my Obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this Conduct, but what Effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer for.

In the next Place, as to Mr. *de la Motte*, I think your Grace hardly does him Right, in ſuppoſing he could have no Idea of the Beauties of *Homer*'s *Epic* Poetry but what he learn'd from Madam *Dacier*'s Proſe-Tranſlation; There had been a very elegant Proſe-Tranſlation before that of Monſieur *de la Volterie*, ſo elegant, that the Style of it was evidently the Original and Model of the famous *Telemaque*. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great Diſpoſition of finding Faults, in the one, and of confeſſing none, in the other: But doubtleſs, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate or ſenſible, than Mr. *de la Motte*'s Manner of managing the Diſpute: and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the Beauty of his Verſe (in which you have the Suffrage of the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*) I will venture to ſay his Proſe is as good. I think therefore when you ſay, no Diſputants even in Divinity could be more outragious and uncharitable than theſe two Authors, you are a little too hard upon M. *de la Motte*. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the Zeal of Commentators as of the Zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the Paſſions and Pride of Mankind in general, that (did but the ſame Intereſts go along with them) they would carry the learned World to as violent Extremes, Animoſities, and even Perſecutions, about Variety of Opinions in Criticiſm, as ever they did about Religion: and that in Defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we ſhould have *French*, *Italian* and *Dutch* Commentators ready to burn

burn one another about *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Terence* and *Horace*.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhock'd at the Flight of *Hector* upon the firſt Appearance of *Achilles* in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However (to ſhew myſelf a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it in my Notes on that Book. And to ſave myſelf what Trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this Letter, I will draw up the Subſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſeparate Paper, which I'll ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that *Hector* was in an abſolute Certainty of Death, and depreſs'd over and above with the Conſcience of being in an ill Cauſe. If your Heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the Spirit of an Hero, you'll at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may. But I can tell your Grace, no leſs a Hero than my Lord *Peterborow*, when a Perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this Anſwer: "Sir, ſhew "me a Danger that I think an imminent and real "one, and I'll promiſe you I'll be as much afraid "as any of you." I am your Grace's, *&c.*

A. POPE.

As if this was not enough, he gave ſuch Encouragement to Mr. *Pope*, that had he had no other Friend among the Nobility, he muſt have ſucceeded in that Undertaking. His Grace was ſo exceedingly delighted with all the Performances of our Poet, that he honour'd him with the following Lines:

With Age decay'd, with Courts and Buſ'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Eaſe requir'd;

Too

Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's Sport,
And from the Criticks ſafe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt adventrous Rovers of the Pen:
And after ſo much undeſerv'd Succeſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious Time,
Itſelf a Subject for ſatyric Rhime;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with ſo much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry Part,
Poets are bound a loud Applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a Thing,
As the great *Iliad*, ſcarce ſhould make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a meer well-natur'd Deed,
Does all Deſert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great Delight to laugh at ſome Men's Ways,
But a much greater to *give Merit* Praiſe.

Mr. *Addiſon* himſelf, before he ſaw him gathering ſuch an Abundance of Fame, that Envy beheld it with Eyes of hated Approbation, bears a Teſtimony in his Favour:

Freeholder Numb. 40, *May* 7. "When I conſider myſelf as a *Britiſh Freeholder*, I am in a "particular Manner pleaſed with the Labours of "thoſe, who have improv'd our Language with the "Tranſlation of old *Greek* and *Latin* Authors: We "have already moſt of their Hiſtorians in our "Tongue, and what is more for the Honour of our "Language, it has been taught to expreſs with Ele-"gance he greateſt of their Poets in each Natio.

"The

" The Illiterate among our Countrymen may learn " to judge from *Dryden*'s *Virgil* of the moſt perfect " *Epic* Performance; and thoſe Parts of *Homer* " which have been already publiſh'd by Mr. *Pope*, " give us Reaſon to think that the *Iliad* will appear " in *Engliſh* with as little Diſadvantage to that im- " mortal Poem."

In ſhort, Mr. *Pope* had Compliments enough to keep him in Countenance, in Preſence of the whole Town: Some praiſed to that extreme Height, that they ſet him up above *Homer*, and ſaid, that future Ages would take the *Engliſh* for the Original, and Enquiries would be made, Who it was that tranſlated *Homer* into *Greek?* On the other Hand, there were a great many ſtrove to mortify him, but nothing did it ſo much as Mr. *Addiſon*'s turning from him; for he thought he ſhould ever have been ſecure in him, 'till by his Carriage to others he began to fear for himſelf.

Mr. *Dennis* leſs fear'd, though he had a ſmall Party; but being ſo uſed to rave, call Names, be guilty of perſonal Abuſes, and manifeſt Miſrepreſentations, he deſtroy'd his own End; tho' ſome of his Remarks are very juſt, and might in private Exchange of Sentiments have been agreeable to Mr. *Pope*, but as it was, was look'd on as Malice and diſappointed Emulation. If Mr. *Dennis* had been cunning enough to have join'd Mr. *Pope*'s Party, it would have been both more to his Reputation and Profit: Our Author always laugh'd at him, and made the Town do ſo too.

Other Enemies there were ſtill weaker, picking Holes in his Coat for being a *Papiſt*, for being a *Jack on both Sides*, and accuſing him with an inordinate Deſire of Gain, a Greedineſs at any Rate to make up a Sum, without giving any valuable Conſideration

ſideration for it. One reflects upon the great Duke of *Marlborough* and him at the ſame Time.

Your Pen with *Marlborough*'s Sword is much the ſame,
He fought, you write, for Profit, more than Fame:
His Eagles after Grants and Penſions flew,
And all your Lawrels from Subſcriptions grew.
His Friendſhip too, like your's was falſe and feign'd,
No longer laſting than his Ends were gaiu'd:
Thus then at once we both your Deeds rehearſe,
Gold was his God of War, your God of Verſe.

His Diſappointment in Mr. *Addiſon* was the greater becauſe of the Encouragement he had receiv'd from him not only after Part of the Tranſlation was ſeen, but actually before it was begun, within the Space of two Months, he wrote Mr. *Pope* the two following Letters.

October 26, 1713.

I Was extreamly glad to receive a Letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the Contents of it. The † Work you mention will, I dare ſay, very ſufficiently recommend itſelf when your Name appears with the Propoſals: And if you think I can any Way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater Obligation upon me than by employing me in ſuch an Office. As I have an Ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhowing it by this, or any other Inſtance. I queſtion not but your Tranſlation will enrich our Tongue, and do Honour to our Country: For I conclude of it already, from thoſe Performances with which you have obliged the Publick.

† Tranſlation of the *Iliad*.

lick. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your Advantage. Excuse my Impertinence in this Particular, which proceeds from my Zeal for your Ease and Happiness. The Work wou'd cost you a great deal of Time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other, at least I know none of this Age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in Country Business, and begin to take Delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here sometime, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a Work that will require Solitude and Retirement. I am *Your*, &c.

Nov. 2. 1713.

I Have received your Letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a Scheme for your great Undertaking. I question not but the Prose will require as much Care as the Poetry, but the Variety will give yourself some Relief, and more Pleasure to your Readers.

You gave me Leave once to take the Liberty of a Friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the Nation for your Admirers, when you might command 'em all. If I might take the Freedom to repeat it, I would on this Occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your Undertakings will turn to the better Account for it.

You see how I presume on your Friendship in taking all this Freedom with you, but I already fancy that we have lived many Years together in an unreserved Conversation, and that we may do many more, is the sincere Wish of

Your, &c.

But the great Prop and Support of all was the Duke of *Buckingham*, his Name, Intereſt, and all the Lights and Helps he was able to give; and he was able to give a great many, were more than a Compenſation for all the Oppoſition, or Falling-off of Friends that might probably happen, as Mr. *Prior* obſerves in his *Alma*, or, *The Progreſs of the Mind.*

Happy the Poet, bleſs'd the Lays,
Which *Buckingham* has deign'd to praiſe.

Not to confound the Reader with a bare Title, which might make him miſtake who this illuſtrious Nobleman was, our Poet's greateſt Friend, (ſpeaking as to Quality;)

HE was the Right Noble *John Sheffield*, Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, Marquiſs of *Normanby*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, &c. Deſcended from Sir *Robert Sheffield*, Knight, who liv'd in the Time of King *Henry* III. *Robert* the Son of the ſaid *Robert* was likewiſe Knighted by King *Edward* I, and in Right of his Wife *Genet*, eldeſt Daughter and Coheir to *Alexander Lowndé*, Eſq; became Lord of the Manor of *Botterwick* in the County of *Lincoln*. *Robert*, Grandſon of the laſt nam'd Sir *Robert Sheffield*, was Father of another *Robert*, who marry'd a Daughter of Sir *Thomas Staunton* of the County of *York*, and by her had *Robert Sheffield*, Eſq; his Son and Heir; which *Robert* had Iſſue, Sir *Robert Sheffield*, who in the Reign of King *Henry* VII. was Speaker of the Houſe of Commons. Sir *Robert*, by *Helen*, Daughter and Heir to Sir *John Delves*, had Iſſue *Robert Sheffield*, Father of *Edmond Sheffield*, advanc'd to the Dignity of Baron of *Botterwick* in the firſt Year of *Edward* VI. This *Edmond* marry'd *Anne*, Daughter

ter of *John Vere* the ſixth Earl of *Oxford*, and by her left Iſſue *John* his Son and Heir: He was a Nobleman of great Loyalty and Valour, but was unfortunately ſlain by Rebels upon the Inſurrection of the Commons in *Norfolk*. *John*, his Son, by *Dowglas*, Daughter to *William* Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*, had a Son likewiſe nam'd *Edmund*, made Knight of the Garter by Queen *Elizabeth*, and created Earl of *Mulgrave* by King *Charles* I, and he had Iſſue Six Sons; but all dying young, he was ſucceeded by *Edmund* his Grandſon. This *Edmund* marrying *Elizabeth*, Daughter to *Lionel*, Earl of *Middleſex*, Lord Treaſurer to King *James* I. had by her *John*, the greateſt Ornament of this noble Family; and him now ſpoken of having travell'd abroad in *France* and *Italy* for ſome time, was (during the *Dutch* Wars) a Volunteer with the Earl of *Oſſory*, in that bloody Engagement at *Solbay*, and behav'd himſelf ſo gallantly, that he had immediately given him the Command of the *Royal Catharine*, a Firſt-Rate Ship: But his Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, under whom he ſerv'd, being forc'd to quit the Sea after that Summer was over, on Account of his Religion, this Lord had firſt a new rais'd Regiment given him, and ſoon after an old one, call'd the *Holland* Regiment; his new one and that being incorporated, it became to have twenty-four Companies, and ſo continu'd all that *Dutch* War.

Afterwards he was in favour enough to be made a Lord of the Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the Garter, and when the Duke of *Monmouth* loſt all his Commands, ſucceeded him in the Government of *Hull*: All which Imployments he kept for many Years, till he was made Lord Chamberlain. And it ſhould not be forgotten, that during his remaining in the Army, he went ſeveral times either to the

Dutch or the *French*, according as *England* engag'd in thoſe Quarrels; and when *Tangier* was beſieg'd by the *Moors*, he, by his own Requeſt, obtain'd the commanding a Detachment thither of two thouſand five hundred of our beſt Troops; which, tho' tranſported with much Difficulty and extraordinary Haſte, not arriving till after the Siege was rais'd, and a Truce made for five Months, with a Proſpect of future Peace, his Lordſhip return'd with ſuch a ſurprizing Account, ſign'd by all the Officers there, of its being not tenable by the *Moors*, being improv'd in Cannon, and conſequently of the King's having been deceiv'd in expending five hundred thouſand Pounds to make a Mole there, that it was thought fit to be all blown up at laſt.

When the Revolution happened, his Lordſhip, though not in any Way contributing to it, was ſo kindly uſed, and ſuch an Opinion had King *William* of his great Merit, that after King *James*'s Death he made him of his Cabinet Council, and a Marquiſs, with a Penſion of 3000l. a-Year. Upon the Death of King *William*, the firſt Miniſters of Queen *Anne* were the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Earl of *Godolphin*, the Earl of *Nottingham*, the Earl of *Rocheſter*, and this noble Lord, whom that Princeſs made Duke of *Buckinghamſhire*, and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, with a Penſion added to it; which, on ſome Change in Affairs, he could not be prevail'd with to continue, even with Offers of greater Favours. But in the Year 1710, he was made firſt Lord Steward, and afterwards Preſident of the Council: This important Place he kept 'till the Queen's Death, and conſequently had the greateſt Poſt in the Regency.

This great Perſon (beſides two excellent Tragedies in Blank Verſe, which, tho' never ſo much importun'd, yet he has not ſuffer'd to be acted) has honour'd

honour'd the World with the following Poems, *viz.*

I. *An Essay on Poetry.* My Lord, in this admirable Poem, has not only shewn his very great Wit, but as Mr. *Pope* observes, restor'd Wit's fundamental Laws, it containing the best Rules for Poetry of any Piece written in the *English* Language.

II. An Ode of *Brutus*, in Answer to that of the famous *Cowley*, and no Way inferior to it.

III. *A Poem, in Praise of* Hobbs.

IV. *The Temple of Death.* This is an admirable Piece.

V. *The Rapture*; an excellent Poem.

VI. *The Happy Night*; misprinted as being written by the Earl of *Rochester*; with several Copies of Love Verses spread up and down in the Miscellanies, without his Lordship's Permission, under the Names of Earl of *Mulgrave* and Marquis of *Normanby*. His *Essay on Poetry* begins thus:

Of Things in which Mankind does most excel,
Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well:
And of all Sorts of Writings none there are
That can the least with Poetry compare:
No Kind of Work requires so nice a Touch,
And if well finish'd nothing shines so much:
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the Vulgar with that sacred Name.
'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Daz'ling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlasting like the Sun:
Which tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet by vulgar Arts;
For all in vain these superficial Parts,

Contribute to the Structure of the whole
Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul;
A Spirit which inſpires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;
A Heat that glows in every Word that's writ;
'Tis ſomething of Divine, and more than Wit:
Itſelf unſeen, yet all Things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all Men, but deſcrib'd by none.

I am inform'd alſo, that my Lord of late has written in Proſe, equal to his Compoſitions of Poetry, two *Dialogues of the Dead*; one of them between *Mahomet* and the Duke of *Guiſe* about Religion; the other between *Auguſtus Cæſar*, and Cardinal *Richlieu* of Politicks. *A Satyrical Feaſt of the Gods*, in Imitation of *Julian:* And his excellent Character of King *Charles* II. got into Print, without his Leave, about five and twenty Years ago. *

He was a very great Poet, the Account that Mr. *Jacobs* gives being a very imperfect one of his Poems, and of his Life too, it will be much more ſatisfactory to hear what he ſays in ſome Memoirs of his own, *viz.*

HAving obſerved that Memoirs and Accounts of Perſons tho' not very conſiderable, when written by themſelves, have been greedily read, and often found uſefull, not only for the Knowledge of things paſt, but as Cautions for the future; I have choſen to employ ſome part of that Leiſure, which I have by Intervals, and which by Reaſon of decaying Health and Vigour I know not how to ſpend better, in ſetting down exactly and impartially all I could remember

* This is taken from the Lives and Characters of the *Engliſh* Poets, by *Giles Jacob.*

ber of myſelf, fit to be made publick; a kind of picture left behind me to my Friends and Family, very like, tho' neither well painted, nor handſome.

I ſhall begin it at the Age of Seventeen; when hearing every where the Earl of *Offory* commended, for being a Volunteer that Summer in a hot Engagement at Sea; I went thither directly, on board that Ship, in which Prince *Rupert* and the Duke of *Albemarle* jointly commanded the Fleet againſt the *Dutch*.

Their Uſage of me was ſo civil, and the Company on board them ſo good; that (tho' by a ſudden Storm that parted the two Fleets juſt ready to ingage, I loſt ſix Weeks time there, at an Age when it may be a great deal more pleaſantly ſpent) yet I ſtay'd 'till the Fleet was laid up, not only without Impatience, but any ſort of Uneaſineſs.

Yet 'tis obſervable, that the firſt Night we came to *London*, the Lord *Blany*, Sir *Thomas Clifford*, afterwards Lord Treaſurer, Mr. *Henry Savill*, and myſelf (tho' ſuch familiar Friends, as to be very often together for many Years after) were then ſo ſatiated and cloy'd with each other by our being ſhut up together ſo long in one Ship, that I remember we avoided one another's Company at leaſt for a whole Month after; tho' except myſelf, there could hardly be any more pleaſant.

While I was in that Ship with Prince *Rupert* and the Duke of *Albemarle*, I obſerved the latter to leave all things to the Conduct and Skill of the other; declaring modeſtly upon all Occaſions himſelf to be no Seaman. And yet there happened once a hot Diſpute between them, which will ſhew ſome Part of that Duke's Character. When we firſt eſpied the *Dutch* Fleet ſailing towards us, our whole Blue Squadron was aſtern much farther from us; ſo that Prince *Rupert* thought it abſolutely neceſſary to ſlacken Sail,

that they might have time to join us. But the Duke of *Albemarle* oppoſed it eagerly; undertaking that the Ship in which they were, with about Twenty Ships more, would prove ſufficient to beat all the Enemies Fleet; at leaſt, hold them in play 'till the reſt of ours came up. The Prince aſtoniſhed at ſuch an unaccountable Intrepidity, made us ſmile to ſee him take on himſelf the timorous, cautious, and prudential Part, which did not uſe to be his Cuſtom; he declared he would never conſent to ſuch a Raſhneſs as might very probably coſt us the Loſs of our Admiral's Ship, and conſequently of our whole Fleet afterwards; which obliged the good old Man to yield at laſt, but with a great deal of Reluctance.

As ſoon as the Bloody Flag was ſet up, before the Storm aroſe which parted us, Mr. *Savill* and myſelf being on the Quarter-Deck, eſpied him charging a very little Piſtol, and putting it in his Pocket: which was ſo odd a ſort of a weapon on ſuch an Occaſion, that we too could imagine no Reaſon for it, except his having taken a Reſolution of going down into the Powder Room to blow up the Ship, in caſe at any time it ſhould be in Danger of being taken, for he had often ſaid he would anſwer for nothing, but that we ſhould never be carried into *Holland*; and therefore Mr. *Savill* and I, in a laughing way, moſt mutinouſly reſolved to throw him overboard, in caſe we ſhould ever catch him going down to the Powder Room.

Our Fleet happening afterwards to go near the Shore to take in freſh Water, Prince *Rupert* dined with a Gentleman who lived thereabouts; and returning on board in a little Boat, with only the Lord *Blany* and my ſelf, there happened ſo ſudden and violent a Storm, that we did not like it; and Prince *Rupert* began to talk of Prince *Maurice*'s being caſt away

away by a like Accident; upon which I could not but reflect on my Family also, since my Grandfather and three of his Brothers had been drowned. The Lord *Blany* hearing all this, made us smile in the midst of our Danger, by Swearing, that tho' he liked our Company, he wish'd himself out of it, and in any other Boat whatsoever; since he feared the ill fortune of our two Families wou'd sink him.

This was the last Year of the first *Dutch* War; yet before it ended, they burnt some of our best Ships at *Chatham* and design'd to make a Descent upon our Coasts; which occasion'd the raising of several independent Troops of Horse; of which I had one given me, and was so foolishly fond of it, (being my first military Command) that I indured my Quarters at *Dover* as contentedly, and was as sorry for being disbanded upon the Peace, as if I had been a meer Soldier of Fortune.

At the next Meeting of Parliament I received a Writ to sit there; and being known by every Body to be younger by three Years than the prefixed Age for the voting in the House of Peers, it was opposed by *Algernoon* Earl of *Northumberland*, who very gravely moved, that they would rather excuse Lords 'till some Years above the Age of one and twenty, instead of admitting one so much younger. In this he certainly was in the right; and I acquiesced in it the more willingly, because that Heat of Youth (which was his Objection) made me a great Deal more inclined to something else, than to sitting there: Accordingly I followed it with too much Eagerness, and without Interruption, 'till the second *Dutch* War; during this Time, and Heat of Temper, I had the good Fortune not to be engaged in any more than one Quarrel; but that had something in it singular enough to be related. I was informed that the

Earl

Earl of *Rocheſter* had ſaid ſomething of me, which, according to his Cuſtom, was very malicious: I therefore ſent Colonel *Aſton*, a very mettled Friend of mine, to call him to Account for it. He denied the Words, and indeed I was ſoon convinc'd he had never ſaid them; but the meer Report, tho' I found it to be falſe, obliged me (as I then fooliſhly thought) to go on with the Quarrel; and the next Day was appointed for us to fight on Horſeback, a Way in *England* a little unuſual; but it was his Part to chuſe. Accordingly, I and my Second lay the Night before at *Knightsbridge* privately, to avoid the being ſecur'd at *London* upon any Suſpicion; which yet we found ourſelves more in Danger of there, becauſe we had all the Appearance of Highwaymen that had a Mind to lie ſkulking in an odd Inn, for one Night; but this I ſuppoſe the People of that Houſe were uſed to, and ſo took no Notice of us, but liked us the better. In the Morning we met the Lord *Rocheſter* at the Place appointed, who, inſtead of *James Porter*, whom he aſſured *Aſton* he would make his Second, brought an errant Life-guard Man, whom no Body knew. To this Mr. *Aſton* took Exception, upon the Account of his being no ſuitable Adverſary; eſpecially conſidering how extremely well he was mounted, whereas we had only a Couple of Pads: Upon which, we all agreed to fight on Foot. But as my Lord *Rocheſter* and I were riding into the next Field in order to it, he told me, that he had at firſt choſen to fight on Horſeback, becauſe he was ſo weak with a certain Diſtemper, that he found himſelf unfit at all any Way, much leſs a Foot. I was extremely ſurpriz'd, becauſe at that Time no Man had a better Reputation for Courage, and my Anger againſt him being quite over, (becauſe I was ſatisfied he never ſpoke the Words I reſented) I took the Liberty

berty of repreſenting what a ridiculous Story it would make, if we return'd without fighting, and therefore adviſed him for both our Sakes, eſpecially for his own, to conſider better of it, ſince I muſt be oblig'd in my own Defence to lay the Fault on him by telling the Truth of the Matter. His Anſwer was, that he ſubmitted to it, and hoped that I would not deſire the Advantage of having to do with any Man in ſo weak a Condition. I replied, that by ſuch an Argument he had ſufficiently tied my Hands, upon Condition I might call our Seconds to be Witneſſes of the whole Buſineſs; which he conſented to, and ſo we parted.

When we returned to *London*, we found it full of this Quarrel, upon our being abſent ſo long; and therefore Mr. *Aſton* thought himſelf obliged to write down every Word and Circumſtance of this whole Matter, in order to ſpread every where the true Reaſon of our returning without having fought; which being never in the leaſt either contradicted or reſented by the Lord *Rocheſter*, entirely ruined his Reputation as to Courage, (of which I was really ſorry to be the Occaſion) tho' no Body had ſtill a greater as to Wit; which ſupported him pretty well in the World, notwithſtanding ſome more Accidents of the ſame Kind, that never fail to ſucceed one another when once People know a Man's Weakneſs.

Within a few Years after a War againſt the *Dutch* was declared, tho' not 'till a Squadron of our Ships had endeavoured to intercept and ſurpriſe their *Smyrna* Fleet, a little unfairly; of which Deſign we fail'd very oddly, and by a Fault that had certainly been puniſhed under a wiſe Adminiſtration. Sir *Edward Spragg*, who heard nothing of the War, returned Home in Company with thoſe very *Smyrna* Merchants: and with his whole Squadron ſailing faſter than they, paſſed by ours that lay in Wait for them; and

and yet Sir *Robert Holmes*, our Commander, and alone truſted with the Secret, would not ſo much as communicate it to Sir *Edward Spragg*, becauſe he muſt have commanded both Squadrons (as being the ſuperior Officer, and conſequently deprive him of a Prize, which inſtead of that prov'd an errant *Tartar*; for the *Smyrna* Merchants, together with their *Dutch* Convoy, made their Part good againſt Sir *Robert Holmes*'s Squadron; and ſo got ſafe Home, meerly for want of Sir *Edward Spragg*'s being called to his Aſſiſtance.

The Duke of *York*, always eager after a military Fame, and Admiral of *England*, commanded the Fleet in Perſon that Summer; which made me go a Voluntier once more, tho' I confeſs not with half ſo good a Will as before; my Heart being engaged violently at that Time, and I can never forget the Tenderneſs of our parting.

I waited on the Duke in his own Ship, where I intended to ſtay; but meeting the Earl of *Oſſory* there, who was both my Kinſman and Friend, and commanded the *Victory*, a Second Rate Ship; he invited me ſo earneſtly to be with him, that I accepted his Kindneſs, and afterwards found I could not have been any where elſe ſo well, on ſeveral Accounts; ſince no Man ever did more bravely than he on all Occaſions. Soon after I had ſome Experience of the Duke's Firmneſs in any Reſolution he had once taken; for tho' he grew ſo very kind to me as to favour me in much greater Matters, yet I could never prevail on him to grant me one Requeſt, which at that Time I thought it a little hard to be denied. My Requeſt was, that if in the next Engagement he perceived any Ship to fail of doing its Duty, by Reaſon of her Captain's being killed, (which was but too uſual) he would ſend me an Order to go on board, and

and command her immediately; whereby, inſtead of being an inſignificant Voluntier, I might have an Opportunity of doing the Fleet ſome Service, and of gaining ſome Honour. But tho' he knew it well, and allow'd the Reaſon of the Thing, as being the only Way of making the Voluntiers uſeful: yet he counted it too great an Alteration of the ſettled Orders, which gave the Lieutenant in ſuch a Caſe the ſame Power which his Captain before had, though ſeldom found to make good Uſe of it.

Our Scouts having been negligent, *De Ruiter* with his whole Fleet ſurprized ours at *South-wold Bay*; ſo that, weighing Anchor in great Haſte, we had much ado to defend ourſelves from their Fire-ſhips. *De Ruiter* himſelf was ſeen nobly to go in a Boat from Ship to Ship, to direct and animate his Men, ordering all his Ships to attack only our great ones; which not being much above twenty, were hard put to it by ſo great a Number of theirs. Yet the Enemy had no Succeſs to boaſt of, except the burning our *Royal James*; which having on board her not only a thouſand of our beſt Men, but the Earl of *Sandwich* himſelf, Vice Admiral of *England*, was enough almoſt to ſtile it a Victory on their Side, ſince his Merit in Sea Affairs was moſt extraordinary in all Kinds. He dined in Mr. *Digby*'s Ship the Day before the Battle, when no Body dreamt of fighting, and ſhew'd a gloomy Diſcontent, ſo contrary to his uſual chearful Humour, that we even then all took Notice of it; but much more afterwards.

The Enemy alſo was once Maſter of the *Royal Katherine*, and had ſent away her Captain Sir *John Chichely*, with moſt of her Men, to be kept Priſoners in other Ships, a few only remaining there, whom they ſtowed under Hatches, with a Guard over them. But the Boatſwain being among them, with

with his Whiſtle encouraged the reſt to knock down all the Centinels firſt, and then to fall on the *Dutch* above Deck; by which briſk Action they redeemed that conſiderable Ship. The Boatſwain's Name was *Small*, whom I had an Opportunity of knowing well afterwards when I had the Command of that Ship: He was a Non-conformiſt; always ſober, meek, and quiet, (even too mild for that buſtling Sort of Employment) and very often gave me an Image of thoſe enthuſiaſtick People, who did ſuch brave Things in our late Civil War: For he ſeemed rather a Shepherd than a Soldier; and was a Kind of Heroe in the Shape of a Saint.

But the Duke of *York* himſelf had the nobleſt Share in this Day's Action; for, when his Ship was ſo maim'd as to be made incapable of Service, he made her lie by to refit, and went on board another, that was hotly engaged, where he kept up his Standard, till ſhe was diſabled alſo; and then left her for a third, in order to renew the Fight; which laſted from break of Day, 'till Sun-ſet; about which Time the whole *French* Squadron happen'd to fall cloſe by the Lord *Oſſory's* Ship; and I well remember there did not appear ſo many Shot in them all, as in his Lordſhip's ſingle Ship; whoſe Condition was judged too bad to keep the Sea any longer. I then found by Experience in this Engagement, how much there is of Cuſtom in the Matter of Courage: which makes old Troops ſo formidable: for, in the Morning when the Enemy's great Shot came on both Sides of us, I thought it impoſſible to eſcape without loſing a Limb at leaſt, and was accordingly pretty uneaſy; but, about the Afternoon, when the Broadſides came only one way, tho' without Interruption, I began to grow a little leſs ſenſible of the Danger, which yet I was very glad to ſee ended at Night. By

that

that time, I was very ſufficiently tired, but yet had much ado to ſleep, by reaſon of the Noiſe ſtill ſounding in my Ears; which remained ſo, for ſome Hours, juſt as if the ſhooting had ſtill continued. I obſerved alſo two Things, which I dare affirm, tho' not generally believ'd. One was, that the wind of a Cannon Bullet, tho' flying never ſo near, is incapable of doing the leaſt harm; and indeed, were it otherwiſe, no Man above Deck would eſcape. The other was, that a great Shot may be ſometimes avoided even as it flies, by changing one's Ground a little; for, when the wind ſometimes blew away the Smoak, it was ſo clear a Sun-ſhiny Day, that we could eaſily perceive the Bullets that were half ſpent, fall in the Water, and from thence bound up again among us; which gives ſufficient time for making a Step or two on any Side; tho', in ſo ſwift a Motion 'tis hard to judge well in what Line the Bullet comes; which, if miſtaken, may by removing coſt a Man his Life, inſtead of ſaving it.

As ſoon as I came to *London* (whither I made all the haſte imaginable for Reaſons not hard to gueſs) I found by my Reception every where, that my Lord *Oſſory's* kind and partial Letters had arrived there before me; for the King made me ſome particular Compliments, and offered me the choice of Commanding the *Henry*, or the *Royal Katherine*; the Captain of the firſt having been killed, and the other taken Priſoner. I choſe the *Katherine*; and, ſince I have been ſo fond of a Troop of Horſe, 'tis no wonder I was now extreamly pleaſed with the Command of a Royal Ship, better in all Reſpects than my Lord *Oſſory's*, and of a Rate above what I could have pretended to; for even he who was ſo much more conſiderable on all Accounts, had only a Third Rate Ship granted him at firſt, whereas the *Katherine* was then the beſt of all the Second Rates. By

By this it will be ſeen, that his Grace roſe by his Merit and Services to that Pitch of Greatneſs he arriv'd at, and to that Reputation of Wit and Criticiſm he acquir'd by the Strength of his Genius, Improvement of fine Natural Parts, and ſtrong Application to Literature. He was particularly famous for Politicks and Poetry. As to the latter, the Earl of *Roſcommon* ſays, in his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe:

Happy that Author whoſe correct * Eſſay
Repairs ſo well the old *Horatian* Way.

Dryden's *Abſalom* and *Achitophel.*

Sharp judging *Adriel* the Muſe's Friend,
Himſelf a Muſe, in Sanhedrim's Debate
True to his Prince, but not a Slave of State.

Dryden's Verſes to Lord *Roſcommon.*

How will ſweet *Ovid*'s Ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His Fame augmented by an *Engliſh* Peer?
How he embelliſhes his *Helen*'s Loves,
Outdoes his Softneſs and his Senſe improves.

Dryden's Preface to *Virgil*'s *Æneis.*

Your Eſſay of Poetry, which was publiſh'd without a Name, and of which I was not honour'd with the Confidence, I read over and over with much Delight, and as much Inſtruction; and without flattering you, or making myſelf more moral than I am, not without ſome Envy, I was loath to be inform'd how an *Epic* Poem ſhould be written, or how a Tragedy ſhould be contriv'd or manag'd, in

* *Eſſay on Poetry.*

in better Verſe, and with more Judgment than I could teach others.

Biſhop *Burnet*'s Preface to Sir *T. More*'s *Utopia.*

Our Language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly ſince the Correction that was given by the *Rehearſal:* And it is to be hop'd that the *Eſſay on Poetry*, which may be well match'd with the beſt Pieces of its Kind, that even *Auguſtus*'s Age produc'd, will have a more powerful Operation, if clear Senſe join'd with ſome but gentle Reproofs can work more on our Writers than that unmerciful expoſing of them has done.

Lord *Lanſdown.*

Roſcommon firſt then *Mulgrave* roſe like Light,
To clear our Darkneſs, and to guide our Flight:
With ſteady Judgment, and in lofty Sounds
They gave us Patterns, and they ſet us Bounds;
The *Stagyrite* and *Horace* laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign Guide,
Who ſeek from Poetry a laſting Name,
May from their Leſſons learn the Road to Fame.

Garth's *Diſpenſary.*

Now *Tyber*'s Streams no courtly *Callus* ſee,
But ſmiling *Thames* enjoys his *Normanby.*

Mr. *Pope* in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

Yet ſome there were among the founder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient Cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws:

Such was the Muſe whoſe Rules and Practice tell,
Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well.

Mr. *Pope* in his *Miſcellanies*.

Muſe, 'tis enough, at length thy Labour ends:
And thou ſhalt live for *Buckingham* commends.
Let Crowds of Criticks now my Verſe aſſail,
Let *Dennis* write, and nameleſs Authors rail;
This more than pays whole Years of thankleſs Pain,
Time, Health and Fortune are not loſt in vain:
Sheffield approves, conſenting *Phœbus* bends,
And I and Malice from this Hour are Friends.

. . . . . .

It may ſeem ſtrange, and almoſt incredible, that the Duke and Mr. *Pope* ſhould ever differ in any Reſpect, yet it very often happen'd that they did. The Duke being a Sort of a Sceptick, or at leaſt one that had but little Faith, often us'd to attack our Poet on that weak Side of his, who generally us'd to creep out by alledging that except his Grace had ſome Degree of Faith, it was impoſſible to convince him of the Truth of the *Roman Catholick* Religion, for it depended not ſo much upon Proof ſince the Ceſſation of Miracles, as upon Faith and Obedience to the Church. It was obſerv'd they always us'd great Moderation in theſe Diſcourſes, and the Duke, ſo well he lov'd our Poet, ſeeing Arguments of that Sort rather diſagreeable than otherways, and having no Vocation to make Converts, ſeldom in the latter Part of his Time, let the Subject remain long, but would change it to ſome Part of Science or Literature.

He had great Perſonal Courage, and was a true Lover of Liberty, from which Principles nothing could tempt him to ſwerve, neither Favour nor Faction;

Faction; not the Hopes of helping himself or his Friends, or of annoying his Enemies. He always had at Heart the Publick Good, to which he often expos'd his Quiet, and sometimes, (he us'd himself to say he fear'd) his Reputation.

In the Year 1672, Monsieur *de Schomberg* was invited into *England*, to command the new-rais'd Army incamp'd on *Blackheath*, which was under the then Duke of *Buckingham*, *George Villiers*, and under him only, who had a Commission of Lieutenant General. But he being no great Soldier, and on ill Terms with the Duke of *York*; who influenc'd all military Affairs at that Time, it was thought convenient to join with him a Person of such Reputation as *Schomberg*, and he was chosen the rather because his Advancement in *France* was owing chiefly to the Duke of *York*, when in that Service.

As soon as he arrived, partly encouraged to it by his Friends, or rather the then Duke of *Buckiegham*'s Enemies, he refused to serve equally with him, and so obtained a Commission to be General; upon which (as was expected) the other quitted the Service immediately.

Just at this Time the Duke of *Monmouth* was setting up in *France* to be a Soldier: and being so favoured at *Maestricht* by the *French* King, as to have a sure and easy Attack kept back on Purpose 'till his Day of commanding, the Credit of that Action here sufficed to give him a Reputation ever after.

Our Fleet was now ready to make Sail; it is thought there never was before seen so great a Fleet as this.

The Reason why the Duke of *York* did not shine as before, was his refusing the Test pass'd in Parliament last Winter, on Purpose to exclude him; so

that as ſoon as ever his Enemies had ſet the Snare, he fell into it.

The *Greyhound* being the beſt of thoſe Veſſels which accompanied the Fleet, was choſen by Monſ. *de Schomberg* for himſelf and our Duke of *Buckingham*, (for he ſerv'd in that Expedition under him) with whom he had the good Fortune to live in great Familiarity and Friendſhip.

There being often Occaſion of their ſpeaking with other Officers, who, in hazy Weather eſpecially, were at a Loſs ſometimes how to find out the *Greyhound*, in the Midſt of ſuch a Multitude of other Ships, Monſieur *de Schomberg* enquired one Day of the Duke of *Buckingham*, If it might not be proper to hang up ſomething for a Signal, by which all the Land Officers might know whither to repair, either to give Account of their Condition, or to receive his Orders? he preſently anſwered, That though he had the Command of a great Ship the laſt Summer, yet he was but a young Seaman; and therefore only adviſed him to conſult with *Clement*, the Captain of the *Greyhound*, who by Right alſo was to be principally regarded in his own Ship. Captain *Clement* was ſent for, and preſently conſented to a Thing which he thought not only reaſonable but neceſſary to prevent Delays or Miſtakes, which made the General, according to his accuſtom'd Civility, aſk the Duke his Conſent to hang up in the Shrouds one of the Colours of his own Regiment, that happen'd to lie then on the Deck, ſaying, that he choſe ſuch a Sort of Signal, as more proper for him to make Uſe of, than any of thoſe which belong'd to the Sea: But it had not been up Half an Hour, when both of them ſitting together on the Quarter Deck, heard a Bullet whizzing over their Heads, and another in the ſame Manner preſently after; at which they began to think.

think Cannon Bullets that came so near a little worth the minding, but were extremely surpriz'd to perceive they came from the Admiral.

By this Time, Captain *Clement* was alarm'd also, and he confirming the General's Apprehension of Prince *Rupert*'s disliking his Signal, was sent immediately to explain the Occasion of its being set up, and to receive the Prince's Orders, either in that, or any Thing else.

But the Prince, in the mean time, had sent Lieutenant *Whitby* with his positive Order to pull down the Flag, who arriving on board the *Greyhound* just after Captain *Clement* had been sent away, it was thought so impossible for the Prince to remain unsatisfied, after he should hear *Clement* about it, that *Whitby* was desir'd to return with this respectful Answer, that if his Highness continued in the same Mind, after hearing the Occasion from Captain *Clement*, the Flag should be taken down immediately. But the Prince seeing *Whitby*'s Boat come from the *Greyhound*, without the Flag's being taken down, and Captain *Clement* just arriv'd on board him, in great Anger orders him to be clapp'd into the Bilboes, without so much as hearing either him or his Message, and commanded his Gunner to sink the *Greyhound* immediately if the Flag was not taken down.

In such a Case of Extremity, the Voluntiers of Quality, on board the Prince, took the Liberty of interposing a little, and conjur'd him to have only the Patience of letting some of them go presently to the *Greyhound*, in order to prevent any Misunderstanding; considering that some Allowance might be made for a Mistake in a Land Officer and a Stranger. It was not hard for Persons of that Rank (among whom was the Earl of *Carlisle*, a

Privy Counſellor, and what was more a great Friend of the Prince) to be conniv'd at in going immediately on board the *Greyhound*, and it was eaſy for them all immediately to pull down the Flag rather than be ſunk; but neither they, nor the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was a little concern'd with him in the ill Uſage, were able to pacify the General, who interpreted all this harſh Way of proceeding, as coming from an old Pique in Prince *Rupert*.

The Court was inclin'd before not to be over partial to Prince *Rupert*, who ſeem'd as jealous as any Body of its growing arbitrary, by any great Succeſs over *Holland*, though himſelf was Generaliſſimo againſt it.

Now the Duke of *Buckingham* wrote an Account of this Buſineſs to the King, ſo plainly and impartially that all the Prince's Complaints, on his Side, were inſignificant; which added to his Jealouſy of the Court, incited him to command away all the Land Forces to *Yarmouth*, where they lay incamp'd all Summer by the Sea-ſide, without being ever re-imbark'd, or able to do the leaſt Service. Monſieur *de Schomberg* obey'd, but took no Leave of the Prince, and engag'd the Duke of *Buckingham* to carry him a Challenge after the Expedition was over, which the King prevented, though not out of Kindneſs to either of them; for as he was unſatisfied with the Prince's Conduct, ſo Monſieur *de Schomberg*'s Popularity among the diſaffected Gentry in the Country, was unjuſtly repreſented to his Prejudice, and his affable Sort of Behaviour, (which he thought neceſſary in a Stranger intending to ſettle there,) taken for a factious Deſign of complying with the Country Party.

This was the Cauſe of the Duke of *Monmouth's* Advancement, for the Duke of *York* eſteeming his

his Forwardneſs and Inclination to the War thought him the fitteſt Perſon to be ſet up againſt *Schomberg*, from whom he was now perfectly alienated, and ſo made his Court to the King at the ſame Time by recommending his beloved Son to be at the Head of the Military Affairs, which himſelf hop'd ſtill to influence by that Means; yet *Schomberg*'s ſtaying here had been an invincible Obſtacle to their Deſigns; if the Diſguſt he took at being refus'd the Garter, had not ſoon contributed to his leaving the Nation: Which Favour it ſeems he long deſir'd though ſo privately, that the Duke of *Buckingham* receiv'd the Promiſe of it in the Camp at *Yarmouth*, without having the leaſt Imagination that his General had been his Rival, who reſented it a little more, becauſe it was beſtow'd on the Duke who was but a Colonel under him.

Thus all Things concurr'd with the Duke of *Monmouth*'s Ambition, as ſoon as Prince *Rupert* was out of Favour, and the Duke of *York* out of Capacity, by Reaſon of the late Teſt for *Papiſts*.

The firſt Step of the Duke of *Monmouth*'s riſing to Authority in the Army, was his being entruſted with the Care tho' not the Command of it, which the Lord *Arlington* conſented to both in Friendſhip to him, and for his own Eaſe, but Orders paſt thro' the Duke's Hands.

The ſecond Advance he made was the King's ſending his Commands to every Colonel that they ſhould obey all Directions that came from the Duke of *Monmouth*. This wanted but the Formality of a Commiſſion to make him an abſolute General.

But now an Accident fell out, for notwithſtanding the very great Intimacy between the Duke of *York* and his Nephew, ſuch a firm one, that even

a direct contrary Intereſt was unable to weaken; yet a little Inconſtancy in one of their Miſtreſſes, though in Favour of a third Perſon was the accidental Cauſe of ſuch a Diviſion between them as never ceas'd till it coſt one of them the Hazard of his Crown, and the other his Life on a Scaffold.

At the Return of the Army from *Yarmouth*, the *Holland* Regiment was given to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and join'd to another he had rais'd, by which he remain'd in Command after the Peace when all the new Colonels were diſbanded. This made thoſe two Dukes think of him ſoon after for commanding the Firſt Regiment of Foot Guards, and deſign'd the King ſhould buy Colonel *Ruſſel* out of it for that Purpoſe, having before prevail'd with the Lord *Craven* to let him come over his Head, who commanded the Second Regiment, but juſt while this was ſettling, the Duke of *Monmouth*, who was ever engag'd in ſome Amour, fell into great Anger with the Duke of *Buckingham*, for an unlucky Diſcovery that made a great Noiſe in the Court at that Time.

He had always great Temper, and therefore offer'd no Affront on the Spot, but wanted not the Cunning to revenge himſelf a better Way, by privately obtaining a Promiſe of the King to let him have that Command which was deſign'd for the Duke of *Buckingham*, and foreſeeing that then his own would become void, and perhaps be given to him, he propos'd the Earl of *Oſſory* for that, againſt whom there could be no Objection; ſo ſtopping up his Way in both Places.

The Duke of *York*, having openly made them Friends, ſuſpected no ſuch Artifice, as he found him but too capable of afterwards in a much greater Matter: Accordingly, he thought it Time to move

move the King about that Alteration in the Guards, not in the least apprehending a Repulse, (for the King, though of more Wit than those that influenced him, had that Foible of his Family, to be easily impos'd on) but the King assured his Brother, that never dreaming of this his Proposal he was engaged already; that it was to another of his very great Friends; and then naming him, wondered at his being no sooner acquainted with it.

The Duke of *York*, with great Resentment, presently told this to the Duke of *Buckingham*, wondering that an Alteration should be resolv'd on in two of the best Commands in the Army, without his being first acquainted with it. It was natural for a Man who lost his Pretension, not to lessen his Concern in the Duke of *York*; and therefore *Buckingham*, who during the Duke of *Monmouth*'s Quarrel to him had often try'd in vain to shake his Interest with the Prince, was resolved not to lose so fair an Occasion to part them for ever.

He therefore told him of how little Importance his own Share in that Business was, and that he found himself amply recompenced by his being so much concerned about it; but he expressed himself extremely troubled at another Part of this Affair, which he said gave him a strange Sort of Suspicion. The Duke could not fail to enquire what it was, and with a seeming Reluctance the Duke of *Buckingham* explained it.

That the Duke of *Monmouth*'s own Command of the Horse Life Guard, was better than Colonel *Russel*'s Regiment of Foot, both for Honour and Profit; and therefore he would hardly change it thus without some ill Design, to which twenty-four Companies of Foot might be more of Use than a single Troop of Horse.

That

That the diſappointing him could not be his only Aim, ſince he might have had that Satisfaction, as well by getting the Earl of *Oſſory* into that Regiment, without taking it himſelf, by leaving a better Poſt for it.

As the Duke of *York* grew warm at this, he engaged him more, by freely quitting his own Pretenſions, if his Highneſs could find a truſty Man for it, whom the Duke of *Monmouth* could have no Pretence to oppoſe, as he did him on Account of their Quarrel; repreſenting it to be a Poſt of ſuch Conſequence, that one Day, perhaps, no leſs a Thing than the Crown of *England* might depend on it.

The Duke of *York* accepted kindly the laying down his Pretenſions, and propoſed ſome others for that Command, but to no Purpoſe, for the King reproach'd him with oppoſing a Thing already ſettled between himſelf and his Son; upon which thoroughly chafed, he tried a little with the Lord *Arlington*, the Duke of *Monmouth*'s great Adviſer, and gave him to underſtand, that if the Duke of *Monmouth* would not deſiſt from preſſing it any farther, he muſt loſe his Friendſhip, which had been ſo uſeful to him, and conſequently pay too dear a Price for what was a Trifle in Compariſon with it: To which that dextrous Miniſter replied ſomething haughtily, That the Duke of *Monmouth* could not need the Favour of his Highneſs, more than his Highneſs needed the King's, which he might hazard to leſſen by thus croſſing his Inclination for ſo beloved a Son.

With this ſurprizing Anſwer from a Secretary of State, the Duke grew more concern'd than ever, and at laſt was driven on the only Expedient now left, to ſecure that Employment in ſafe Hands, which ſerv'd in the next Place to ſatisfy the Revenge of the Duke of *Buckingham* in keeping the Duke of *Monmouth*

mouth out of it, to that End the Duke of *Buckingham* advis'd him to ſend immediately for Colonel *Ruſſel* who was very covetous, and by any Means whatſoever that is any Money to charm him out of his Reſolution to ſell his Command, which the King was ſo far from impoſing on an Ancient Officer of ſuch Merit and Quality, that he kindly aſſur'd him that no ſuch Change had ever been thought of if Mr. *Ruſſel* himſelf had not aſk'd the Favour of ſelling his Command for the Good of his Heir. What paſſed between the Duke of *York* and Colonel *Ruſſel* is not hard to gueſs, for the latter kept his Command by pretending to the King that when it came to the Point, he could not find in his Heart to quit the Service, and deſired to die in it. But upon all this Matter follow'd ſuch an Animoſity between thoſe two Princes the Dukes of *York* and *Monmouth* as will ſerve to fill our Annals with the Fatal Effects of it, while this firſt Occaſion of their Breach is not ſo much as mentioned.

The Turns of Court are ſuch, that, after all this Buſtle and Competition between them and this Regiment of Guards, a third Perſon not then thought of for ſuch a Command, nor ſo much as in the Army, luckily got it from them both, by the Duke of *York*'s being abſent in *Scotland*, and *Ruſſel*'s quitting his Intereſt on Account of the Popiſh Plot; and ſo renewing his Deſire to ſell.

The Duke of *Monmouth* was at that in ſuch Diſfavour, as to have his Government of *Hull* and Lord Lieutenancy of *Yorkſhire* given to the Duke of *Buckingham*, which with the old Regiment he had before was already more than, being ſo young he could reaſonably pretend to. The King therefore, at laſt, bought that Command of Colonel *Ruſſel* for his other Son the Duke of *Grafton*.

The

The Duke of *Buckingham* was always a faithful Servant to the Crown, yet always fond of turning the Ballance on the Peoples Side, and ſo eager an Aſſertor of Liberty that he never miſs'd an Opportunity of ſhewing his Zeal for it. The Speech he made in the Houſe of Lords when he was Earl of *Mulgrave* may ſerve as a Proof of his Love to his Country, and that he in Earneſt had the Intereſt of the Subject at Heart.

THIS Debate is of ſo great Conſequence, that I reſolved to be ſilent, and rather to be adviſed by the Ability of others, than to ſhew my own Want of it; beſides it is of ſo nice a Nature, that I who always ſpeak unpremeditately, apprehend extreamly the ſaying any thing which may be thought the leaſt reflecting; though even that ought not to reſtrain a Man here from doing his Duty to the Publick, in a Buſineſs where it ſeems to be ſo highly concern'd.

I have always heard, I have always read, that Foreign Nations, and all this Part of the World, have admir'd and envy'd the Conſtitution of this Government. For not to ſpeak of the King's Power, here is a Houſe of Lords to adviſe him on all Important Occaſions, about Peace or War; about all Things that may concern the Nation, the Care of which is very much entruſted to your Lordſhips; but yet becauſe your Lordſhips cannot be ſo converſant with the Generality of the People, nor ſo conſtantly in the Country as is neceſſary for that Purpoſe, here is a Houſe of Commons alſo choſen by the very People themſelves, newly come from among them, or ſhould be ſo, to repreſent boldly all their Grievances, to expreſs the true Mind of the Nation, and to diſpoſe of their Money, at leaſt ſo far as to begin all Bills

Bills of that Nature; and if I am not mistaken, the very Writ for Elections sent down to the Sheriffs, does impower them to chuse. What? Their Representatives. Now, my Lords, I beseech you to consider the Meaning of the Word *Representative*: Is it to do any Thing contrary to their Mind? It would be absurd to propose it; and yet how can it be otherwise, if they, after their being chosen, change their Dependency, engage themselves in Employments plainly inconsistent with that great Trust repos'd in them, and that I will take the Liberty to demonstrate to your Lordships they now do, at least according to my humble Opinion.

I will instance first in the least and lowest Incapacity they must be under, who so take Employments.

Your Lordships know but too well, what a General Carelessness there appears every Day more and more in the publick Business: If so, how is it likely that Men should be as diligent in their Duty in Parliament as that Business requires, where Employments, and a great deal of other Business, shall take up both their Minds and their Time?

But then in some Cases 'tis worse; as in Commands of the Army, and other Employments of that kind, when they must have a divided Duty. For it does admirably become an Officer to sit Voting away Money in the House of Commons, while his Soldiers are perhaps taking it away at their Quarters, for Want of his Presence to restrain them, and of better Discipline among them: Nay, perhaps his Troop or Regiment may be in some Actions abroad, and he must either have the Shame of being absent from them at such a Time, or from that House, where he is entrusted with all our Liberties.

To this I have heard but one Objection by a noble Lord,

Lord, That if this Act ſhould paſs, the King is not allow'd to make a Captain or a Colonel, without diſabling him to ſit in Parliament by ſuch a Commiſſion.

Truly, if a Captain has only deſerv'd to be advanced for expoſing himſelf in Parliament, I think the Nation would have no great Loſs in the King's letting alone ſuch a Preferment.

But, my Lords, there is another Sort of Incapacity yet worſe than this; I mean that of Parliament-Mens having ſuch Places in the Exchequer, as the very Profit of them depends on the Money given to the King in Parliament. Would any of your Lordſhips ſend and entruſt a Man to make a Bargain for you, whoſe very Intereſt ſhall be to make you give as much as he can poſſibly?

It puts me in Mind of a Farce, where an Actor holds a Dialogue with himſelf, ſpeaking firſt in one Tone, and then anſwering himſelf in another.

Really, my Lords, this is no Farce; for it is no laughing Matter to undo a Nation: But it is altogether as unnatural for a Member of Parliament to aſk firſt in the King's Name for ſuch a Sort of Supply, give an Account from him how much is needful towards the Paying ſuch an Army, or ſuch a Fleet; and then immediately give, by his ready Vote, what he had before aſk'd by his Maſter's Order.

Beſides, my Lords, there is ſuch a Neceſſity now for long Seſſions of Parliament, and the very Privileges belonging to Members are of ſo great Extent, that it would be a little hard and unequal to other Gentlemen, that they ſhould have all the Places too, as well as the Privileges.

All the Objections that have been made, may be reduced to theſe.

Firſt,

First, it is told us, that it is a Disrespect to the King, if his Servants or Officers be excluded.

To this, I desire that it may be considered, that it is in this Case, as when a Tenant sends up any Body to treat for him; would any of your Lordships think it a Disrespect, nay would the King himself think it any, if the Tenant would not wholly refer himself to one of your own Servants, or the King's Commissioners in Case of the Crown? and if he chuses rather some plain honest Friend of his own to supply his Absence here, will any blame such a Proceeding, or think it unmannerly?

Besides, your Lordships know even this Act admits them to be chosen, notwithstanding their Employments; provided the Electors know it first, and are not deceived in their Choice.

All we would prevent is, that a good rich Corporation should not chuse to entrust with all their Liberties, a plain, honest, Country Neighbour, and find him within six Months changed into a preferred, cunning Courtier; who shall tie them to their Choice, tho' he is no more the same Man than if he were turn'd Papist; which by the Law, as it stands already, puts an Incapacity upon him.

Another Objection is, that this Act may, by its Consequence, prolong this Parliament; which they allow would be a very great Grievance, and yet suppose the King capable of putting it upon us. I have too much Respect for him to admit of this; but I am glad, however, that it is objected by Privy Counsellors in Favour, who consequently, I hope, will never advise a Thing, which they now exclaim against as so great a Grievance.

But pray, my Lords, what should tempt the King to so ill a Policy? Can he fear a Freedom of Choice in the People, to whose good Will he owes all that Power,

Power, which theſe Lords ſuppoſe he may uſe to their Prejudice? And therefore give me Leave to ſay, as I muſt not ſuſpect him of ſo ill a Deſign as the perpetuating this Parliament, ſo he cannot, he ought not to ſuſpect a Nation, ſo entirely (I was going to ſay ſo fondly) devoted to him.

My Lords, no Man is readier than myſelf to allow, that we owe the Crown all Submiſſion as to the Time of calling Parliaments according to Law, and appointing alſo where they ſhall ſit. But with Reverence be it ſpoken, the King owes the Nation entire Freedom, in chuſing their Repreſentatives; and it is no leſs his Duty, than his true Intereſt, that ſuch a fair and juſt Proceeding ſhould be uſed towards us.

Conſider, my Lords, of what mighty Conſequence it may be, that ſo many Votes ſhould be free, when upon one ſingle one may depend the whole Security or Loſs of this Nation. *By one ſingle Vote a general Exciſe may be granted, and then we are all loſt.* By one ſingle Vote the Crown may be impower'd to name all the Commiſſioners for raiſing the Taxes, and then ſurely we ſhould be in a fair Way towards it.

Nay, whatever has happened may again be apprehended; and I hope thoſe Reverend Prelates will reflect, that if they grow once obnoxious to a prevalent Party, one ſingle Voice may be as dangerous to that Bench, as a general Diſſatisfaction among the People prov'd to be once in a late Experiment; which I am far from ſaying this by Way of threat'ning, but by Way of Caution.

My Lords, we may think, becauſe this concerns not the Houſe of Lords, that we need not be careful about the Matter; but there are Noblemen in *France*, (and ſuch as were ſo before they were enſlaved), who,

who, that they might domineer over us, and serve a present Turn perhaps, let all Things alone so long till the People were quite master'd, and the Nobility themselves too to bear them Company. So that I never met a *Frenchman*, even of the greatest Rank (and some had ten Thousand Pistoles a-year in Employments) that did not envy us here for our Freedom from that Slavery which they groan under: And this I have observ'd universally, except in M. *De Louvois*, M. *Colbert*, or such People; because they were the Ministers themselves who occasion'd these Complaints, and thrived by the Oppression of others.

My Lords, this Country of ours is very apt to be provok'd; we had a late Experience; and tho' no wise Man but would bear a great deal rather than make a Bustle; yet really the People are otherwise, and at any Time change a present Uneasiness for any other Condition, though a worse; we have known it so too often, and sometimes repented it too late.

Let them not have this new Provocation in being debarr'd from a Security in their Representatives. For malicious People will not fail to infuse into their Minds, that all those vast Sums which have been, and still must be rais'd towards this War, are not dispos'd away in a fair Manner as ought to be; and I am afraid they will say their Money is not given, but taken.

I am sure, whatever Success this Bill may have, there must needs come some good Effect of it; for if it passes it will give us Security, if it be obstructed it will give us Warning.

It is allow'd by all that he was a Nobleman of uncommon Talents, and so great an Encourager

of Learning and the Muſes that he was call'd the *Mecænas* of the Age, a mighty Lover of Poets, though he himſelf was one: His *Eſſay on Poetry* is one of the beſt Pieces in our Language, and the *Temple of Death* tranſlated from the *French* is full of Beauty: He begins it with a Deſcription of the *Temple*.

IN thoſe cold Climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;
A dreadful Vale lies in a Deſart Iſle,
On which indulgent Heav'n did never ſmile.
There a thick Grove of Aged Cypreſs Trees,
Which none without an awful Horror ſees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-preſaging Birds receives:
Poiſons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Seaſon there.
Millions of Graves cover the ſpacious Field,
And Springs of Blood a thouſand Rivers yield;
Whoſe Streams oppreſt with Carcaſſes and Bones,
Inſtead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.
Within this Vale a famous Temple ſtands,
Old as the World itſelf, which it commands:
Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates
Divide Mankind, by Order of the Fates.
There come in Crowds, doom'd to one common Grave,
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind moſt deplores,
Are faithful Keepers of thoſe ſacred Doors;
All clad in mournful Blacks, which alſo load
The ſacred Walls of this obſcure Abode;
And Tapers of a pitchy Subſtance made,
With Clouds of Smoak increaſe the diſmal Shade.

A Monſter, void of Reaſon and of Sight,
The Goddeſs is, who ſways this Realm of Night.
Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath;
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.

Indeed, what by Reaſon of his high Station, his natural Tendency to be ſerviceable to all who were either Learned, or Lovers of Learning, and his exquiſite Judgment, he had Application made to him by all the reigning Wits and Poets: Mr. *Pope* held him in ſuch high Eſteem, ſeparate from his Quality, which he always threw aſide in his Company, that he never publiſh'd any Thing for many Years till the Duke had pronounc'd that it would not endanger his Reputation; for Mr. *Pope* above all Things was always fearful of loſing the Name he had acquir'd, and often ſaid he ought to write no more for that Reaſon, leſt one Piece ill receiv'd might weigh heavy againſt ſo many he had wrote with more Applauſe than ever had been known, for it is hardly to be believ'd what prodigious Numbers of the Copies of Mr. *Pope*'s Writings have been ſold.

The Duke of *Buckingham* continu'd his Friendſhip to Mr. *Pope*, and gave him many great Proofs of it as long as he liv'd, a great Student, eſpecially of Mankind; ſo far from a Bigot it was thought he rather lean'd to Scepticiſm. To a certain Peer, who accus'd him of reſigning the Privy Seal with a good Penſion added to it, and afterwards ſtaying in Town at a Seaſon when every Body elſe leaves it, which he call'd deſpiſing both Town and Country, he ſaid, it were well for us, if this Incapacity of being entirely contented was as ſure a Proof of our being reſerv'd for Happineſs in another World, as it is of our Frailty and Imperfections in this. I confeſs the Divines tell us ſo, but though I believe

a future State more firmly than a gteat many of them appear to do, by their inordinate Deſire of the good Things in this; yet I own my Faith is founded not on thoſe fallacious Arguments of Preachers, but on that adorable Conjunction of unbounded Power and Goodneſs, which certainly muſt ſome Way recompence hereafter ſo many Thouſands of innocent Wretches created to be miſerable here.

He built *Buckingham*-Houſe, which almoſt faces the Mall in St. *James*'s Park; of which ſee his own Deſcription, in a Letter to the Duke of *Chandois*.

I Riſe now in Summer, about Seven o'Clock, from a very large Bed-Chamber, intirely quiet, high, and free from the early Sun, to walk in the Garden; or, if rainy, in a Saloon fill'd with Pictures, ſome good, but none diſagreeable; there alſo, in a Row above them, I have ſo many Portraits of famous Perſons in ſeveral Kinds, as are enough to excite Ambition in any Man leſs lazy, or leſs at Eaſe, than myſelf.

Inſtead of a little dozing Cloſet, according to the unwholſome Cuſtom of moſt People, I chuſe this ſpacious Room, for all my ſmall Affairs, reading Books or writing Letters; where I am never in the leaſt tired, by the Help of ſtretching my Legs ſometimes in ſo long a Room, and of looking into the pleaſanteſt Park in the World juſt underneath it.

Viſits, after a certain Hour, are not to be avoided; ſome of which I own a little fatiguing (tho' Thanks to the Town's Lazineſs, they come pretty late) if the Garden was not ſo near, as to give a ſeaſonable Refreſhment between thoſe ceremonious Interruptions. And I am more ſorry than my Coachman himſelf if I am forc'd to go abroad any Part of the Morning. For though my Garden is ſuch,

ſuch, as by not pretending to Rarities or Curioſities, has nothing in it to inveigle one's Thoughts, yet by the Advantage of Situation and Proſpect, it is able to ſuggeſt the nobleſt that can be; in repreſenting at once to view a vaſt Town, a Palace, and a magnificent Cathedral. I confeſs the laſt with all its Splendour, has leſs Share in exciting my Devotion, than the moſt common Shrub in my Garden: For though I am apt to be ſincerely devout in any Sort of religious Aſſemblies, from the very beſt (that of our own Church) even to thoſe of *Jews*, *Turks*, and *Indians:* Yet the Works of Nature appear to me the better Sort of Sermons; and every Flower contains in it the moſt edifying Rhetorick, to fill us with Admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

After I have dined (either agreeably withFriends, or at worſt with better Company than your Country Neighbours) I drive away to *Marybone*, a Place of Air and Exerciſe; which ſome Conſtitutions are in abſolute Need of: Agitation of the Body, and Diverſion of the Mind, being a Compoſition for Health above all the Skill of *Hippocrates*.

The ſmall Diſtance of this Place from *London*, is juſt enough for recovering my Wearineſs, and recruiting my Spirits, ſo as to make me fitter than before I ſet out, for either Buſineſs or Pleaſure. At the mentioning the laſt of theſe, methinks I ſee you ſmile; but I confeſs myſelf ſo chang'd (which you maliciouſly, I know, will call decay'd) as to my former enchanting Delights, that the Company I commonly find at Home is agreeable enough to make me conclude the Evening on a delightful Terrace, or in any Place from late Viſits, except of familiar Acquaintance.

By this Account you will ſee, that moſt of my Time is conjugally ſpent at Home; and conſequently you will blame my Lazineſs more than ever, for not imploying it in a new Way, which your Partiality is wont to think me capable of. Therefore I am oblig'd to go on with this trifling Deſcription, as ſome Excuſe for my Idleneſs. But how ſuch a Deſcription itſelf is excuſable, is what I ſhould be very much in Pain about, if I thought any Body could ſee it beſides yourſelf, who are too good a Judge of all Things to miſtake a Friend's Compliance in a private Letter, for the leaſt Touch of Vanity.

The Avenues to this Houſe are along St. *James*'s Park, thro' Rows of goodly Elms on one Hand, and gay flouriſhing Limes on the other; that for Coaches, this for walking; with the Mall lying between them. This reaches to my Iron Palliſade that encompaſſes a ſquare Court, which has in the Midſt a great Baſon with Statues and Water-Works; and from its Entrance riſes all the Way imperceptibly, 'till we mount to a Terrace in the Front of a large Hall, paved with ſquare white Stones, mix'd with a dark colour'd Marble; the Walls of it covered with a Sett of Pictures done in the School of *Raphael*. Out of this, on the Right Hand we go into a Parlour thirty three Foot by thirty nine, with a Niche fifteen Foot broad for a Bufette, paved with white Marble, and placed within an Arch, with Pilaſters of divers Colours, the Upper-Part of which is as high as the Cieling, which is painted by *Ricci*.

From hence we paſs through a Suit of large Rooms into a Bed Chamber, of thirty four Foot by twenty ſeven; within it a large Cloſet, that opens into a Green Houſe.

On the Left Hand of the Hall are three Stone Arches

Arches ſupported by *Corinthian* Pillars, under one of which we go up eight and forty Steps ten Foot broad, each Step of one entire *Portland* Stone. Theſe Stairs, by the Help of two reſting Places, are ſo very eaſy, there is no Need of leaning on the Iron Baluſter. The Walls are painted with the Story of *Dido*; whom tho' the Poet was oblig'd to diſpatch away mournfully, in order to make Room for *Lavinia*, the better natur'd Painter has brought no farther than to that fatal Cave, where the Lovers appear juſt entering, and languiſhing with Deſire.

The Roof of this Stair Caſe, which is fifty five Foot from the Ground, is of forty Foot by thirty ſix, filled with the Figures of Gods and Goddeſſes: The Midſt is *Juno*, condeſcending to beg Aſſiſtance from *Venus*, to bring about a Marriage, which the *Fates* intended ſhould be the Ruin of her own darling Queen and People. By which that ſublime Poet wiſely intimates, that we ſhould never be over eager for any Thing, either in our Purſuits, or our Prayers; leaſt what we endeavour to aſk too violently for our Intereſt, ſhould be granted us by Providence, only in order to our Ruin.

The Baſs-reliefs and little Squares above, are all epiſodical Paintings of the ſame Story: And the Largeneſs of the whole has admitted of a ſure Remedy againſt any Decay of the Colours from Saltpetre in the Wall, by making another of Oak Laths four Inches within it, and ſo primed over like a Picture.

From a wide Landing-place on the Stairs Head, a great double Door opens into an Apartment of the ſame Dimenſions with that below, only three Foot higher: Notwithſtanding which, it would appear too low, if the higher *Salon* had not been divided from it. The firſt Room of this Floor has within it a

Cloſet of originial Pictures, which yet are not ſo entertaining as the delightful Proſpect from the Windows. Out of the ſecond Room a Pair of great Doors give Entrance into the *Salon*, which is thirty five Foot high, thirty ſix broad, and forty five long. In the Midſt of its Roof a round Picture of *Gentileſchi*, eighteen Foot in Diameter, repreſents the Muſes playing in Conſort to *Apollo*, lying along on a Cloud to hear them. The reſt of the Room is adorned with Paintings relating to Arts and Sciences; and underneath divers original Pictures hang all in good Lights, by the Help of an upper Row of Windows, which drown the Glaring.

Much of this ſeems appertaining to Parade, and therefore I am glad to leave it to deſcribe the reſt, which is all for Conveniency. As firſt, a covered Paſſage from the Kitchen without Doors; and another down to the Cellars, and all the Offices within. Near this a large and lightſome Back-ſtairs leads up to ſuch an Entry above, as ſecures our private Bedchambers both from Noiſe and Cold. Here we have neceſſary Dreſſing-rooms, Servants Rooms, and Cloſets, from which are the pleaſanteſt Views of all the Houſe, with a little Door for Communication betwixt this private Apartment and the great one.

Theſe Stairs, and thoſe of the ſame Kind at the other End of the Houſe, carry us up to the higheſt Story, fitted for the Women and Children, with the Floors ſo contriv'd, as to prevent all Noiſe over my Wife's Head, during the Myſteries of *Lucina*.

In mentioning the Court at firſt, I forgot the two Wings in it, built on Stone Arches, which join the Houſe by Corridores, ſupported on *Ionic* Pillars. In one of theſe Wings is a large Kitchen thirty Foot high, with an open Cupola on the Top: Near it a Larder, Brewhouſe, and Landry, with Rooms over them

them for Servants: The upper Sort of Servants are lodged in the other Wing, which has also two Wardrobes, and a Store Room for Fruit. On the Top of all a leaden Cistern, holding fifty Tuns of Water, driven up by an Engine from the *Thames*, supplies all the Water-Works in the Courts and Gardens, which lie quite round the House; through one of which a Grass Walk conducts to the Stables, built round a Court, with six Coach-houses and forty Stalls.

I'll add but one Thing before I carry you into the Garden, and that is about walking too, but 'tis on the Top of all the House; which being cover'd with smooth mill'd Lead, and defended by a Parapet of Balluſters from Apprehension as well as Danger, entertains the Eye with a far distant Prospect of Hills and Dales, and a near one of Parks and Gardens. To these Gardens we go down from the House by seven Steps, into a Gravel Walk that reaches cross the whole Garden; with a covered Arbour at each End of it. Another of thirty Foot broad leads from the Front of the House, and lies between two Groves of tall Lime Trees, planted in several equal Ranks upon a Carpet of Grass: The Outsides of these Groves are bordered with Tubs of Bays and Orange Trees.

At the End of this broad Walk you go up to a Terrass four Hundred Paces long, with a large Semicircle in the Middle, from whence is beheld the Queen's two Parks, and a great Part of *Surry*; then going down a few Steps you walk on the Bank of a Canal six Hundred Yards long, and seventeen broad, with two Rows of Limes on each Side of it.

On one Side of this Terrass, a Wall cover'd with Roses and Jessamines is made low to admit the View of a Meadow full of Cattle just under it; (no disagreeable

greeable Object in the Midſt of a great City) and at each End a Deſcent into Parterres, with Fountains and Water-works.

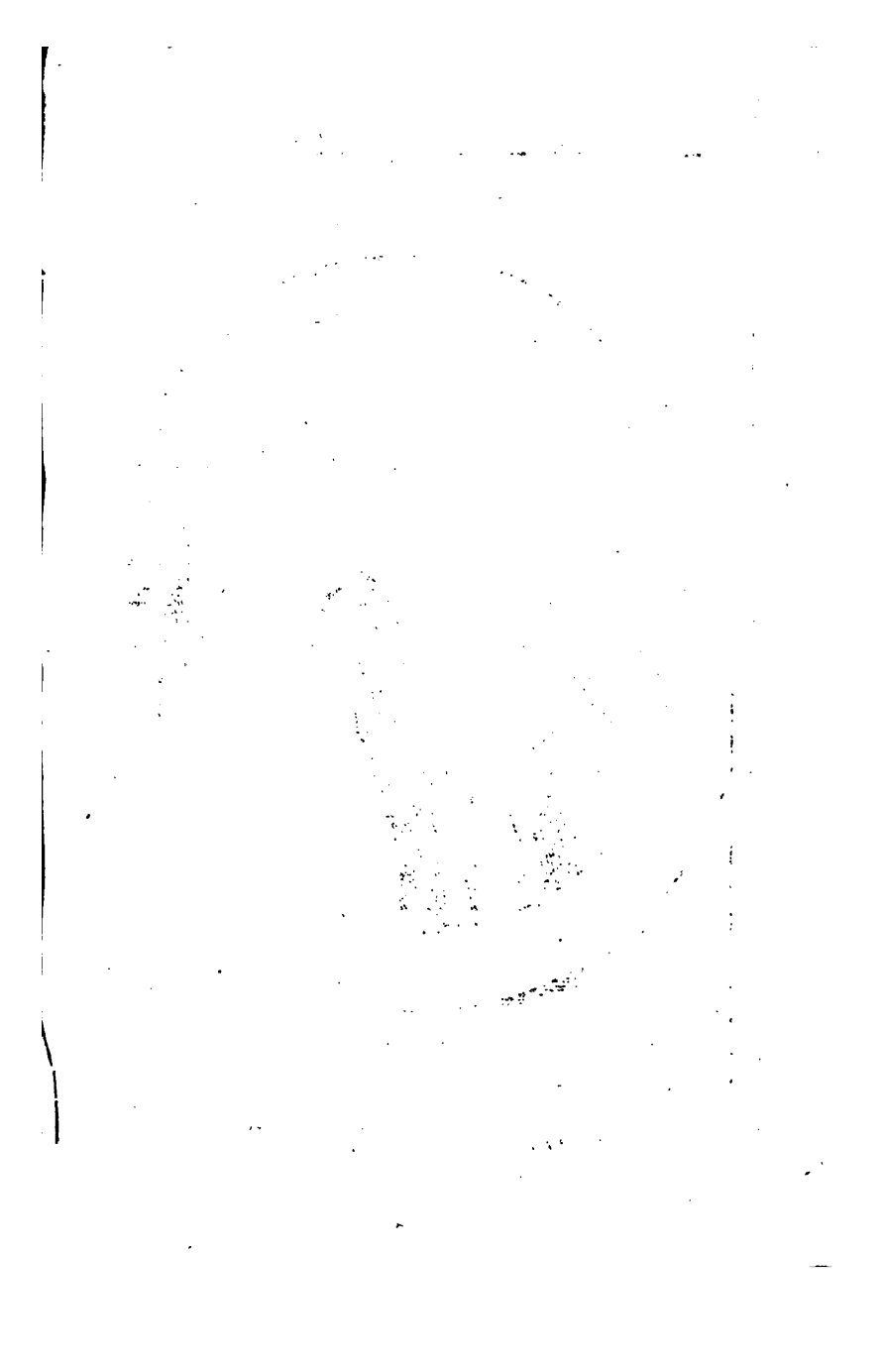
From the biggeſt of theſe Parterres we paſs into a little ſquare Garden, that has a Fountain in the Middle, and two Green-houſes on the Sides, with a convenient bathing Apartment in one of them; and near another Part of it lies a Flower Garden. Below all this, a Kitchen Garden, full of the beſt Sorts of Fruit, has ſeveral Walks in it fit for the coldeſt Weather.

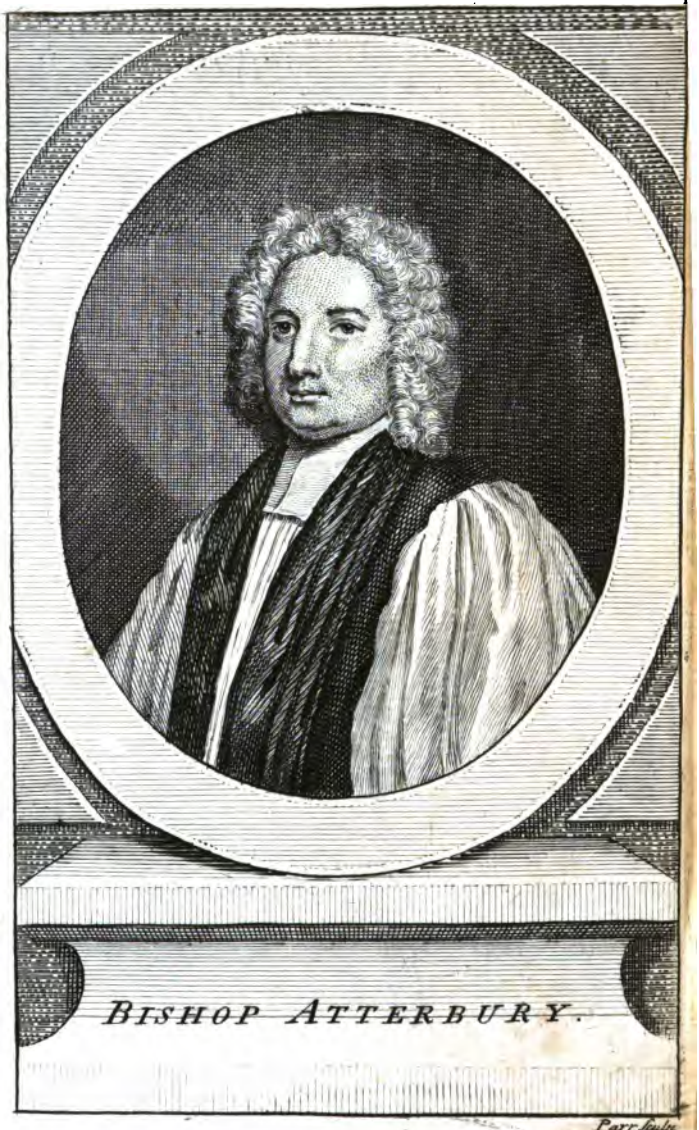
Thus I have done with a tedious Deſcription. Only one Thing I forgot, though of more Satisfaction to me than all the reſt, which I fancy you gueſs already; and 'tis a little Cloſet of Books at the End of that Green-houſe which joins the beſt Apartment; which beſides their being ſo very near, are ranked in ſuch a Method, that by its Mark a very *Iriſh* Footman may fetch any Book I want.

Under the Windows of this Cloſet and Green-houſe, is a little Wilderneſs full of Blackbirds and Nightingales. The Trees, tho' planted by myſelf, require Lopping already, to prevent their hindering the View of that fine Canal in the Park.

In this Houſe he took great Delight, and having married the Lady *Catharina Darnley*, Natural Daughter to King *James* the Second by *Catharina Sidley*, Counteſs of *Dorcheſter*, by her had *John*, Duke of *Buckingham*, born in 1716. This Lady Ducheſs Dowager of *Buckingham*, was Widow of *James* Earl of *Angleſey*, from whom ſhe was ſeparated by Act of Parliament, for his cruel and cauſeleſs ill Uſage. The Duke of *Buckingham* died in *February* 1720. He left the following Epitaph or Inſcription to be put on his Tomb.

Pro





BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Parr sculp

Pro Rege sæpe, pro Republica semper.
Dubius, sed non improbus vixi:
Incertus morior, non perturbatus.
Humanum est nescire & errare.
Deo confido, Christum adveneror.
Eris enim miserere mei.

We chuse to be something particular when speaking of those who most convers'd with Mr. *Pope*, thinking that by the Company any Man keeps a tolerable good Judgment may be form'd of the Man, we catch something from all with whom we are familiar, and Mr. *Pope* was so very happy in a great Memory, that all his Friends had studied and travell'd for, by Conversation he made his own.

Another great Friend to Mr. *Pope*'s Translation of the *Iliad* was the Bishop of *Rochester*, a select Friend, and one the best belov'd by the *English Homer*: Of whom we shall oblige the Reader with the following Narrative.

THIS Prelate, was the Son of the Reverend Dr. *Atterbury*, late Rector of *Milton*, near *Newport-Pagnel*, in *Buckinghamshire*. He was bred at *Westminster*-School, and from thence elected (with the faireſt Promises of the Great Man he has since made) to *Christ-Church* College in *Oxford*, where he accomplish'd himself in the most polite Literature, and gain'd the greatest Reputation as an Orator and Divine. He was very much courted and admir'd by the politest Persons of the University on Account of his uncommon Abilities. His first Preferments were those of Lecturer of St. *Brides*, and Preacher of *Bridewell*, *London*. Afterwards he was Chaplain to the *Rolls*; then Canon Residentiary of *Exeter*,

Exeter, and Archdeacon of *Totneſs*: After this he was Dean of *Carliſle*, and preferr'd to the Deanery of *Chriſt-Church*, in *Oxford*; and in the Year 1713 he was made Dean of *Weſtminſter*, and Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, who tho' an Enemy to the Government, after the Death of Q. *Ann*, and a profeſs'd Friend to thoſe who were ſuch, kept firm to the Proteſtant Religion, and took all Occaſions to ſhew his Faith and Learning upon that Point. He had not been long acquainted with Mr. *Pope* before he took an Opportunity to diſcourſe with him on this Head, but the firſt time being in Company where there were Mrs. *Blount*, Mr. *Cromwell*, his own Mother, and a certain Lord, whoſe Principles were known to Mr. *Pope*, at whoſe Deſire, and with whom he had read my Lord *Shaftſbury's Characteriſticks*, the *Religion of Nature Delineated*, and ſome other Books very much in Favour of free Inquiry, Mr. *Pope* wav'd it, and taking the Biſhop aſide, told him, tho' he was but a bad Advocate for his Religion, its Orthodoxy and Strength would give him ſufficient Power to venture an Argument with any Heretic with a Mitre or without; ſo free did they converſe that theſe Words gave no Offence: That Evening was ſet aſide for the Converſation, and they were to imagine Dean *Swift* preſent at the Diſpute.

The Biſhop began to read out of Dr. *Tillotſon*'s Sermons, ſome of which he generally carried about him, ſaying, that his own Sentiments were there better expreſs'd than he *extempore*, or perhaps with his greateſt Study could expreſs them, and without any other Arguments were ſufficient to convince any Man who had a Mind ſo large and ſo bleſs'd with Light as Mr. *Pope*'s, of the great Weakneſs and Abſurdity of the Faith of *Papiſts*.

Mr. *Pope* ſat with great Patience, and in his Reply ſaid, that the Diſcourſes (for ſo he call'd them) of

of the Archbiſhop were only Reaſoning, and conſequently could be no Rule for Faith; that his Quotations were not proper for the Subject, as he had treated it, and could be us'd by *Catholicks* in Favour of their Arguments, and that without caſting away Faith, of which the Biſhop own'd that he himſelf had ſufficient Share, no Arguments could confute thoſe excellent Tenets believ'd and commanded to be believ'd by the Church, and he farther inſiſted, that it was as eaſy to a faithful Mind to believe Tranſubſtantiation as to believe the Trinity, the Incarnation, Miraculous Conception, or any other inconceivable Myſtery, and begg'd of the Biſhop to take the whole of the Chriſtian Religion into his Heart, and not content himſelf with believing Part in Diſobedience to the Church, to the Scripture, and the Hazard of his Eternal Welfare; he went on and ſaid, If it were poſſible for any Man to raiſe the Dead in Proof of any other Religion than that acknowledg'd by the *Roman* Church, it would not ſhake his Creed, and I would to God, ſaid he, that you and I might be ſtripp'd and turn'd out naked in this cold Night, diveſted of all our Subſtance and Means of Feeding, upon Condition you thought ſo too. This ſhew'd him confirm'd, and the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, who told this Converſation to a Friend of his a dignified Clergyman, tho' not a Biſhop; ſaid he never did intend to ſpeak to him any more on the Subject of Religion, yet he did, and oftentimes wrote too, but found him quite immoveable.

The laſt Time he wrote, mixing Matters of Religion with other Subjects, was on the Death of Mr. *Pope*'s Father, a Letter of Comfort and Advice to him to reſign all to the Will of the Divine Being, without immoderate Sorrow. And ſpeaking of his Father's

Father's moral Character, he ſays: "That the "Goodneſs of his Life outweigh'd all his Faith and "Prayers." He adviſes him, and ſays, "He can-"not help it, that ſomething puſhes him on as it "were ſtill to ſtrive with him." And concludes with ſaying, "'Tis indeed a very great Pity the "Proteſtant Church ſhould be without ſuch an Or-"nament; that tho' he had loſt a Parent, God "would be his Father; and that 'tis certain, not-"withſtanding his Mind might be quiet now through "Abſolution and Faith, he would, on eſpouſing the "Reform'd Religion, feel a Soul more ſatisfied, "and a certain Earneſt and Anſwer of Peace; which "he thinks incompatible with ſo much Reliance on "Men, Traditions, Pardons, and Indulgencies." To this Letter Mr. *Pope* made Anſwer, *November* 20, 1717.

My Lord,

I Am truly obliged by your kind Condolcance on my Father's Death, and the Deſire you expreſs that I ſhould improve this Incident to my Advantage. I know your Lordſhip's Friendſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in that Wiſh both my ſpiritual and temporal Advantage; and it is what I owe to that Friendſhip to open my Mind unreſervedly to you on this Head. It is true, I have loſt a Parent for whom no Gains I could make would be any Equivalent. But that was not my only Tye: I thank God another ſtill remains (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender Nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi*—and excuſe me if I ſay with *Euryalus*,

———*nequeam lachrymas preferre parentis.*

A rigid Divine may call it a carnal Tye, but ſure it is a virtuous one; at leaſt I am more certain, that it is

is a Duty of Nature to preſerve a good Parent's Life and Happineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative Point whatever.

——Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this Separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my Part, know as little as poor *Euryalus* did of the Succeſs of ſuch an Adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of the moſt poſitive Divinity.) Whether the Change would be to my ſpiritual Advantage, God only knows: This I know, that I mean as well in the Religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in another. Can a Man who thinks ſo juſtify a Change, even if he thought both equally good? To ſuch an one, the Part of joining with any Body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo to renounce the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to read the beſt Controverſies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a Secret? I did ſo at fourteen Years old, (for I love Reading, and my Father had no other Books) there was a Collection of all that had been written on both Sides in the Reign of King *James* the Second: I warm'd my Head with them, and the Conſequence was, that I found myſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by Turns, according to the laſt Book I read. I am afraid moſt Seekers are in the ſame Caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted as out-witted. You ſee how little Glory you would gain by my Converſion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame Religion if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another, and that all honeſt and reaſonable Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together

every

every Day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in Peace with their Neighbour.

As to the *temporal* Side of the Queſtion, I can have no Diſpute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial Circumſtances of Life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the Part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any Talents for active Life, I want Health for it; and beſides it is a real Truth, I have leſs Inclination (if poſſible) than Ability. Contemplative Life is not only my Scene, but it is my Habit too. I begun my Life where moſt People end theirs, with a Diſreliſh of all that the World calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis call'd ſo, for to me it always ſeem'd to be *ſtooping* or *climbing*. I'll tell you my politick and religious Sentiments in a few Words. In my Politicks, I think no farther than how to preſerve the Peace of my Life, in any Government under which I live; nor in my Religion, than to preſerve the Peace of my Conſcience, in any Church with which I communicate. I hope all Churches and all Governments are ſo far of God, as they are rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater Inſtruments than I am. I am not a *Papiſt*, for I renounce the temporal Invaſions of the Papal Power, and deteſt their arrogated Authority over Princes, and States. I am a Catholick, in the ſtricteſt Senſe of the Word. If I was born under an abſolute Prince, I would be a quiet Subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due Senſe of the Excellence of the *Britiſh* Conſtitution. In a Word, the Things I have always wiſh'd to ſee are not a *Roman*

man Catholick, or a *French* Catholick, or a *Spaniſh* Catholick, but a True Catholick: And not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of *England*. Which God of his Mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all future Majeſties! You ſee, my Lord, I end like a Preacher: This is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me with infinite Obligation and ſincere Thanks, ever

Your, &c.

This cool Reply ſatisfied him for the preſent, and he ſoon going over to the Pretender's Intereſt, he, as I ſaid before, never tamper'd any more with Mr. *Pope* about Religion.

There was no Reſerve between them, for when he ſaw Mr. *Pope*'s Epitaph on Mr. *Harcourt*, he ſhew'd his Diſlike of it, and wrote as follows:

March 26, 1721.

I Thank you for the Sight of your Verſes, and with the Freedom of an honeſt, though perhaps injudicious Friend, muſt tell you; that tho' I could like ſome of them, if they were any Body's elſe but your's, and to be own'd as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the four firſt Lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond Couplet; and might if follow'd by four others as good, give Reputation to a Writer of a leſs eſtabliſh'd Fame: But from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect Kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admir'd. When you barely exceed other Writers, you fall much below yourſelf: 'Tis your Misfortune now to writte without a Rival, and to be tempted by that Means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your Compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, though I have a Motion of Conſequence in the Houſe of Lords to-day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill Paper; for I write upon worſe having no other at Hand. I wiſh you the Continuance of your Health moſt heartily; and am ever

Your, &c.

In the Year 1721, the Biſhop retir'd to *Bromley*, ſtill keeping on the Correſpondence which ended in his Ruin, yet he took ſuch Care to prepare, in Caſe of Examination, a Shew of Innocence, that he wrote few Letters with his own Hand, ſign'd none, and wrote in Cypher, the Letters ſome were ſworn by the Hand-writing to be believ'd to have been wrote by one *Kelly*, who was a *Romiſh* Prieſt conceal'd in lay Habit, and after made his Eſcape from the *Tower*. One Letter he confeſs'd to, it being taken upon his own Servant. In this Letter, the Biſhop doth not inſiſt on his Innocence in general, but conſiders what Evidence doth affect him: He ſays in the Letter, If I can't ward off the Blow, I muſt be a Priſoner ſome Years without Remedy. His Knowledge of *Kelly* was prov'd, but he denies any Intimacy, Journies to and from *Bromley*, and thoſe attended with very odd Circumſtances, yet he generally liv'd at Home, and ſeldom ſtirr'd out of his Chamber, except to Dinner: He receiv'd Perſons that viſited him, and was denied to none. His Domeſticks, nor common Acquaintance never obſerv'd any Appearance of any ſuch Thing. There was no Evidence among his Papers, tho' they were all ſeiz'd at both his Houſes, and all his Servants confin'd; one eleven Weeks in the *Tower* who was twice ſearch'd, and he himſelf was ſearch'd alſo. In his Youth he ſtudied *Tillotſon* much, and wrote in

in Defence of *Martin Luther*, and died at laſt a Proteſtant *February* 15, 1732. In the latter Part of his Speech at the Bar of the Houſe of Lords, againſt the Bill then depending in his own Defence, he addreſſes them thus:

MY Lords, as to the Pains and Penalties contained in this Bill, they are great and grievous, beyond Example in their Nature and Direction.

I am here, my Lords, and have been here expecting an immediate Tryal. I have, my Lords, declined no Impeachment. The Correſpondence with the Earl of ——— was made Treaſon, but with me 'tis only Felony, if there is one Witneſs to prove it. He was allow'd the Converſation of his Children, by the expreſs Word of the Act; mine are not ſo much as to write ſo as to be ſent to me.

What is moſt particular in my Caſe, I will repeat diſtinctly, that my Reverend Brethren may hear it. I am rendered incapable of uſing or exerciſing any Office, Function, Authority, or Power Eccleſiaſtical, not only in his Majeſty's Dominions, but any where elſe: Very hard! ſuch Spiritual Power as is not derived from Men, but God himſelf, ſhould be taken from me.

My Lords, I inſiſt on my Innocence; that I am not guilty; and if am not prov'd ſo, your Lordſhips will thus judge; if otherwiſe, I perſwade myſelf I ſhall find ſome Degree of Mercy.

You will not ſtrip a Man of his Subſtance, and then ſend him where he cannot ſubſiſt; you will not ſend him among Strangers, and then hinder others from performing Humanity to him; you will not give him leſs Time to order his Affairs, and depart the Kingdom, than the Bill hath taken in paſſing through both Houſes.

You will not diveſt him of all his Preferments, the chiefeſt Privileges he hath left, becauſe of his Confinement; nor render him to any of his poor Fellow Subjects leſs uſeful.

The great Man I laſt mention'd, carry'd a great Fortune with him into Foreign Parts, and had the Languages; was well acquainted abroad: The Reverſe of all this is my Caſe; I indeed am like him in nothing but his Innocence, and his Puniſhment. It is in no Man's Power to make us differ in the one, but 'tis in your Lordſhips Power to make us differ widely in the other; and I hope your Lordſhips will do it.

But to ſum up the Arguments: It hath been frequently obſerved, that the higher the Crimes are, the fuller the Proofs ought to be. Here is a Charge of High Treaſon brought againſt me, with no Evidence at all.

My Lords pardon me, what is not Evidence at Law, can never be made ſo by any Power on Earth; for the Law that required the Evidence, is as much the Law of the Land, as that which declares the Crime.

It is equally unjuſt to declare any Proof legal, becauſe of my Proſecution: As extraordinary would it be, to declare the Acts themſelves, *ex poſt facto*.

Never was there a Charge of ſo high a Nature, and ſo weakly proved!

A Perſon dead, ſo that there is not an Opportunity to falſify him, by contradicting him, ſupported not by any one Evidence, not by any one Proof of any Thing that hath been writ or receiv'd by me, not even by any one criminal Word, prov'd to have been ſpoken by me; but by intercepting Letters and Correſpondence, in which appears not the leaſt Certainty.

Some

Some of those Letters, shewn to Persons, with a Design to fasten something on them; others writ in Cyphers and fictitious Names, throwing out dark and abstruse Hints of what Persons went by those Names, sometimes true and sometimes doubtful, and often false, who continue all the while Strangers to the whole Transaction, and never makes the Discovery, 'till he feels and finds it advancing itself towards him: My Lords, this is my Case in short.'

I have a hard Task to prove my Innocence: Shall I stand committed before your Lordships on such an Evidence as this? The Hearsay of an Hearsay; a Party dead, and that deny'd what he said; by strange and obscure Passages and fictitious Names in Letters; by the Conjectures of Decypherers, without any Opportunity given me of examining and looking into the Truth of their Decyphering; by the Depositions of Post Office Clerks about the Similitude of Hands; their Depositions made at distant Times, and without comparing any one of the Originals, by a strange Interpretation of them; for nothing more, I am perswaded, can be made of the Arguments, than what is called the intercepted Correspondence.

Shall I, my Lords, be depriv'd of all that is dear to me, and in the Circumstances I am in, scarce able to bear up, and by such an Evidence as would not be admitted in any other Cause, or in any other Court.

And shall it be received against a Bishop of this Church, and a Member of this House? God forbid. Give me Leave to make Mention of a Text in Holy Writ: *Against an Elder receive not an Accusation, but by two or three Witnesses.* It is not said, Condemn him not upon an Accusation, *&c.* but receive it not; and I am something more than an Elder, and shall an Accusation against me be counte-

nanced, without any one Inſtance or Proof to ſupport it?

This is not directly Matter of Eccleſiaſtical Conſtitution: There you read one Witneſs ſhall not riſe up againſt an Elder; but here, at the Mouth of two Witneſſes or three Witneſſes, ſhall the Matter be eſtabliſhed; And as this Rule was tranſlated in the State of the Church, People always thought fit to follow it.

Shall I be the firſt Biſhop in this Church, condemn'd upon Conjecture, on fictitious Names and obſcure Paſſages in Letters, inſtead of two or three Witneſſes?

Will not others endeavour to make the ſame Precedent, and deſire the ſame Influence of it to ſucceeding Ages, and even concur in ſuch an Act, in order to render me incapable of uſing or exerciſing any Power or Authority, *&c.* Is this good Divinity, or good Policy?

As to the Juſtice of the Legiſlature, in ſome Reſpects it hath as great a Power as the Sovereign Legiſlator of the Univerſe; but he can do nothing unjuſt. But tho' there are no Limits to be ſet to a Parliament, yet they are generally thought to incline themſelves, to guide their Proceedings in Criminal Caſes, according to the known Law.

The Parliament may order a Criminal to be tortur'd, Who can ſay they cannot? But they never did, nor ever will, I hope; becauſe Torture is uſed in other Countries, and not known here.

Is it not torturing to inflict Pains and Penalties on Perſons ſuſpected of Guilt, not plainly prov'd guilty? It is not much unlike it. The Parliament may, if they pleaſe, as well as upon a Bill of perpetual Impriſonments, upon a Bill of perpetual Exile reſerve to the Crown a Power to determine the one as well

as

as the other: They have ſo enacted it in the one Caſe, but they have not enacted it in the other. The Law knows nothing of ſuch abſolute perpetual Impriſonments.

The Law may, in like Manner, condemn a Man on a Charge of accumulated and conſtructive Treaſon: They did ſo in the Caſe of the great Lord *Strafford*, and that by accumulated and conſtructive Proof of ſuch Treaſon; that is, by ſuch Proofs, and well interpreted, as plainly to communicate Light and Strength to each other, and ſo to have all Force without the Formality of Evidence. Was ſuch Proof ever admitted by any one, to deprive his Fellow Subject of his Fortune, of his Eſtate, his Friends, and Country, and ſend him in his old Age, without Language or Hope, without Employment to get the Neceſſaries of Life, to ſtarve? I ſay again, God forbid.

My Ruin is not of that Moment to any Number of Men, to make it worth their while to violate, or even to ſeem to violate their Conſtitution in any Degree, which they ought to preſerve againſt any Attempts whatſoever.

But where once ſuch extraordinary Steps as theſe are taken, and we depart from the fixed Rules and Forms of Juſtice, and try untrodden Paths, no Man knows where he ſhall ſtop.

Tho' I am worthy of no Regard, tho' whatſoever is done to me may, for that Reaſon, be look'd upon to be juſt, yet your Lordſhips will have ſome Regard to your own laſting Intereſt, and that of Poſterity.

This is a Proceeding with which the Conſtitution is not acquainted; which, under the Pretence of ſupporting it, will at laſt effectually deſtroy it.

For God's Sake, lay aſide theſe extraordinary Proceedings; ſet not up theſe new and dangerous

Proceedings; I, for my Part will voluntarily and chearfully go into perpetual Baniſhment, and pleaſe myſelf that I am, in ſome Meaſure, the Occaſion of putting a Stop to ſuch Precedents, and doing ſome Good to my Country; and will live wherever I am, praying for its Proſperity; and do, with the Words of Father *Paul* to the State of *Venice*, ſay, *Eſto Perpetuo:* It is not my departing from it; let me depart, and let my Country be fix'd upon the immoveable Foundation of Law and Juſtice, and ſtand for ever.

I have, my Lords, taken up much of your Lordſhips Time, yet I muſt beg your Attention a little longer. Some Part of my Charge hath been diſprov'd by direct and full Evidence, particularly of writing the Letters of the 20th of *April*, or that I knew who wrote them, which I utterly deny that I ever did or as yet do know. Other Parts of the Charge there are, which are not capable of ſuch Diſproof, or indeed require it; there I reſt. But, my Lords, there is ſtill a Way allow'd of vindicating myſelf. It is generally Negative; that is, by proteſting and declaring my Innocence to your Lordſhips, in the moſt deliberate, ſerious, and ſolemn Manner; and appealing to God the Searcher of Hearts, as to the Truth of what I ſay, as I do it in what follows: I am charg'd in the Report with directing a *Correſpondence* to Mr. *Kelly*; but I ſolemnly deny that I ever, directly or indirectly, ſaw a ſingle Line of any of their Letters till I met with them in Print: Nor was the Contents of any of them communicated to me. I do in the next Place deny, that I was ever privy to any Memorial to be drawn up to be deliver'd to the Regent: Nor was I ever acquainted with any Account to be made on the King's going to *Hanover*, or at the Time of the Election;

Election: Nor did I hear the leaſt Rumour of the Plot to take Place after the breaking up of the Camp, till ſome Time after Mr. *Layer*'s Commitment. I do with the ſame Solemnity declare, that I never collected, remitted, receiv'd, or aſk'd any Money of any Man to facilitate theſe Deſigns; nor was I ever acquainted with, or had any Remittances whatſoever from any of thoſe Perſons. That I never remitted or drew any Declaration, Minutes, or Paper, in the Name of the Pretender, as is expreſsly charg'd upon me. And that I never knew of any Commiſſion iſſued, Preparations of Arms, Officers, or Soldiers, or the Methods taken to procure any, in order to raiſe an Inſurrection in theſe Kingdoms. All this I declare to be Truth, and will ſo declare to the laſt Gaſp of my Breath.

And I am ſure, the further your Lordſhips examine into this Affair, the more you will be convinc'd of my Innocency: Yet they contain all the Capital Articles of which I am accus'd in the Report of the Houſe of Commons.

Had the Charge been as fully prov'd as aſcertained, it had been vain to make Proteſtations of my Innocence, tho' never ſo ſolemn.

But as the Charge is ſupported by the ſlighteſt Probabilities, and which cannot be diſprov'd in any Inſtance, without proving a Negative; allow the ſolemn Aſſeverations of a Man in Behalf of his own Innocence to have their due Weight; and I aſk no more, than that they may have as much Influence with your Lordſhips as they have of Truth.

If in any Account there ſhall ſtill be thought by your Lordſhips to be any ſeeming Strength in the Proofs againſt me: If by your Lordſhips Judgments, ſpringing from unknown Motives, I ſhall be thought to be guilty: If for any Reaſons, or Neceſſity of State,

State, in Wiſdom and Juſtice, of which I am no competent Judge: If your Lordſhips ſhould proceed to paſs this Bill againſt me, I ſhall diſpoſe myſelf quietly and tacitly to ſubmit to what you do: GOD's Will be done. *Naked came I out of my Mother's Womb, and Naked ſhall I return*; and whether He gives or takes away, *Bleſſed be the Name of the* LORD.

This was on the 11th of *May*, 1723, and the next Month he went into Exile. Whilſt he was Priſoner in the Tower, he wrote to Mr. *Pope* a Letter dated *April* 10, 1723, which Mr. *Pope* has anſwered in two; the Letters are copied underneath.

Dear Sir, *The* Tower, *April* 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all the Inſtances of your Friendſhip, both before, and ſince my Misfortunes. A little Time will complete them, and ſeparate you and me for ever. But in what Part of the World ſoever I am, I will live mindful of your ſincere Kindneſs to me; and will pleaſe my ſelf with the Thought, that I ſtill live in your Eſteem and Affection, as much as ever I did; and that no Accidents of Life, no Diſtance of Time, or Place, will alter you in that Reſpect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valu'd you, ever ſince I knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allow'd to tell yo ſo; as the Caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithful Service to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and Thanks for what he ſent me, which was much to the Purpoſe, if any Thing can be ſaid to be to the Purpoſe, in a Caſe that is already determin'd. Let him know my Defence will be ſuch, that neither my Friends need bluſh for me, nor will my Enemies have great Occaſion of Triumph, tho' ſure of the Victory.

Victory. I ſhall want his Advice before I go abroad, in many Things. But I queſtion whether I ſhall be allow'd to ſee him, or any Body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary towards the Diſpatch of my private Affairs. If ſo, may God bleſs you both! and may no Part of the ill Fortune that attends me ever purſue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my Hearing, to ſay ſomewhat about my Way of ſpending my Time at the Deanery, which did not ſeem calculated towards managing Plots and Conſpiracies. But of that I ſhall conſider——You and I have ſpent many Hours together on much pleaſanter Subjects; and, that I may preſerve the old Cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now till I have clos'd this Letter, with three Lines of *Milton*, which you will I know, readily and not without ſome Degree of Concern apply to your ever affectionate, *&c.*

Some natural Tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
The World was all before him, where to chuſe
His Place of Reſt, and Providence *his Guide.*

Mr. POPE's *Anſwers.*

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but for you, for ſome Time paſt: and ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the Time to come. The greateſt Comfort I had was an Intention (which I ſhould have made practicable) to have attended you in your Journey, to which I had brought that Perſon to conſent, who only could have hindered me, by a Tye which, tho' it may be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong, than that of Friendſhip. But I fear there will be no Way left me to tell you this great Truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am

am grateful to you, that I entirely eſteem and value you: No Way but that One, which needs no open Warrant to authorize it, or ſecret Conveyance to ſecure it; which no Bills can prelude, and no Kings prevent; a Way that can reach to any Part of the World where you may be, where the very Whiſper or even the Wiſh of a Friend muſt not be heard, or even ſuſpected: By this Way, I dare tell my Eſteem and Affection of you, to your Enemies in the Gates; and you, and they, and their Sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to know me for the Friend I am; in judging that the Manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a Point of the higheſt Concern to me: And aſſuring me it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your Friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do your ſelf the beſt and moſt laſting Juſtice: The Inſtruments of your Fame to Poſterity will be in your own Hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful Work, and calls you to it this ſevere Way? Yo may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the Publick even now, than in the Stations you have ſo honourably fill'd. Think of *Tully*, *Bacon*, and *Clarendon*: It is not the latter, the diſgrac'd Part of their Lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have liv'd?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the Wiſh you expreſs, that no Part of your Misfortune may purſue me. But God knows I am every Day leſs fond of my native Country, (ſo torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to conſider a Friend in Exile as a Friend in Death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepar'd to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the Roads and Voyages of another World may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing Hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that there is no One, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftner or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a State between both, in which you will have from me all the Passions and warm Wishes that can attend the living, and all the Respect and tender Sense of Loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant Friendship, kind Memory, and good Offices, tho' I were never to see or hear the good Effects of them: like the Trust we have in benevolent Spirits, who, tho' we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every Time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the Honour, the Pleasure, the Pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguish'd me, how cordially you have advis'd me! In Conversation, in Study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful Hours, I shall equally bear about me, the Impressions of you: And perhaps it will not be in this Life only, that I shall have Cause to remember and acknowledge the Friendship of the Bishop of *Rochester*.

I am, *&c.*

May 1723.

ONCE more I write to you as I promis'd, and this once I fear will be the last! The Curtain will soon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing be left but to wish you a long good Night. May you enjoy a State of Repose in this Life, not unlike that

that Sleep of the Soul which ſome have believ'd is to ſucceed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleaſed you beſt; ſometimes preſent a Dream of an abſent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Converſation. But upon the Whole I hope you will think leſs of the Time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men againſt whom you have no Complaint, I mean of all Poſterity: And perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing elſe is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wiſe Man's Life but a Cenſure or Critick on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe Date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one Half of it: The Boy deſpiſes the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a Puerility; and you'll never ſuffer your Age to be but a ſecond Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe Toys of our riper and of our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society and made a Citizen of the World at large, you ſhould bend your Talents not to ſerve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius ſhould mount above that Miſt in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth long involv'd it; to ſhine abroad and to Heav'n, ought to be the Buſineſs and the Glory of your preſent Situation. Remember it was at ſuch a Time, that the greateſt Lights of Antiquity dazled and blazed the moſt, in their

Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death: But why do I talk of dazling or blazing? It was then that they did good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guides to Mankind.

Thoſe Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be your's. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſh'd, in the nobleſt Minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: Higher Principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better Principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence Men, whoſe Thoughts and whoſe Hearts are enlarg'd, and cauſe them to prefer the Whole to any Part of Mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a Part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit enter'd into another Life, as one juſt upon the Edge of Immortality; where the Paſſions and Affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little Views, and all mean Retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you. But take Care that it be not with Pity, but with Eſteem and Admiration.

I am with the greateſt Sincerity, and Paſſion for your Fame as well as Happineſs,

Your, &c.

This was a very great Trouble to Mr. *Pope*, who when he could get the Biſhop with him, us'd to give all his Time to him, and made great Lamentation at his Baniſhment, exclaiming that he thought himſelf a moſt unfortunate Wretch, for that he no ſooner lov'd, and upon Knowledge fix'd his Eſteem upon any Man, but either he died like Mr. *Craggs*, or was ſent to Baniſhment like the Biſhop. Not-

Notwithſtanding the great Intimacy and continual Correſpondence of Mr. *Pope* with the Biſhop, both before the Time of his Impriſonment, during that Time, and after his Baniſhment, it does not appear that Mr. *Pope*'s Name was ever called in Queſtion; for he had got the Art of keeping in with both Parties; and at the ſame Time that he was in great Favour with the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Lords *Bolingbroke*, *Oxford*, and *Harcourt*, Dr. *Swift*, Mr. *Prior*, and others of the *Tory* Party, he did not fail in his Court to the Lord *Halifax*, Mr. *Addiſon*, Mr. *Craggs*, and moſt of thoſe who were at the Head of the *Whig* Intereſt. He wrote to Mr. *Addiſon*, that he was only deſirous of getting as much by the *Whigs* as he had done by the *Tories*, that was to ſay Civility: But a *Jacobite* one Day ſpeaking to him the Senſe or Nonſenſe of the Weak of his Party, very fairly ſaid, That the good People took it ill of him, that he ſhould write with *Steele* tho' upon never ſo indifferent a Subject: At which he laugh'd, ſaid he hated a Narrowneſs of Soul in any Party; that if he renounc'd his Reaſon in religious Matters, he ſhould hardly do it in any other; and that he could pray not only for oppoſite Parties but even for oppoſite Religions. In Fact, he knew his Intereſt better than to differ with the Great; and if they enter'd into Quarrels among themſelves, he never intereſted himſelf on either Side, as appears in his continual Friendſhip and Favour both with the Lords *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, when the Difference aroſe between them in the latter End of the Reign of Queen *Anne*; who had been miſerably miſled by *Oxford* and others, and ſcarcely took one right Step in Government Affairs after the Death of her Huſband, the Prince of *Denmark*. She was for ſometime wholly influenced by Mrs. *Maſham*, ſince Lady *Maſham*; a Tool of *Oxford*'s;

Oxford's; an indigent Relation of the Dutchess of *Marlborough*; compassionated and relieved by her, and then recommended to be and made one of the Bed-chamber Women to the Queen. This Woman, without any seeming Significancy, or any Thing to call a Character, (except a pretended Zeal to the Church, with which she inflamed the Heart of the Queen, and a Means she had found of incapacitating the Queen for Business, and answering for her,) supplanted the Dutchess in the Queen's Favour, and fill'd up all her Places as fast as she resign'd them. Nay, she so wrought upon the Weakness of that mistaken Princess, that she did not see the Dutchess for some Years before her Death, nor would hear her speak, tho' sollicited with Tears; always repeating the same Words, which was the Custom of her Father King *James*, that she might write. It must appear strange, that so very mean and at first despicable an Instrument, without any of the Qualities necessary for those who have the Ears of Princes, should be able to whisper out of Favour, and at last banish from the Royal Presence, a Lady of the Experience and consummate Abilities of the Dutchess of *Marlborough*; who had liv'd in a continued Friendship carried to an uncommon Height with the Queen, insomuch, to make it so that they might correspond with more Openness, and without any Distance, the Queen divested herself of her Royalty and Name, and sign'd all her Letters to the Dutchess *Morley*, which she answered under the Name of *Freeman*.

It was while the Queen was under the bad Management of Lady *Masham*, the Lords *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* became at Variance; but the Queen's Death putting them both out of Play, the Consequences that must necessarily have follow'd the Schemes, then not only projected but brought for-

ward into Laws, were happily prevented. The Schiſm Bill, which was to have been put in Force that very Day, the Firſt of *Auguſt*, was neglected and trampled on; and the next Seſſion of Parliament revers'd, Liberty, and Liberty of Conſcience began to take Root again in theſe Kingdoms; where may they bloom and flouriſh, under Proteſtant Princes, as long as Time ſhall endure.

Whoever is deſirous to look further into this Period of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, will do well to read the Report of the Secret-Committee for the Year 1715.

It was about a Year before the Death of the Queen that Dr. *Atterbury* was made Dean of *Weſtminſter*, and Biſhop of *Rocheſter*; and he then entering heartily into the Meaſures of that bad Adminiſtration, it gave him a Taint which mix'd with all that he ever afterwards tranſacted.

An anonymous Poem, called *An Epiſtle to Alexander Pope, Eſq; occaſioned by ſome of his late Writings*, which was wrote ſoon after his *Characters of Women*, mentions the Biſhop and the Schiſm Bill together thus:

That mitred Friend, the *Moloch* of our Land,
In Sacrifice our Children did demand;
Dreadful Subjection, and Obedience dire!
To let them paſs to him thro' *Papal* Fire:
Even *Swift* abhorr'd it, and wilt thou refuſe
To join thy wittieſt Friend and Rival Muſe?
Pride of our Language, thy immortal Strain
Was ne'er deſign'd to follow Faction's Train;
'Tis taking from thyſelf the Poet's Crown,
And teaching others how to pull thee down:
No, reign ſecure the Monarch of ſweet Lays,
And let it be our Parts to give thee Praiſe:
Follow no more the Objects of our Shame;
Nor gild thoſe Statues that are dead to Fame, &c.

The

The Bishop in his Banishment suffered Ten Thousand Deaths, always languish'd after his Country, and never relish'd the Manners nor Customs of *France*; tho' as to his Health, he had it rather better than in *England*. And now, notwithstanding he had been declared an Enemy to his Country, had Pains and Penalties inflicted on him, and knew himself hated by the Body of the People of *England*, he was still desirous to appear as honourable to them as he could; and being branded by Mr. *Oldmixon* of a Fraud in Regard to *Clarendon*'s History, he sent to Mr. *Pope* a Justification of his Innocence on this Head.

This Mr. *Oldmixon* pretended to be a Writer of Secret History; but as his History (if such a Lump of Lies deserves that Name) has been hiss'd out of the World, we shall only insert the Bishop's Vindication.

To Mr. POPE.

Dear Sir,

YOU will wonder to see me in Print, but how could I avoid it? The Dead and the Living, my Friends and my Foes, at home and abroad, call upon me to say something; and the Reputation of an * History, which I and all the World value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed here, in Hopes that somebody afterward may venture to reprint in *England*, notwithstanding those two frightening Words at the Close of it.† Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a Sight of it, who I know will read it with some Degree of Satisfaction, as it is mine, tho' it should have (as it really

* Lord *Clarendon*'s. † His Name.

really has) nothing elſe to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*: For that may well be the Caſe, conſidering that within a few Months I am entering into my Seventieth Year; after which, even the Healthy and the Happy cannot much depend upon Life, and will not, if they are wiſe, much deſire it. Whenever I go, you will loſe a Friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my Circumſtances I can be ſaid to be loſt to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilſt living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. *Morice*, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himſelf in a Fault, for not giving you due Notice of his Motions. It was not amiſs that you forbore writing to me on a Head, wherein I promis'd more than I was able to perform. Diſgraced Men fancy ſometimes that they preſerve an Influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they ſoon ſee their Miſtake. I did ſo, my good Friend, and acknowledge it under my Hand. You ſounded the Coaſt and found out my Error, it ſeems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this Subject.

What are you doing in *England* to the Honour of Letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you purſue the moral * Plan you mark'd out, and ſeem'd ſixteen Months ago ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it perfected ere I die? And are you to enjoy the Reputation of it while I live? Or do you rather chuſe to leave the Marks of your Friendſhip, like the Legacies of a Will, to be read and enjoy'd only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the Manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But alas! there is and will

* The *Eſſay on Man*.

will ever probably be, a great Deal of Land and Sea between us. How many Books have come out of late in your Parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them; the Catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much Trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed to challenge any Part of my Time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquander'd whole Days heretofore, now huſband Hours, when the Glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſ-ſpend them on Trifles. At the End of the Lottery of Life, our laſt Minutes, like Tickets left in the Wheel, riſe in their Valuation. They are not of ſo much Worth perhaps in themſelves, as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with Reaſon. I do ſo, my dear Friend, and yet think the moſt precious Minutes of my Life are well employ'd, in reading what you write. But this is a Satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore muſt betake myſelf to others, which are leſs entertaining. Adieu, dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the Heroes of the *Dunciad*. It was neceſſary for me either to accept of his dirty Challenge, or to have ſuffer'd in the Eſteem of the World by declining it. My Reſpects to your Mother: I ſend a Paper for Dean *Swift*, if you have an Opportunity, and think it worth your while to convey it. My Country, at this Diſtance, ſeems to me a ſtrange Sight, I know not how it appears to you who are in the Midſt of the Scene, and yourſelf a Part of it; I wiſh you would tell me. You may write ſafely to Mr. *Morice*, by the honeſt Hand that conveys this, and will return into theſe Parts before *Chriſtmas*: Sketch out a rough Draught of it, that I may be able to judge, whether a Return to it be really eligible, or whether I ſhould not, like the Chymiſt in the Bottle, upon hearing Don *Que*

vedo's Account of *Spain*, desired to be cork'd up again. After all, I do and must love my Country, with all its Faults and Blemishes; even that Part of the Constitution, which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my Side, shall ever be dear to me. My last Wish will be like that of Father *Paul*, *Esto perpetua*; and when I die at a Distance from it, it will be in the same Manner as *Virgil* describes the expiring *Peloponnesian*,

Sternitur, & dulces mores reminiscitur Argos.

Do I still live in the Memory of my Friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your Paper Squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free Concessions on that Head, tho' made with no View of doing me a Pleasure, but merely of loading another.

I am, &c.

FR. ROFFEN.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1731.

I Have lately seen an Extract of some Passages in Mr. *Oldmixon*'s History of *England*. The first of them is said to be taken from his Preface to that History, *page* 9, and runs in these Words.

" I have, in more than one Place of this Hi-
" story, mention'd the great Reason there is to
" suspect, that the History of the Rebellion, as it
" was publish'd at *Oxford*, was not entirely the
" Work of the Lord *Clarendon*; who did indeed
" write an History of those Times, and, I doubt
" not, a very good one; wherein, as I have been
" (I believe) well inform'd, the *Characters* of the
" *Kings* whose Reigns are written, were different
" from what they appear in the *Oxford* History,
" and its Copy, Mr. *Echard*'s. I speak this by
" Hearsay,

" Hearſay, but *Hearſay from a Perſon ſuperior to* " *all Suſpicion, and too illuſtrious to be named*, with- " out Leave.

" I alſo humbly refer it to the Deciſion of *ano-* " *ther very honourable Perſon*, whether there is not, " to his Knowledge, ſuch an Hiſtory, in Manu- " ſcript, ſtill extant; and *to a reverend Doctor*, " *now living*, whether he did not ſee the *Oxford* " Copy, by which the Book is printed, altered, " and interpolated, while it was at the Preſs.

" To which I muſt add, that there is now in " Cuſtody of *a Gentleman of Diſtinction, both for* " *Merit and Quality* *, a Hiſtory of the Rebellion, " of the firſt *Folio* Edition, ſcored, in many Places, " by Mr. *Edmund Smith*, of *Chriſt-Church*, *Oxon.* " Author of that excellent Tragedy, *Phædra* and " *Hippolytus*; who himſelf alter'd the Manuſcript " Hiſtory, and added what he has there mark'd, " as he confeſs'd with ſome of his laſt Words, be- " fore his Death. Theſe Alterations, written with " his own Hand, and to be ſeen by any one that " knows it, may be publiſh'd, on another Occa- " ſion, with a farther Account of this Diſcovery. " In the mean time, for the Satisfaction of the " Public, I inſert a Letter, entire which I receiv- " ed ſince the laſt Paragraph was written.

To Mr. ——— *.

SIR,

" ACcidentally looking on ſome of the Sheets of " your Hiſtory of *England*, during the Reigns

 " of

* *George Duckett*, Eſq; one of the Commiſſioners of Exciſe.

" of the Royal Houſe of *Stuart*, at the Bookſeller's, " I find that you mention the Hiſtory of Lord *Cla-* " *rendon*, wherein you juſtly queſtion the Genuine- " neſs of that Book; in order to put the Matter " out of doubt, I here ſend you the following " Account.

" Mr. *Edmund Smith*, a Man very well known " to the learn'd World, came down to make me " a Viſit at * * *, about *June*, 1710, where he " continu'd till he died, about ſix Weeks after.

" As our Converſation chiefly ran upon Learn- " ing and Hiſtory, you may eaſily think that *Cla-* " *rendon*'s was not forgotten: Upon mentioning " that Book, he frankly told me, that there had " been a fine Hiſtory written by Lord *Clarendon*, " but what was publiſh'd under his Name was only " Patchwork, and might as properly be call'd, the " *Hiſtory of* AL-SMALL *and* ATTERBURY: *For*, " *to his Knowledge*, *'twas alter'd*; nay, *that he* " *himſelf was employ'd by them to interpolate and* " *alter the Original.*

" He then aſk'd me, whether I had the Book by " me? If I had, he would *convince me of the Truth* " *of his Aſſertion*, by the very printed Copy: I " immediately brought him the *Folio* Edition; and " the firſt Thing he turn'd to was the Character " of Mr. *Hampden*, where is that Expreſſion: He " *had a Head to contrive*, *a Heart to conceive*, *and* " *a Hand to execute any Villany.*† *He* then decla-

" red

† The Words are much ſofter in the Hiſtory, where, inſtead of a *Heart to conceive*, we find, *a Tongue to perſwade*; and inſtead of the Word *Villany*, that of *Miſchief*; as the Citation is, in another Part of this Extract. truly made. The unknown Writer of this Letter, i. e.

Col.

" red, *that it was foisted in by those Reverends.* Sir, " I have only to add this, that he not only *under-* " *lined* this Passage, as a Forgery, but gave, during " the short Time he liv'd with me, the same Re- " mark to some Hundreds more.

I am, Sir, &c. ‖

In a second Passage said to be taken from *page* 227 of the History itself, Mr. *Oldmixon* is represented as expressing himself thus:

" In the Character of this great and excellent " Man, Mr. *Hampden*, which we could wish had " escap'd his (Lord *Clarendon*'s) Drawings, or the " Drawings of those clumsey Painters, into whose " Hands his Work fell, there is something so very " false and base, that such Coin could only come " from a College Mint. *(In a Word, what was* " *said of* Cinna, *might well be applied to* Hamp- " den; he *had a Head to contrive*, and *a Tongue to* " *persuade*, and *a Hand to execute any Mischief.* " *His Death, therefore, seem'd to be a great Deli-* " *verance to the Nation.)*

" There are not Words to express the *Infamy* " *of this Slander and Imposture, nor the unparallell'd* " *Wickedness of those Doctors, who foisted so horrid* " *a Reflection into that Character.* The Person who " did it was Mr. *Edmund Smith*, of *Oxford*, Au- " thor of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, a Tragedy; " who, at his Death, confess'd to the Gentleman, " in whose House he died, that, among a great " Number

Col. *Duckett*, while he is charging others with the Crime of falsifying Lord *Clarendon*'s History, should have taken care to stand clear of it himself.

‖ *George Duckett.*

" Number of *Alterations* and *Additions*, which he " himſelf made, in the *Hiſtory of the Rebellion*, *by* " *Order of Dr.* Aldrich, *Dr.* Atterbury, *and Dr.* " Smallridge, *ſucceſſive Deans of* Chriſt-Church, *this* " *very Saying of* Cinna, applied to Mr. *Hampden*, " was one; and when he read it to *one of thoſe* " *Doctors*, he clapp'd him on the Back, and cried, " with an Aſſeveration, *It will do.* The Confeſ- " ſion Mr. *Smith* made, and the Remorſe he ex- " preſs'd for being concern'd in this Impoſture, " were his laſt Words."

A great Part of the firſt of theſe Paſſages, including the Letter, is tranſlated *verbatim* into *French*, and publiſh'd in a Journal, intituled, *Bibliotheque Raiſonnée des Ouvrages des Savans de l'Europe, pour les Mois de Juillet, Aouſt, Septemb.* 1730. *Tome 5me, 1re Partie. A* Amſterdam, *chez les* Wetſteins & Smith 1730. *Art.* 5. *Page* 154, &c.

After which the *Journaliſt* adds the *following Reflexion.*

Cette decouverte fait peu d'Honneur aux trois Theologiens qui ſont nommez dans la Lettre, & qui ont pourtant tenu un grand rang dans l'Angleterre, & dans la Republique des Lettres. Comme Mr. Atterbury, *ci-devant Eveſque de* Rochester, *l'un des trois eſt encore vivant, il ne ſera pas apparemment inſenſible a une accuſation ſi grave; & le Public attend de lui eclairciſſemens que l'intereſt ſeul de ſa reputation ſemble en exiger. S'il ſe tait, dans cette rencontre, il n'y a point de doute que la falſification eſt prouvée; & quand meſme il ne ce tairoit pas, il faut que les eclairciſſemens ſoien bien forts pour detruire ces faits.*

This

This Discovery does little Honour to the three Divines named in the Letter, &c. *As Mr.* Atterbury, *heretofore Bishop of* Rochester, *one of the three, is still living, he will not probably be insensible of so grievous an Accusation; and the Publick expects from him such Accounts of it, as even the Interest of his own Reputation seems to require. If he is silent on this Occasion, the Falsification is prov'd; and should he not be silent, what he shall say, to clear up this Matter, must be very strong, to destroy the Credit of such a Testimony.*

Being called upon in this publick Manner, I think my self oblig'd to declare, that the foregoing Account, in all its Parts, as far as I am any Ways concern'd, is entirely false and groundless; for I never saw my Lord *Clarendon's* History in Manuscript, either before, or since the Edition of it; nor ever read a Line of it, but in Print. It was impossible, therefore, that I should deal with Mr. *Smith* in the Manner represented, with whom (as far as I can recollect) I never exchanged one Word in all my Life; and whom I know not that I ever saw, till after the Edition of that History. If therefore he express'd himself to this Purpose, in his last Moments (as I charitably hope he did not) he wronged me extremely, and died with a Lie in his Mouth.

This Vindication of the Truth and my self, is necessary, since I happen to survive the two other worthy Persons mentioned. Were they alive, they would, I doubt not, be equally able and ready to clear themselves from so foul an Aspersion. As to one of them, Dr. *Smallridge*, the late Bishop of *Bristol*, no Suspicion of this Kind can possibly rest on his Memory, because he was not any Ways concerned in preparing that History for the Press; but as much a Stranger to the Contents of it, as I my self was, till it came forth

forth in Print. I ſpeak with the more Aſſurance on this Head, becauſe my great Intimacy with him, as my Contemporary, both at *Weſtminſter* and *Chriſt-Church*, gave me all the Advantages requiſite towards knowing the Truth of what I ſay: With Dr. *Aldrich*, the third Perſon accus'd, I was acquainted more at a Diſtance: However, being called upon in the Manner I am, I will alſo add what has come to my Knowledge, with regard to the Share He and Others had in the Publication of that Hiſtory.

The reviſing of the Manuſcript (written, as I have heard, not very correctly) was committed to the Care of Biſhop *Sprat*, and Dean *Aldrich*, by the late Earl of *Rocheſter*, who himſelf aſſiſted in that Reviſal, from the Beginning to the End of the Work: So that any Changes, made in it, muſt have had the Conſent of thoſe three Perſons. They were Men of Probity and Truth, and incapable of conſpiring in a Deſign to impoſe on the Publick. I can cite nothing, that is material in this Point, from the Mouth of the *Earl*, with whom I rarely convers'd; but the *Biſhop* and the *Dean*, to whom I ſeverally ſucceeded in the Deaneries of *Chriſt-Church* and *Weſtminſter*, and in the See of *Rocheſter*, have occaſionally more than once aſſured me, that no Additions were made to the Manuſcript Hiſtory: And even the *Earl*, in his Preface to the firſt Volume (for his I take it to be, tho' no Name is affix'd to it) has publickly proteſted his Innocence in this Reſpect, where he declares, that *They who put forth the Hiſtory* (he means himſelf and his Brother, as appears from what follows) *durſt not take upon them to make any Alterations in a Work of this Kind, ſolemnly left with them to be publiſhed, whenever it ſhould be publiſhed, as it was delivered to them.*

Could he, and the other two Perſons by him employed,

ployed, be ſuppoſed to have made any Additions, notwithſtanding ſuch Aſſurances to the contrary, yet their good Senſe (if not their Integrity) would have prevented, at leaſt, their re-touching thoſe *Characters*, which are allowed to be the moſt diſtinguiſhed and moſt beautiful Part of the Work, and to have ſomething of Original in them, that is not to be imitated. The After-ſtrokes of any leſs able Pencil, intermix'd with thoſe of the firſt maſterly Hand, would ſoon be diſcovered: And yet I am perſuaded, the moſt diſcerning Eye can find out no Traces of ſuch a Mixture; no, not in the Character of Mr. *Hampden*, even in thoſe Words, at the Cloſe of it, againſt which Mr. *Oldmixon* ſo warmly declaims; they are perfectly in the Stile and Manner of my Lord *Clarendon*; they contain nothing new in them, but only ſum up, in ſhort, what he had ſcattered through different Parts of the two firſt Volumes. Let the Reflections there made be never ſo ſevere, they may naturally be ſuppoſed, in the Warmth of Compoſure, to have come from the Pen of an Hiſtorian, who had himſelf with Zeal oppoſed Mr. *Hampden*'s Meaſures, and both ſeen and felt the fatal Conſequences of them: But that the Editors of his Hiſtory, no Ways concern'd in thoſe Tranſactions, ſhould, 60 Years afterwards, coolly and deliberately make ſuch a needleſs Inſertion, is not to be imagin'd.

The Complaint, on this and other Heads, ſhould have been brought againſt theſe Editors, while it was capable of being thoroughly examin'd; at preſent, it comes a little too late, unleſs it were better ſupported: Their very Characters, to thoſe who knew them, and the Nature of the Evidence, to thoſe who did not, will be judg'd a ſufficient Confutation of it: For, pray, what is this Evidence? It conſiſts in an *Hear-ſay from a Perſon, ſuperior to all Suſpicion*, it ſeems,

ſeems, but *too Illuſtrious to be named*: In an Appeal to *another very honourable Perſon*, to *a Reverend Doctor now living*, and *to a Gentleman of Diſtinction, both for Merit and Quality*; none of whoſe Names are thought fit to be owned: The only one produced in the Caſe, is that of Mr. *Smith*, *the Author of an excellent Tragedy*; but certainly not an Author of Rank and Weight enough to blaſt the Credit of ſuch an excellent Hiſtory: Of what Uſe can this Teſtimony be to his Purpoſe (even ſuppoſing the Account of it exact) when it is undoubtedly falſe, as to two of the three Perſons it is levelled at, Dr. *Smallridge* and my ſelf; and may therefore be juſtly preſumed alike falſe, as to the third, Dr. *Aldrich*? Mr. *Smith* appears to have been ſo little in the Secret of the Edition of that Book, as not to have known the Hands thro' which it paſſed; and is not therefore to be relied upon in his Accounts of any other Circumſtances relating to it, eſpecially with regard to Dr. *Aldrich*, his Governor at *Chriſt-Church*; for whom his perſonal Averſion, and the true Reaſons of it, are too well underſtood to need explaining. I forbear ſaying any Thing harſh of one, not able to anſwer for himſelf; but many, now alive, who knew them both, know how improbable, and altogether incredible it is, that Mr. *Smith* ſhould have had the leaſt Share in Dr. *Aldrich*'s Confidence, on ſo nice, or, indeed, on any Occaſion. The Gentleman, who ſeems to be *convinced of the Truth of Mr.* Smith's *Aſſertions*, by his having pointed out and *underlined* the Paſſages, *in Print*, which he ſaid he was employed (by the three ſucceſſive Deans) to *interpolate and alter*, in Manuſcript, muſt ſurely have been very willing to be convinced; otherwiſe, he would not have taken a mere Aſſertion for a Proof, in ſuch a Caſe, and from ſuch a Perſon. The Story of this Death-bed Declaration ſlept for about

bout twenty Years; near thirty have paſſed ſince the Hiſtory of the Rebellion was publiſhed (I mean the firſt Part of it) and not a few, ſince the Death of every Perſon that either was, or is falſly ſaid to have been, concerned in that Publication, my ſelf only excepted. I might, probably, at the Diſtance of *Montpelier*, where I was when Mr. *Oldmixon* wrote, never have heard of what he lays to my Charge (Intelligence of that Kind being, as he knows, not very open to me) or, ſhould it reach me, I might yet, in my preſent Circumſtances, be ſuppoſed not over-ſollicitous to appear in the Diſproof of it. The Delay of the Accuſation thereof, if without Deſign, was not without its Advantages; and had it been deferr'd a little longer, till I was not only out of the Way, but out of the World, it had ſtill a fairer Chance towards being uncontradicted, and conſequently credited, I have lived to hear this idle Tale, and to bear Witneſs againſt it: There is no Vanity in hoping, that, old as I am, I ſhall outlive the Belief of it. An *Holland* Journal gave me the firſt Notice how I had been treated, and by that Means an Opportunity of vindicating my ſelf; which I was the rather determined not to decline, becauſe I ſuffered in Company with others, Men of great Note and Merit, thro' whoſe Sides the Authority of a noble and uſeful Part of our *Engliſh* Hiſtory was ſtruck at. Where I only am aſperſed and wronged, I can, I thank God, more eaſily practiſe Patience, and ſubmit to Indignities and Injuries in Silence. A foreign Writer has uſed me, in this Caſe, with greater Civility, and Temper, than Mr. *Oldmixon*, whom I know not that I have ever offended. I forgive him his ill Words, and his hard Thoughts, and only deſire him for the future not to indulge himſelf in ill-natured Relations of this Kind, without better Vouchers. His Attack on me,

and

and on the Dead, who he thought might be inſulted with equal Safety, is no Proof of a generous and worthy Mind; nor has he done any Honour to his own Hiſtory, by the fruitleſs Pains he has taken to diſcredit that of my Lord *Clarendon*; which, like the Character of its Author, will gain Strength by Time; and will be in the Hands and Eſteem of all Men, when Mr. *Oldmixon*'s unjuſt Cenſure of it will not be remember'd, or not regarded.

FR. ROFFEN.

Before I leave ſpeaking of the abovemention'd learned Prelate, I ſhall take the Liberty to add, that he was an excellent Poet, and compos'd ſeveral fine Pieces both in *Latin* and *Engliſh*.

Among his *Latin* Compoſitions, his elegant Tranſlation of Mr. *Dryden*'s *Abſalom and Achitophel* is deſervedly celebrated. He was of great Service to Mr. *Pope* as a friendly Critick; always, like Dean *Swift*, taking the Liberty to condemn any Thing in his Writings, which they thought would prove any Way prejudicial to that Reputation he had acquir'd: They both often us'd to repeat to him a Diſtich out of the Children's Poet, Mr. *Withers*, who furniſh'd the Infant World with Emblems like thoſe of Mr. *Quarles*, no leſs famous, but rather an honeſter Man than the other. Theſe, if they were no Poets, often ſpoke the Truth; and their Writings were always recommended to all under twelve Years of Age, eſpecially Female, by the three beforementioned great Wits:

Thy Credit keep, 'tis quickly gone;
Got by many Actions, loſt by one.

This Leſſon well learn'd by the Biſhop himſelf, or well remember'd, for Dr. *Francis Atterbury* had done many

many laudable Actions, had ſav'd him many a heavy Sigh, ſav'd him from a Thouſand Fears he afterwards went through, and from all the Confuſion ariſing from Guilt, Conviction, and Puniſhment.

But I forget that I am ſpeaking of him as a Poet: The four following ſhort Poems we ſhall find Room for:

HORACE, *Ode* 9. *Book* III.

A Dialogue between *Horace* and *Lydia*.

Horace.

WHilſt I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd
On your ſoft Boſom, ſunk to Reſt,
Phraates was not half ſo bleſt.

Lydia. Whilſt you ador'd no other Face,
Nor lov'd me in the ſecond Place,
My happy celebrated Fame,
Outſhone ev'n *Ilia*'s envy'd Flame.

Horace. Me *Chloe* now poſſeſſes whole,
Her Voice and Lyre command my Soul:
Nor would I Death itſelf decline,
Could her Life ranſom'd be with mine.

Lydia. For me young lovely *Calais* burns,
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns.
Twice would I Life with Eaſe reſign,
Could his be ranſom'd once with mine.

Horace. What if ſweet Love, whoſe Bands we broke,
Again ſhould tame us to the Yoke;
Should baniſh'd *Chloe* ceaſe to reign,
And *Lydia* her loſt Power regain?

Lydia. Tho' *Hesp'rus* be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging Sea,
Lighter than Down, yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

HORACE, *Ode* 3. *Book* IV.

To his Muse, by whose Favour he acquires immortal Fame.

HE, on whose Birth the *Lyric* Queen
Of Numbers smil'd, shall never grace
The *Isthmian* Gauntlet, nor be seen
First in the fam'd *Olympic* Race.
He shall not after Toils of War
And taming haughty Monarch's Pride,
With lawrell'd Brows conspicuous far,
To *Jove's Tarpeian* Temple ride.
But hem the Streams that warbling flow,
Rich *Tyber's* flowery Meads along,
And shady Groves (his Haunts) shall know
The Master of the *Æolian* Song.
Thy Sons of *Rome*, majestick *Rome!*
Have fix'd me in the Poet's Choir,
And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,
Forbear to blame what they admire.
Goddess of the sweet-sounding Lute,
Which thy harmonious Touch obeys,
Who canst the finny Race, tho' mute,
To Cygnet's dying Accents raise;
The Gift it is, that all with Ease
My new unrival'd Honours own;
That I still live, and living please,
O Goddess! is thy Gift alone.

In

In OBITUM *Egregii Juvenis* ***** SHIRLEY.

I.

DUM te canoræ turba sciens lyræ,
Urgent adeptum flebilibus modis,
Hoc dulcis umbra, ne recuses
Officium tenuis Camænæ.

II.

Cui se favebit Phœbus amicior,
Tot illa Famæ, chare Puer, tuæ
Apponet annos, quod caducæ
Mors adimit properata vitæ.

III.

Non hic fideles quod bene feceris,
Chartæ silebunt, te Pudor & Fides,
Commendat, integrique mores,
Et decorans benè nata virtus.

IV.

Præsens fugacem sistere spiritum
Heu! nulla Virtus, nec Pietas moram,
Pudorve, febri luctuosæ
Attulit indomitæque morti.

V.

Quid illa velox profuit indoles
Aut mens virilis? Omnium breve,
Virtutis ævum! præcocisque
Ingenii fragiles honores.

VI.

Sic mille flores inter amabiles
Narcissus horti gloria verticem
Attollit altè, mox reclinem
Sternit humi pluvialis Auster.

EPIGRAM *on his* Miſtreſs's FAN.

FLavia, the leaſt and ſlighteſt Toy
Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ:
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
An Engine of ſmall Force in Love;
Yet ſhe, with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or fairly ſeen,
Directs its wanton Motions ſo,
That it wounds more than *Cupid*'s Bow;
Gives Coolneſs to the matchleſs Dame;
To ev'ry other Breaſt a Flame.

As well as a ſhort Inſcription in *Latin* with a Deſign to have it inſcrib'd on *Dryden*'s Monument, which is all that is to be ſaid of him, and yet nothing more than he deſerves:

Johanni Drideno.

Cui Poeſis Anglicana,
Vim ſuam, ac Veneres debet;
Et ſiquâ in Poſterum augebitur laude,
Eſt adhuc debitura:
Honoris ergo P. &c.

If only *Dryden*'s Name was fix'd below, and his Buſto above, he made theſe Lines, which he did not think improper to be grav'd juſt under the Name:

This *Sheffield* rais'd, to *Dryden*'s Aſhes juſt,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his lawrel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or,

Or, Thus:

More needs not where acknowledg'd Merits reign.
Praiſe is impertinent, and Cenſure vain.

But it was not grav'd on his Monument, nor any Thing but

Under his Buſto

I. Dryden.

Natus 1632, Mortuus Maii 1. 1700.

And below that:

Joannes Sheiffield, Dux Buckinghamienſis poſuit.

There are a few Lines of his wrote in his Exile, which breathe a true Spirit of Knowledge and Moral Philoſophy:

Whate'er the Soul of Nature has deſign'd,
And wrought on Matter, is th'Effect of Mind;
The Form of Subſtance is the Former's Art,
Hence Beauty and Deſign that ſtrike the Heart;
There's nought in ſimple Matter to delight,
'Tis the fair Workmanſhip that takes the Sight.
The beautiful Effect of Mind alone,
Is comely, and in all Things comely ſhown.
Where Mind is not, there Horror need muſt be,
For Matter formleſs, is Deformity.

After his Fall, he was very ſeverely handled by ſeveral Writers, and ſaid to have been always known to be a bad Man, and unworthy the great Charge committed to him as a Biſhop.

The Anonymous Writer to Mr. *Pope* mention'd before ſays:

Then did our Altars all polluted ſtand,
Stain'd with Oblations from his curs'd Hand.

'Tis certain he was an Enemy to his Country and in the Pretender's Intereſt, but as we cannot ſay from what Motive or how perſwaded, we will leave it here, and treading lightly over the Aſhes of the Dead, proceed to ſpeak of Dr. *Swift* that *Engliſh Rabelais*, one of the great Admirers of our Poet and his Works, more eſpecially his Tranſlation of *Homer*. He us'd to ſay moſt Undertakers tranſlated the ancient Poets to Death, but he had tranſlated *Homer* to immortal Life; that now there was no Danger of *England* loſing Ground in Religion or Poetry, ſince ſhe had the Scriptures and *Homer* in the Vulgar Tongue. But no Body was more free with his Faults; the Dean had ſomething in Nature that would expoſe, tho' privately, not publickly and maliciouſly, the leaſt Blot that could be made. To this rectifying and purging Temper, Mr. *Pope* is very much indebted, who alter'd, on the Dean's Advice, (for he was continually making Queries to him) three or four Hundred Places in the *Iliad*; ſome in the Senſe, ſome in the Notes, and ſome few (but feweſt there) in the Verſification. Our Poet remember'd his own Diſtich:

Truſt not yourſelf; but your Defects to know,
Make Uſe of ev'ry Friend and ev'ry Foe.

This made the *Iliad* appear to ſo very great an Advantage; being rectified and touch'd by thoſe, who were able to lead Thouſands of Readers on their bare Recommendation; and it was very natural for they themſelves to approve of what had been alter'd to their Judgment.

Mr. *Pope* uſed to ſend hearty Sighs after the Dean, who was ſo great a Wit, that the Loſs of his Converſation

verſation to one who had ſo much of it, was impoſſible to be born without Regret. He was born in *Ireland* of *Engliſh* Parents, and educated in *Trinity-College* near *Dublin*. He left *Ireland* as ſoon as he had taken Orders, and coming into *England*, Mr. *Giles Jacobs*, in his Lives and Characters of the *Engliſh* Poets, (who gives wretched lame Accounts of every Body) ſays, *he was inform'd* he was entertain'd ſome Time by the famous Sir *William Temple*: Be that as it may, he was receiv'd into the Family of the late Earl *Berkeley*, in the Quality of a Chaplain, and attended his Lordſhip at the Time he was one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland. Mr. *Giles Jacobs* ſays, *he had been told* he was intimate with the late Lord *Hallifax*, but on the Turn of Affairs the Lord *Oxford* drew him into his Intereſt. It is certain he became a mercenary Pen for the Court, wrote the *Examiner*, and ſeveral other State Papers with a prodigious Deal of Spirit, and ſuch a Mixture of Pleaſantry, that he won a great many over from the other Party; for there was none on the other Side able to oppoſe him. He entertain'd the Town with many humorous Pieces; ſome of which, nay moſt of them, coming out with a Name, or with a feign'd one, or in ſome occaſional Paper. He was never imitated with any tolerable Succeſs; tho' when he wrote the Deſcription of the Morning in Town, he requeſted the little Imitators not to pretend to deſcribe the Evening, at the ſame Time mentioning ſome of the Thoughts likely to occur to them on the Subject by Way of Prevention:

A Deſcription of the Morning *in Town.*

NOW hardly here and there a Hackney-Coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.

Now *Betty* from her Maſter's Bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole, to diſcompoſe her own.
The ſlip-ſhod 'Prentice from his Maſter's Door
Had par'd the Dirt, and ſprinkled round the Floor.
Now *Moll* had whirl'd the Mop with dextrous Airs,
Prepar'd to waſh the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
'Till drown'd in ſhriller Notes of Chimney ſweep.
Duns at his Lordſhip's Door began to meet;
And Brick-duſt *Moll* had ſcream'd thro' Half the Street.
The Turnkey now his Flock returning ſees,
Duly let out at Night to ſteal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their ſilent Stands;
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

This, and his Deſcription of a City Shower, are two excellent little Pieces of Wit and Humour.

It would take up too much Room and Time to mention the many Things he has wrote in Proſe and Verſe, and the many Beauties in them; yet ſome we cannot help taking Notice of. The *Tale of a Tub* (which it is ſaid he does not yet own) can be No-body's writing but his: Dean *Swift* ſpeaks thro' the whole Work, but never more (for there 'tis impoſſible to miſtake him for Any-body elſe) than when he ſtrikes his Satire at the real Preſence in the Sacrament. "It will (ſays our Tub Tale-teller) be no "difficult Part to perſuade the Reader that ſo many "Diſcoveries met with great Succeſs in the World; "tho' I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related "much the ſmalleſt Number; my Deſign having "been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt "Benefit for publick Imitation, or which beſt ſerv'd

"to

" to give ſome Idea of the Reach and Wit of the " Inventor."

He had been ſpeaking of Pardons, Bulls, &c. And therefore it need not be wonder'd if by this Time Lord *Peter* was grown exceeding rich: But alas! he had kept his Brain ſo long and ſo violently upon the Rack, that at laſt it ſhook itſelf, and began to turn round for a little Eaſe. In ſhort, what with Pride, Projects, and Knavery, poor *Peter* was grown diſtracted, and conceiv'd the ſtrangeſt Imaginations in the World. In the Height of his Fits (as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of Pride) he would call himſelf God Almighty, and ſometimes Monarch of the Univerſe.

I have ſeen him (ſays my Author) take three old high crown'd Hats, and clap them all on his Head, three Stories high, with a huge Bunch of Keys at his Girdle, and an angling Rod in his Hand; in which Guiſe, whoever went to take him by the Hand, in the Way of Salutation, *Peter* with much Grace, like a well educated Spaniel, would preſent them with his Foot, and if they refus'd his Civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their Chops, and give them a damn'd Kick on the Mouth, which hath ever ſince been called a Salute; whoever walk'd by without paying him their Compliments (having a wonderful ſtrong Breath) he would blow their Hats off into the Dirt. Mean Time, his Affairs at home went upſide down, and his two Brothers had a wretched Time; where his firſt *Bontade* was to kick both their Wives, one Morning out of Doors, and his own too; and in their Stead, gave Orders to pick up the three firſt Strolers could be met with in the Street. A While after he nail'd up the Cellar Door, and would not allow his Brothers a Drop of Drink to their Victuals. Dining one Day at an Alderman's in the City, *Peter* obſerv'd him expatiating, after the Manner

ner of his Brethren, in the Praiſes of his Sirloin of Beef: *Beef, ſaid the Magiſtrate, is the Quinteſſence of Partridge and Quail, and Veniſon, and Pheaſant, and Plumb-pudding, and Cuſtard.*

When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the Fancy of cooking up this Doctrine into uſe, and apply the Precept, in default of a Sirloin, to his brown Loaf: *Bread, ſaid he, dear Brothers, is the Staff of Life; in which Bread is contained, inclusive, the Quinteſſence of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Veniſon, Partridge, Plumb-pudding, and Cuſtard; and to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due Quantity of Water, whoſe Crudities alſo corrected by Yeaſt, or Barm, through which Means, it becomes a wholeſome fumented Liquor, diffus'd through the Maſs of the Bread.*

Upon the Strength of theſe Concluſions, next Day at Dinner, was the brown Loaf ſerved up in all the Formality of a City Feaſt: Come, ſaid *Peter*, *fall too, and ſpare not, here's excellent good Mutton; or hold, now my Hand is in, I'll help you*; at which Words, with much Ceremony, with Fork and Knife, he carves out two Pieces of a Loaf, and preſents each on a Plate to his Brothers: The elder of the two, not ſuddenly entering into Lord *Peter*'s Conceit, began with very civil Language to examine the Myſtery: *My Lord*, ſaid he, *I doubt, with great Submiſſion, here may be ſome Miſtake: What*, ſays *Peter*, *you are pleaſant; come then, let us hear this Jeſt your Head is big with: None in the World, my Lord; but unleſs I am very much deceived, your Lordſhip was pleas'd, a While ago, to let a Word or two fall about Mutton, and I would be glad to ſee it, with all my Heart*: How, ſaid *Peter*, appearing in a great Surprize, *I do not comprehend this at all*——Upon which, the

the younger interposing to set the Business right; *My Lord*, said he, *my Brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the Mutton you promised us to Dinner. Pray*, said *Peter, take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of: If you there don't like your Piece, I will carve you another, though I took that to be the choice Bit of the whole Shoulder. What, then my Lord*, replied the first, *it seems this is a Shoulder of Mutton, all this while. Pray, Sir*, says *Peter, eat your Victuals, and leave off your Impertinence, if you please; for I am not disposed to relish it at present*: But the other could not help being over provok'd at the affected Seriousness of *Peter*'s Countenance: *By G—d, my Lord*, said he, *I can only say, that to my Eyes, and Fingers, and Teeth, and Nose, it seems to be nothing but a Crust of Bread.* Upon which the second put in his Word: *I never saw a Piece of Mutton in my Life, so nearly resemble a Slice from a Twelve-penny Loaf. Look ye, Gentlemen*, cries, *Peter*, in a Rage; *to convince you what a Couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful Puppies you are, I will use but this plain Argument: By G—d it is true, good, natural Mutton, as any in* Leadenhall Market, *and G—d confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise.*

Such a thundering Proof as this left no Room for Objection: The two Unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their Mistake as hastily as they could. *Why truly*, said the first, *upon more mature Consideration. Ay*, says the other interrupting him, *now I have thought better on the Thing, your Lordship seems to have a great deal of Reason. Very well*, said *Peter, here Boy, fill me a Glass of Claret; here's to you both with all my Heart.* The two Brethren, much delighted to see him appeas'd so readily, return'd their most humble Thanks, and said they would be glad

to

to pledge his Lordſhip. *That you ſhall*, ſaid *Peter*; *I am not a Perſon to refuſe you any Thing that is reaſonable*; *Wine moderately taken is a Cordiol, here is a Glaſs a-piece for you*; *'tis true natural Juice of the Grape, none of your damn'd Vintners Brewings.*

Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry Cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful; for it would do them no Hurt. The two Brothers after having perform'd the uſual Office in ſuch delicate Conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient Period at Lord *Peter*, and each other; and finding how Matters were like to go, reſolv'd not to enter on a new Diſpute, but let him carry the Point as he pleas'd; for he was now got into one of his mad Fits, and to argue or expoſtulate farther would ſerve to render him a Hundred Times more untractable.

I have choſe this Quotation, it being a Paſſage particularly mark'd by Mr. *Pope*; who doubtleſs was well inform'd whether the Dean wrote it or no.

There is one Thing worthy Notice, that though it is ſo very keen a Satire on Popery, our Poet never in Writing or Converſation, endeavour'd to leſſen its Value with the Town, or ſtrove to make any Oppoſition to the Arguments in it; perhaps, through Friendſhip to the Author, or that he thought he ſhould gain no Credit by ſetting himſelf againſt a Piece that was quite full of fine Strokes of Wit and Satire, and read with Approbation and Applauſe by every Body.

Gulliver's Travels, *Verſes on his own Death*, *Baucis and Philemon*, *Cadenus and Vaneſſa*, and a great Number more of beautiful Compoſitions ſtand as laſting Proofs of his prodigious great Genius, his Wit ſo lively and extenſive, his Learning ſolid not ſuperficial,

ſuperficial, averſe to all Pedantry, a Scourge of Pedants, a Scourge of Vanity and Folly, wiſe himſelf, who always acted conſiſtent with Prudence, never diſhoneſtly; true to the Party who rais'd him, wrote for Hire, but wrote Truth and what he eſteem'd for the Good of the Nation. He wrote what he would have wrote unpaid, and was an Honour to the Prieſthood without the leaſt Bigotry. He has nor has had no Equal in the Church; the higheſt Dignity he has arriv'd to has been to be made Dean of St. *Patrick*'s. When the Miniſtry chang'd he left off all Thoughts of Courts; he declar'd, he could not ſerve a Party in Oppoſition to all the Obligations he had to a contrary one. With very little Trouble and Application he might have been made a Biſhop; and the higheſt Dignities that could have been conferr'd on him would not have exceeded his Deſerts. Reſiding in *Ireland* altogether, the perſonal Converſation between him and Mr. *Pope* fail'd, and that by Letters was but little in Compariſon of the continual Exchange of Sentiments they were us'd to: A Correſpondence by Letters is ſeldom carried on with overhaſty Replies on either Side, ſomethieg or other intervening and preventing even where the greateſt Friendſhips are ſtill ſurviving. This the Dean complains of to Mr. *Pope* in a Letter dated 1723.

REturning from a Summer Expedition of four Months on account of my Health, I found a Letter from you, with an Appendix longer than yours from Lord *Bolingbroke*. I believe there is not a more miſerable Malady than an Unwillingneſs to write Letters to our beſt Friends, and a Man might be Philoſopher enough in finding out the Reaſons for it; one Thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty Difference betwixt

betwixt Friendſhip and Love, for a Lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribling to his Miſtreſs. If I could permit myſelf to believe what your Civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remember'd by my Friends in *England*, I am in the right to keep myſelf here—*Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a Period of Life when one Year does more Execution than three at yours, to which if you add the Dulneſs of the Air, and of the People, it will make a terrible Sum. I have no very ſtrong Faith in you Pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an Age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad Fortune enough, to go into a Corner, and form Concluſions *de contemptu mundi & fuga ſæculi*, unleſs a Poet grows weary of too much Applauſe, as Miniſters do of too much Weight of Buſineſs.

Your Happineſs is greater than your Merit, in chuſing your Favourites ſo indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I ſuppoſe *Virgil* and *Horace* are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Conſtitution of Church and State, than a Chriſtian at *Conſtantinople*; and you are ſo much the wiſer and happier, becauſe both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your Notions of Friendſhip are new to me, I believe every Man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the firſt Place in my Friendſhip, but they are not in the Way: I am condemned to another Scene, and therefore I diſtribute it in Pennyworths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow Priſoners if I were condemned to a Goal. I can tolerate

tolerate Knaves much better than Fools. I have often endeavoured to eſtabliſh a Friendſhip among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: They are ſeldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was ſo among the Poets in the Time of *Auguſtus*; but Envy, and Party and Pride have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large Tribe: Under the Name of Poets and Scriblers, I ſuppoſe you mean the Fools you are content to ſee ſometimes, when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

I would deſcribe to you my Way of living, if any Method could be call'd ſo in this Country. I chuſe my Companions among thoſe of leaſt Conſequence and moſt Compliance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling Subjects: But riding, walking, and ſleeping take up eighteen of the twenty four Hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty Years ago, and have ſeveral Things to finiſh which I put off to twenty Years hence; *Hæc eſt vita ſoluterum, &c.* I ſend you the Compliments of a Friend of yours, who hath paſſed four Months this Summer with two grave Acquaintance at his Country-houſe, without ever once going to *Dublin*, which is but eight Miles diſtant; yet when he returns to *London*, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the Court of Requeſts, the Park, the Operas, and the Coffee-houſe, as any Man there. I am now with him for a few Days.

You muſt remember me with great Affection to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Congreve*, and *Gay*——I think there are no more *eoïdem Tertio's* between you and me except Mr. *Jervas*, to whoſe Houſe I addreſs this,

for Want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your laſt whether you lodge with Lord *Peterborow*, or he with you? I am ever, *&c.*

Our Poet addreſs'd the *Dunciad* to him, about which inimitable Satire we ſhall hereafter have Occaſion to ſpeak very largely, as it will lead us into the Characters of Mr. *Pope*'s Antagoniſts as well as Friends.

Of Dean *Swift*, we ſhall ſay little farther, there being collected by a Perſon of Veracity moſt Particulars of his Life, which at a proper Time will find their Way to the Publick View, and ſhew as great a Man in his Way as ever liv'd, and as good a Man, as we muſt expect in the Situation he was plac'd. He was always a Stranger to all Plots and Contrivances againſt the Government, and expecting no farther Preferment, made himſelf eaſy; in but narrow Circumſtances; has been of very conſiderable Service to the People of *Ireland*, and tho' many of his Writings were ſuch as were only calculated for the Time they were wrote in; there are ſtill enough beſides, which ſhall only loſe their Fame and his when the *Engliſh* Tongue ſhall no longer be underſtood.

Were we only to mention the many Admirers of the Tranſlation of the *Iliad* we might fill a large Volume, and the Reader may be aſſur'd they were the greateſt Part of all who had any Taſte for Poetry or Learning; but as we have characteriz'd one or two, and ſhall take Occaſion to ſpeak of others as we paſs along, we will now only add a few Memoirs, (not to take Attention too long from our principal Character) of one whoſe Name will always ſound ſweet in the Ears of all thoſe who have Souls

to

NICHOLAS ROWE ESQ.
Parr. Sculp.

to be charm'd with the higheſt Dramatick Characters, or the Love of Liberty. It will not be difficult to gueſs that I am going to ſpeak of Mr. *Rowe*, he was in the Number of Mr. *Pope*'s ſelect Friends. Whenever Mr. *Pope* gave any of his Verſes into his Hands, and receiv'd them from him again, he us'd to ſay they were like Gold three times tried in the Fire; for their Eſteem of each other (each being Counſellor to each) was reciprocal. Mr. *Rowe* held Mr. *Pope* in the higheſt Eſteem, Mr. *Pope* had a very great Regard both for the Perſon and Writings of Mr. *Rowe*, and oftentimes paſs'd whole Days in his Company. He had a natural Sweetneſs and Affability, that it was impoſſible not to be obliged by ſomething in the Tone of his Voice ſo ſoft and winning, that every Body us'd to be ſorry when he left off ſpeaking. He was of an open communicative Temper, and diſcours'd very freely; not laviſh of Speech, but exceeding generous: No Man was better belov'd by all Degrees and Stations; but his greateſt Intimacy among the Quality was with the Earl of *Warwick*, his Wife being ſo dear to the Counteſs, that they were in a Manner inſeparable.

His Tragedies, excepting *Otway*'s, move more than any other Poets of that Age. The applauded *Tamerlane*, tho' it has Numbers of exceeding fine Verſes, is thought by many very good Judges (not the Multitude) to be his worſt Tragedy; for beſides its being a flattering Picture, unlike a Prince then living, and a Party Play, the Love Scenes between the General *Axalla* and *Selima*, are very tedious and tireſome, beſides being ill tim'd; for when he ſhould have been in the Field at the Head of his Soldiers, he is making long Similies, and telling very tender Love Stories, even to whining; nay, ſhe is not behind

hand with him, they ſeem to ſtrive to out-whine one another.

He was in the Country with Mr. *Pope* in the Beginning of the Year 1716; and during his Stay, which was about a Week, their Converſation chiefly ran upon a Subject for a new Tragedy. The Death of King *Charles* the Firſt was firſt ſpoke of, but it was thought too recent; that the Characters of the preſent Age would be touch'd in thoſe of their Families then engaged in that Affair, and perhaps ſome Offence in the free Speeches of the Republicans given to the Crown; ſo that was ſet aſide. This Subject has ſince been ſo mangled, (tho' it might make a very great Figure on the Stage) that we have few worſe Plays, allowing it that Name. The Author has (and it was a very good Stratagem) introduc'd the King's Children taking their laſt Leave of him; which, and which alone, mov'd the Spectators, and would have done ſo had they not ſpoke a Word.

Mr. *Pope* advis'd him to reſcue the *Queen of Scots* out of the Hands of *Banks*, as he had done by the *Lady Jane Gray* before; which Mr. *Rowe* ſaid he would conſider of; but if he ſhould undertake ſuch a Thing he would by no Means introduce Queen *Elizabeth*; for he ſaid where Queen *Elizabeth* appears, all the Queens or Heroines upon Earth would make but little Figure.

Other Subjects were talk'd of, but what Mr. *Rowe* himſelf ſeem'd moſt inclin'd to was the Rape of *Lucretia*; nor was it any Objection that Mr. *Thomas Heywood*, who was a third or fourth Rate Poet, and an Actor in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the Firſt, had wrote on the ſame Plot.

It is very great Pity that his ill Health and ſhort Time of Life (for he liv'd but little above two Years

after

after) hinder'd him from putting his Design in Execution. Some few Verses he had wrote for the Character of *Lucretia*, but as they did not receive the last Correction from his Hand, as well as many Lines being unfinish'd, we shall omit them in his Respect to his justly acquired Fame: There might be seen in them what makes Mr. *Rowe* merit to be call'd what Mr. *Amhurst* calls him in his Poem on the Death of Mr. *Addison*, inscrib'd to the Earl of *Warwick*, viz. *Soft complaining Rowe*.

Scarce had our tender Sorrows ceas'd to flow
For courtly *Garth*, and soft complaining *Rowe*:
Like *Ovid* witty, one in one conspire,
Otway's prevailing Art and *Lucan*'s Fire:
Both these together drain'd our lavish Eyes;
Will not two Poets in a Year suffice?
Shall Twelve short Months an Age's Woes engross,
And *Addison* compleat the Nation's Loss?

The Death of Mr. *Rowe* affected Mr. *Pope* very strongly, for Mr. *Rowe* had been of great help to him, was one who took a great deal of Pains to get him Reputation, and by his Praise procur'd him no little Fame. Sometime after his Death Mr. *Pope* writing to a Friend says:

Poor *Parnelle*, *Garth*, *Rowe*! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the Death of the last: *Parnelle* was too much in my Mind, to whose Memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small Part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he was buried at *Chester*, or *Dublin*; or what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my Devoirs to Mr. *Rowe*; I am writing this very Day his

Epitaph for *Weſtminſter Abbey*———After theſe, the beſt natured of Men, Sir *Samuel Garth*, has left me in the trueſt Concern for his Loſs. His Death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philoſopher famous: But ill Tongues, and worſe Hearts, have branded even his laſt Moments, as wrongfully as they did his Life with Irreligion. You muſt have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian, without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. *Garth*. *I am*, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* was born at *Little Berkford*, in the County of *Bedford*. He is deſcended from the Family of the *Rowes* of *Lamerton* in *Devonſhire*, and is the only ſurviving Son of *John Rowe*, Eſq; Serjeant at Law. He was firſt placed to a private School at *Highgate*; and afterwards put under the Care of the Reverend Dr. *Buſby*, in *Weſtminſter*-School; from whence he was removed to the *Middle-Temple*, where, after a conſiderable Progreſs in the Study of the Law, he was called to the Bar, and attained a Reputation ſuitable to his Merit; but he early quitted thoſe dry and laborious Studies, to purſue the more pleaſing Bent of his Genius in polite Literature.

He was, in the late Reign, near three Years Under Secretary to the Duke of *Queenſborough* and *Dover*, Principal Secretary of State; and ſince his Majeſty's Acceſſion, he has conferred on him the Places of Clerk of the Council to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, Poet-Laureat to his Majeſty, one of the Land Surveyors of the Cuſtoms in the Port of *London*, and Secretary of the Repreſentations to the Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*.

Mr. *Rowe* was eaſy and inſtructive in his Converſation, polite in his Manners, and perfectly ſincere in his Profeſſions

Profeſſions of Friendſhip. In his Writings there is a Beauty of Expreſſion, a maſterly Wit, a nervous Strength, and a Diction more exactly Dramatick than any other modern Author. His Talent was Tragedy, and he has obliged us with the following Performances:

I. *The ambitious Step-Mother*; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Dedicated to the Earl of *Jerſey*.

II. TAMERLANE; a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Dedicated to the Marquis of *Harrington*, now Duke of *Devonſhire*. This Play was wrote in Compliment to King *William* III. It was firſt received (and continues ſtill to be acted) with very great Applauſe.

III. *The Fair Penitent*, a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. Dedicated to the Dutcheſs of *Ormond*.

IV. *The Biter*; a Comedy of three Acts, performed at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

V. ULYSSES; a Tragedy, acted at the Queen's Theatre in the *Hay-Market*. Dedicated to the Earl of *Godolphin*.

VI. *The Royal Convert*; a Tragedy, acted at the Queen's Theatre in the *Hay-Market*. Dedicated to *Charles* Earl of *Halifax*.

VII. The Tragedy of JANE SHORE; written in Imitation of *Shakeſpear*'s Stile, acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. Dedicated to the Duke of *Queenſborough* and *Dover*.

VIII. *The Tragedy of Lady* JANE GRAY; acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. Dedicated to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Wales*.

All Mr. *Rowe*'s Tragedies have ſucceeded, and indeed they cannot be too much applauded. They are now printed in two Volumes in *Duodecimo*, with

a general Dedication to *Edward Henry* Earl of *Warwick* and *Holland*. Beſides theſe, and his other poetical Writings, he has given us an excellent Tranſlation of *Lucan*.

To this Gentleman's Life, I may further add, that when he had juſt got to be eaſy in his Fortune, and was in a fair Way to make it better, Death ſwept him away, and in him deprived the World of one of the beſt of Men, as well as one of the beſt Genius's of the Age. He died like a Chriſtian and a Philoſopher, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an abſolute Reſignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the laſt, and took Leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his laſt Agony, with the ſame Tranquility of Mind, and the ſame Indifference for Life, as though he had been taking but a ſhort Journey. So that his laſt Moments confirm'd the Juſtneſs of his Thought, in theſe excellent Lines in his *Tamerlane*, ſpeaking of Death's dark Shades,

Seem, as we journey on, to loſe their Horror;
At near Approach the Monſters, form'd by Fear,
Are vaniſh'd all, and leave the Proſpect clear.

He died the 6th Day of *December*, 1718. in the 45th Year of his Age, and was buried the 19th of the ſame Month in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, in the Iſle where many of our *Engliſh* Poets are interred, over againſt *Chaucer*; his Corps being attended by a ſelect Number of his Friends, and the Dean and Choir officiating at the Funeral. Beſides his Dramatick Works, he has written,

I. *A Poem on the Duke of* Marlborough's *Victories.* This is an excellent Piece.

II. *An Ode for the New Year* 1717.

III. *Pythagoras's golden Verses. Done from the* Greek. *Inserted in the Translation of* Dacier's *Life of that Philosopher.*

IV. *Poems on several Occasions.*

V. *His Translation of* Callipœdia.

VI. *Lucan's Pharsalia. Translated into* English *Verse, with Notes. Published by Dr.* Wellwood (according to Mr. *Rowe*'s Requeſt in his Sickneſs) *shortly after his Deceaſe. Dedicated to the King, by his Widow, at his Desire, Folio.* This Poet was a great Lover of Liberty, which inclined him to the Tranſlation of *Lucan*; and to give you a Taſte of his handling that Subject, I ſhall here inſert ſome of his Verſes from this Performance. In one Place *Cato* animates his Forces, with this ſhort Speech, for Liberty and Virtue.

Fellows in Arms! Whoſe Bliſs, whoſe chiefeſt Good
Is *Rome*'s Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;
You, who to die with Liberty, from far
Have followed *Cato* in this fatal War,
Be now for Virtue's nobleſt Taſk prepar'd——

Virtue, that ſcorns on Cowards Terms to pleaſe,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Eaſe;
But then ſhe joys, then ſmiles upon her State,
Then faireſt to herſelf, then moſt compleat,
When glorious Danger makes her truly Great.
So *Lybia*'s Plains alone ſhall wipe away
The foul Diſhonours of *Pharſalia*'s Day;

So ſhall your Courage now tranſcend that Fear:
You fled with Glory there, to conquer here.

Pompey's parting with his Wife *Cornelia*, in the fifth Book, is extremely moving; and his laſt Speech, at the Head of his Soldiers, before his engaging with and Defeat by *Cæſar*, in the ſeventh Book, is excellent; where he thus begins:

The Time to eaſe your groaning Country's Pain,
Which long your eager Valour ſought in vain;
The great deciding Hour at length is come,
To end the Strivings of diſtracted *Rome:*
For this one laſt Effort exert your Pow'r,
Strike Home to Day, and all your Toils are o'er.
Let none the fav'ring Gods Aſſiſtance fear,
They always make the juſter Cauſe their Care.
The flying Dart to *Cæſar* ſhall they guide,
And point the Sword at his devoted Side:
Our injur'd Laws ſhall be on him made good,
And Liberty eſtabliſh'd in his Blood.
Cou'd Heav'n, in Violence of Wrath, ordain
The World to groan beneath a Tyrant's Reign;
It had not ſpar'd your *Pompey*'s Head ſo long,
Nor lengthen'd out my Age to ſee the Wrong.
All we can wiſh for, to ſecure Succeſs,
With large Advantage, here, our Arms poſſeſs:
See, in the Ranks of ev'ry common Band,
Where *Rome*'s illuſtrious Names for Soldiers ſtand,
Cou'd the great Dead reviſit Life again,
For us, once more, the *Decii* wou'd be ſlain;
The *Curii*, and *Camilli*, might we boaſt,
Proud to be mingled in this nobleſt Hoſt——
Think, from the Summit of the *Roman* Wall,
You hear our loud-lamenting Matrons call;

Think

Think with what Tears, what lifted Hands they sue,
And place their last their only Hopes in you.
Imagine kneeling Age before you spread,
Each hoary Reverend Majestick Head;
Imagine *Rome* herself your Aid implor'd,
To save her from a proud imperious Lord.
Think how the present Age, how that to come,
What Multitudes from you expect their Doom:
On your Success dependant all rely,
These to be born in Freedom, those to die.
Think you behold (were such a Posture meet)
E'en me, your *Pompey*, prostrate at your Feet.
My self, my Wife, my Sons, a suppliant Band,
From you our Lives and Liberties demand;
Or conquer you, or I to Exile born,
My last dishonourable Years shall mourn
Your long Reproach, and my proud Father's Scorn.
From Bonds, from Infamy, your Gen'ral save,
Nor let this hoary Head descend to Earth a Slave.
Thus, while he spoke, the faithful Legions round,
Strait at the fatal Signal—— *&c.*

Mr. *May* likewise translated *Lucan*, and publish'd it in eight Books, in the Year 1635, but his Performance does not reach the Spirit or Sense of *Lucan*. The Language and Versification are yet worse, and fall infinitely short of the lofty Numbers and Propriety of Expression, in which Mr. *Rowe* excels.

Mr. *Rowe* wrote the Life of *Shakespear*, prefix'd to his Works; some Account of Monsieur *Boileau* and his Writings, annex'd to the Translation of *Lutrin*; and an *Essay concerning the Manner of Living with Great Men*; written in Imitation of Monsieur *Bruyere*, and inserted in the Translation of his his Works; all done in Prose.

The

The following is Mr. *Rowe*'s Epitaph, wrote by Mr. *Pope*, and taken from the Monument in *Weſtminſter* Abbey.

Upon the Pedeſtal under his Buſto.

To the Memory of

Nicholas Rowe, *Eſq*;

Who died in 1718, aged 45.
And of
Charlotte, his only Daughter,
The Wife of *Henry Fane*, Eſq;
Who inheriting
Her Father's Spirit,
And amiable in her own
Innocence and Beauty,
Died in the 22d Year of her Age.

On the Monument below.

Thy Reliques, *Rowe!* to this ſad Shrine we truſt,
And near thy *Shakeſpear* place thy honour'd Buſt:
Oh next him ſkill'd to draw the tender Tear,
For never Heart felt Paſſion more ſincere:
To nobler Sentiments to fire the Brave;
For never *Briton* more diſdain'd a Slave.
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endleſs Reſt;
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that timely from our Scene remov'd,
Thy Soul enjoys that Liberty it lov'd.

To theſe, ſo mourn'd in Death ſo lov'd in Life,
The Childleſs Parent, and the Widow'd Wife,
With Tears inſcribes this monumental Stone,
That holds their Aſhes and expects her own.

One

One Thing more I beg Leave to add in this Poet's Praise; he understood a greater Variety of and could change the Harmony of his Lines, more than any other Poet that ever wrote in our Language; for Instance, take those few Lines spoken by *Jane Shore*:

Such is the Lot unhappy Women find,
And such the Curse entail'd upon our Kind,
That Man, the lawless Libertine may rove,
Free and unquestion'd thro' the Wilds of Love;
But Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
If strongly charm'd she leave the thorny Way,
And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, Reproach, and endless Shame,
And one false Step entirely damns her Fame:
In vain with Tears her Loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before, *&c.*

These Lines, properly accented, will shew a vast Number of beautiful Changes in the Harmony; which most of our present Writers of Verse are either intirely ignorant of, or else totally neglect.

It is Matter of Wonder, that having such an Example before them as Mr. *Pope* for Beauty, if not so great a Variety of Numbers, the modern Composers should be so deficient in their Numbers, that except Dr. *Young*, Mr. *Hart*, and two or three more, there is scarcely a Possibility of reading (without making Prose of them) any of their unharmonious stiff Lines. This Fault (which reigns at present, and seems to have got such a Footing, that it will not be easily thrust out) is just Cause of great Complaint. I think among almost three Thousand Lines of a certain Tragick Poet, (who has great Friends and Interest, and wrote once out of four Poems one that deserves

deſerves Praiſe) there are not ten Lines but what are ſtiff, harſh, ill ſounding, and without natural Muſick. I ſpare a Quotation of about twenty following one another, ſo put together, that many Works of our beſt Proſe Writers have more Harmony than can be found there; yet this Gentleman has a moderate Share of Learning, has read moſt of our *Engliſh* Poets, and does not want Sentiments; but he never diverſifies his Characters, and knows nothing of Numbers: Mr. *Pope* ſeem'd to have them in his Nature, and ſo beautiful, that tho' he had not an infinite Change of them he never tires.

I was ſpeaking of his Tranſlation of the *Iliad*, where he has given full Proof of what is above aſſerted, and there were very few diſſatisfied with the Performance; thoſe who were, chiefly Poets, or Pretenders to Poetry, they join'd their Forces together, and produc'd a little Book which they call'd the *Popiad*, where they have endeavoured to point out ſome Paſſages as Faults; and that we may ſeem wholly impartial, we will give a large Quotation from that Work.

WE cannot more regularly begin the *Popiad*, than by ſhewing what wretched Work Mr. *Pope* has made with the *Iliad*. The Scribler of a late Paper, that now reſts in Peace, called the *Cenſor*, is thus pleaſed to extol this Tranſlation of *Homer*; *I know not which I ſhould moſt admire*, ſays he, *the* Juſtneſs *of the* Original (where I ſuppoſe he means, the *Juſtneſs* of the *Original* expreſſed in the *Tranſlation*) *or the Force and Beauty of the Language, or the ſounding Variety of the Numbers*. He may admire which he pleaſes: But the Truth of the Matter is, that there is in this Tranſlation neither the Juſtneſs of the Original, even where the Original is juſt; nor any Beauty

Beauty of Language, nor any Variety of Numbers. Inſtead of the Juſtneſs of the Original, there is Abſurdity and Extravagance. Inſtead of the beautiful Language of the Original, there is Soleciſm and barbarous *Engliſh*.

Indeed it is impoſſible for any Tranſlator to expreſs the poetical Language of *Homer*. By the Advantage of the Language in which he wrote, he had ſeveral Ways of rendering his Language poetical, which a Tranſlator can never have; as the frequent Uſe of compounded and decompounded Words; the Uſe of Words which were as it were at one and the ſame Time both *Grecian* and foreign; as being confined in their vulgar Uſe to ſome particular Part of *Greece*; as likewiſe the Uſe of Words which were purely Poetick, and which were ſeldom or never uſed in Proſe; the contracting or lengthening the Words which he uſed, and the frequent tranſpoſing of Syllables; and laſtly, the altering the Terminations of Words, by Means of the different Dialects. But a Tranſlator of *Homer* has but one Way of rendering his Diction poetical; and that is, the frequent Uſe of Figures, and above all Figures, of Metaphors. And therefore, wherever in the late Tranſlation of *Homer*, there is no Uſe of Figures, there we may juſtly conclude the Diction is Proſaick; tho' at the ſame Time, the Diction of the Original, in that very Place, even without Figures, may be truly Poetical. Now, there are, modeſtly ſpeaking, 20 Lines where there is no Figure, for one that is Figurative; and conſequently there are twenty proſaick Lines, for one that is poetical. Indeed, the Tranſlator, by his Want of Genius, and by his writing figuratively, where the *Grecian* has writ plainly, he has often made his Diction the very Reverſe of that of the Original: Where the *Original* is pure, the

Tranſlation

Tranſlation is often barbarous; often obſcure, where the Original is clear and bright; often flat and vile, where the other is great and lofty; and often, too often affected and unnatural, where the Original is ſimple and unaffected; as it is frequently ſtiff and aukward, where the Original is eaſy, graceful, and numerous. In ſhort, this is not *Homer*'s *Iliad*, but the *Popiad*, and is ſo far from expreſſing the Beauty of *Homer*'s Language, that it makes him ſpeak *Engliſh* as aukwardly as other Foreigners do. So that Mr. *Pope* with a moſt comical and unparallel'd Aſſurance, has undertaken to tranſlate *Homer* from *Greek*, of which he does not know, one Word, into *Engliſh*, which he underſtands almoſt as little. And from hence it proceeds, that inſtead of making him *Engliſh* he ſometimes makes him *Iriſh*; and one would ſwear, that he had a Hill in *Tipperary* for his *Parnaſſus*, and a Puddle in ſome Bog for his *Hippocrene*.

But becauſe it may be ſaid that this is only Talking, I will prove all this from the very Lines, which Mr. *Cenſor* has brought to ſhow the Excellence of this Tranſlation; which he will ſhow he ſays from the two Similitudes of the Motion of the *Grecian* Army, in the Second Book of the *Ilias*:

The ſcepter'd Rulers lead; the following Hoſt,
Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the Coaſt.

Now where is the Juſtneſs of the Original in theſe two Lines? Tho' *Homer* is ſaid to nod ſometimes, yet 'tis hard if he ſnores ſo like a Sot, as to give the Lye to his own Calculation which he makes in this very Book, by which Calculation it appears, that the Army of the *Grecians* did not amount to above a Hundred Thouſand in all. And if any one happens to anſwer this, That their Numbers are augmented by Poetical Licence; to that I reply, that no Poetical

cal Licence ever extended to ſuch an Augmentation of Numbers, as to make a Poet give the Lye to his own Calculations; or to make us believe, that 2 and 3 makes 6. Never human Army yet conſiſted of Millions. No Place upon Earth can contain ſuch Numbers congregated, but what at the ſame Time will ſtarve them. But let us proceed:

As from ſome rocky Cleft the Shepherd ſees,
Cluſt'ring in Heaps on Heaps, the driving Bees.

Now where is the Juſtneſs of the Original here again? For while the Bees drive they cannot poſſibly cluſter.

Rolling and black'ning, ſwarms ſucceeding Swarms,
With deeper Murmurs, and more hoarſe Alarms.

Here again there is nothing of the Juſtneſs of the Original; ſince but one Swarm of Bees can come from one Cleft of a Rock.

Duſky they ſpread, a cloſe embodied Crowd,
And oe'r the Vale deſcends the living Cloud.

The firſt Line here preſents us with a Contradiction in Terms; for while the Bees are a cloſe embodied Crowd, how can they poſſibly ſpread? Beſides, what does the Tranſlator mean by a cloſe embodied Crowd? What Tautology, what Fuſtian is this? As if every Crowd was not cloſe. And what does he mean by embodied? What Idea to the Mind does that Word clearly and diſtinctly preſent? In ſhort, Crowd is nothing but a Botch, and a meer Crambo to Cloud. For who ever heard of a Crowd of Bees? A Crowd of any Thing implies Confuſion; but it appears by the following Lines of *Virgil*, that Bees when they ſwarm are under Command, and, by Conſequence, not without Order; no more than the *Grecian* Army, when

when it poured itſelf forth, as Mr. *Cenſor* ſays, in Millions.

At cùm incerta volant cæloque examina ludunt,
Contemnuntque favos, & frigida tecta relinquunt;
Inſtabiles animos ludo prohibebis inani.
Nec magnus prohibere labor: tu regibus alas
Eripe: non illis quiſquam cunctantibus altum
Ire iter, aut caſtris audebit vellere ſigna.

For the laſt Line of the aforeſaid Simile:

And o'er the Vale deſcends the living Cloud:

There is neither Senſe, nor *Engliſh* in it. To deſcend to, or into, to deſcend on, or upon, is *Engliſh*, but to deſcend o'er, is barbarous, as will appear plainly, by taking away the Contraction of the Preposition, and changing the Metaphor for the common Name: And then the Line will run thus:

A Swarm of Bees deſcends over the Vale.

What Senſe is here? What clear Idea of any Thing? or of any particular local Motion? Where is this boaſted Beauty of the Language? Where is the Juſtneſs of the Original? *Homer*, indeed, does compare the Motion of the *Grecian* Army, to the Motion of a Swarm of Bees; but he does it with a beautiful Simplicity; nor does he uſe any ſuch pertinent Metaphor, as living Cloud, which can ſerve for nothing but to diſtract the Mind of the Reader, and to divert it from the Idea which the Poet deſign'd to lay before it of the Motion of the *Grecian* Army.

As we have already ſhewn that *Homer* ſpeaks very bad Senſe and very bad *Engliſh*, we ſhall next ſhow, that he is turn'd errant *Teague*, and talks downright *Iriſh*. Speaking of the *Grecian* Army aſſembled:

As

Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean Roars.

Now did ever any Mortal before compare a *Murmur* to a *Roar*? *Homer* has nothing of this *Murmur* in him. He only says,

Κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ ὡς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης πόντου Ἰκαρίοιο.

The Assembly was moved like the vast Waves of the *Icarian* Sea.

Now was there ever such a Translator as *Pope*, or such an Admirer as the Censor? But what shall we say? *Boileau*, thus answers,

——*Ainsi qu'en sots Auteurs,*
Notre siecle est fertile en sots Admirateurs.

i. e. As the Age is fruitful in scribling Fools; 'tis still more fertile in admiring Blockheads.

But because some of the Favourers of this Translation, may say in its Behalf, that Mr. *Censor*, by an Ideot-Zeal, and a Sympathy with every thing that is stupid, may have mistaken a *Bull* for a *Beauty*; and a *Bull* which is not to be paralleled in the whole Translation; I will present the *Censor* with a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and with a Touch of *Tipperary*, for his Stroke of *Kilkenny*. Let him turn to the 431st Verse of his Second Book, and he will find these Lines:

The Monarch spoke, and strait a Murmur rose,
Loud as the Surges when the Tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken Rocks, tumultuous Roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony Shore.

Now, who ever heard such a noisy, roaring, thundering Murmur in *England*? 'Tis an *Irish*

Murmur moſt certainly; or, if Mr. *Cenſor* will obſtinately maintain this *Murmur* to be a *Roar*, we will grant him this, that it is the Roaring of an *Iriſh Bull*. But *Homer* was too dull to think of this *murmuring Roar*. He only ſaid,

——————— Ἀργεῖοι δ' μεγ ἴαχον.

The *Grecians* ſent forth a great Cry.

There is a Paſſage in the Firſt Book of *Homer*, where *Agamemnon* ſays thus to *Achilles*:

Since *Apollo* deprives me of my *Chriſeis*, I
Shall ſend her away in one of my Ships, attended
By ſome of my Subjects; but I ſhall come my
Self to your Tent, and take *Chriſeis* by Force from
You, that you may know how much my Pow'r is
Greater than yours, and that no one may preſume
For the future to pronounce himſelf equal to me.

This is the naked Meaning of *Homer*. For I have not Time enough upon my Hands, to endeavour to ſhow him with his Harmony, and the reſt of his Ornaments. Now how does the Tranſlator render the latter Part of this Paſſage, why even thus:

And hence to all our Hoſt it ſhall be known,
That Kings are ſubject to the Gods alone.

Was there ever ſuch an unfortunate Interpretation; Had he ſtudied to blunder ten Years, he could never have done it worſe. For he makes *Agamemnon*, to whoſe Command ſo many Kings were ſubject, ſay this to *Achilles*, a King himſelf, who had been ſo many Years ſubject to his Command; and at the very Time that he threatens him with the Power which the Subjection of ſo many Kings gave him, the Tranſlator makes him declare, that thoſe Kings

are

are wholly independant of him, and that he has nothing to do with *Achilles*.

There are other Paſſages of this Nature, ſome of which are downright Boggiſms, and others compos'd of ſuch uncouth, unlick'd Stuff, that *Lintot* may be juſtly affirmed to buy more Bears, and ſell more Bulls, between the two *Temple Gates*, than all the Stockjobbers put together do in *Exchange-Alley*.

But becauſe *Mr. Pope*'s Subſcribers may ſay with ſome Colour, that'tis not fair to cull out a Paſſage here and there to the Diſadvantage of the Whole; let us conſider the firſt 100 Lines of this Tranſlation, and ſee how many Errors he has been guilty of, againſt the Juſtneſs of the Original, and the Propriety of his native Language.

The Errors of this Tranſlator begin with his Work.

The Wrath of *Peleus* Son, the direful Spring
Of all the *Grecian* Woes, O Goddeſs ſing.

Homer ſays thus:

O Goddeſs ſing the pernicious Wrath of
Achilles, which brought numerous Woes
To the *Grecians*.

Now by ſaying all, inſtead of numerous, is clearly ſhown, that he underſtands neither his Author's Language, nor his Subject: For by the Spring of all the *Grecian* Woes, he muſt either mean, the Spring of all the Woes which the *Grecians* ever felt while they were a Nation, many Years before *Achilles* was born, and many Years after he died, which is monſtrous; or he muſt mean, the Spring of all the Woes which they felt at the Siege of *Troy*, which is extravagant, ſince the Quarrel between *Achilles* and

Agamemnon is not ſuppoſed to have happened till the tenth Year; or he muſt mean, that the Wrath of *Achilles* was the Spring of all the *Grecian* Woes, of which it was the Spring; which is ridiculous; or, laſtly, that it was the Spring of all the Woes which the *Grecians* felt during the Time of the poetical Action, which is falſe; for the very firſt *Grecian* Woe, which both the Original, and the Tranſlation mention, and which was infinitely the greateſt of them all, viz. the Plague, is ſo far from ſpringing from the Wrath of *Achilles*, that the Wrath of *Achilles* manifeſtly ſprung from that.

As the two firſt Lines ſhow that he underſtands no *Greek*, the next two prove that he knows no *Engliſh*.

That Wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto*'s gloomy Reign,
The Souls of mighty Chiefs untimely ſlain.

Let us reſolve this Couplet to Proſe, and ſee if we can find, *diſjecti membræ poetæ*. O Goddeſs, ſing the pernicious Wrath of *Achilles*, that Wrath which hurl'd the Souls of mighty Chiefs to the gloomy Reign of *Pluto*. Now I appeal to any impartial Perſon, if hurling Souls to the gloomy Reign of *Pluto*, be not moſt abominable Fuſtian. Hurling of Souls is downright Burleſque and ridiculous; and I never either ſaw, or heard of the Expreſſion before, unleſs once, in a Copy of Verſes, by the Earl of *Rocheſter*, the moſt farcical, as well as the moſt obſcene, that ever was writ, *viz.*

——Blood and Slaughter was decreed.— [of Seed.
Hurling Souls, at one another, wrapt in flaky Clots

Reign ſignifies the Duration of Imperial Power with one or more particular Perſon: But here it is made to ſignify Place, which it cannot do by any juſt Figure

gure whatever: There being no Reſemblance nor Proportion between Place and Duration.

There is ſo much to be obſerv'd upon the Lines between the 6th and the 11th, and the Obſervations will be ſo dry, that we ſhall let them alone 'till another Opportunity, and at preſent paſs to the 11th and 12th Lines, viz.

Latona's Son a dire Contagion ſpread,
And heap'd the Camp with Mountains of the Dead.

Here the Tranſlator, by rendering figuratively what *Homer* writes with ſo much Simplicity, becomes both extravagant, abſurd, and affected; and corrupts the Original. *Homer* ſays only,

——— ὀλέκοντο δ' λαοί.

The People periſh'd.

This is very abſurd. For could it enter into any one's Head but this Tranſlator's, that the *Grecians* would ſuffer the Bodies of Men who had died of the Plague, to lye rotting in their Camp, in Heaps? which was the Way not only to be infected, but downright poiſoned. Does not *Homer* ſay in effect, that the Bodies of the Dead were burned as faſt as they died.

Αἰεὶ δ' πυρκαὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.

There were always a great many Fires with dead Bodies burning.

And the Tranſlator ſays,

For nine long Nights thro' all the duſky Air,
The Fire's thick flaming ſhot a diſmal Glare.

Beſides, to heap the Camp, does not ſeem to be *Engliſh*, and to heap the Camp with Mountains, is

vilely low, and monſtrouſly abſurd. A Heap is infinitely leſs than a Mountain; there muſt be a great many Heaps to make one Mountain; whereas this Tranſlator makes a great many Mountains go to one Heap.

The King of Men his reverend Prieſt defy'd,
And for the King's Offence the People dy'd.

Inſtead of defy'd, we have in *Homer*, diſhonour'd, ἠτίμησε. By the *Engliſh* Tranſlation one would think, *Agamemnon* ſent the old Prieſt a Challenge. O wicked, wicked Rhyme! what Errors, what Blunders, art not thou the Occaſion of, in lazy and ignorant Poetaſters!

For *Chryſes* ſought with coſtly Gifts to gain
His captive Daughter from the Victor's Chain.

To gain his captive Daughter from the Victor's Chain, is neither *Engliſh*, nor Grammar. Nor was the Word Chain fit to be us'd by the Tranſlator, when he ſpoke of a Lady, for whom he would inſinuate at the ſame Time, that *Agamemnon* had a violent Paſſion. I know very well, that his Patrons will ſay here, that the Word Chain is a Metaphor, but no Metaphor is to be uſed, that preſents an indecent Idea. What *Homer* ſays here is, that *Chryſes* went to the *Grecian* Fleet, and carried an immenſe Ranſom with him for the Redemption of his Daughter.

But O! relieve a wretched Parent's Pain,
And give *Chryſeis* to theſe Arms again.

This is the Language of a Lover, and by its Levity and Affectation, corrupts the Simplicity and Gravity of the Original, and deſtroys the Character of *Chryſes*; of whom it is very unbecoming, either

as

as a Man in Years, a Father, or a Prieſt. *Homer* ſays only,

Set free my Daughter.

Nor ask preſumptuous what a King detains.

This Line is obſcure, and the Meaning of it, according to true Conſtruction, is very different from what the Tranſlator intends. For the Meaning of it, according to true Conſtruction, is, that the Prieſt ſhould not preſume to ask what it is that the King detains; whereas the Tranſlator means, that *Chryſes* ſhould not preſume to recover what the King is reſolved to keep. Ver. 42.

And Age diſmiſs her from my cold Embrace,
In daily Labours of the Room employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the Bed ſhe once enjoy'd.

This is an Infidelity, and an Affectation, contrary to the Modeſty of *Homer*, and of the Muſe, that Virgin Goddeſs, who is ſuppoſed to make the Relation. The Tranſlator pretends to juſtify theſe Lines in his tenth Obſervation upon the firſt Book, where ſpeaking of the different Signification of the Participle ἀντιβώσομαι, which ſignifies either making the Bed, or partaking it; he declares for the latter Senſe, contrary to the Opinion of *Euſtathius*, and Madam *Dacier*, becauſe the one, ſays he, is a Biſhop, and the other a Lady. For that *Agamemnon* was not ſtudying here for Civility of Expreſſion, ſays he, appears from the whole Tenor of his Speech; and that he deſigned *Chryſeis* for more than a Servant Maid, may be ſeen by ſome other Things that he ſaid of her, as that he preferred her to his Queen *Clytemneſtra*. To which I anſwer, that ſpeaking is one Thing, and deſigning another; and let *Agamemnon* deſign *Chryſeis* for what the Tranſlator pleaſes, he

ſpeaks of her with Modeſty, as may appear not only from the whole Tenour of his Speech, but from the whole Tenour of the *Ilias* and *Odyſſeis*; which puts me in Mind of an Obſervation of *Rapin*: They are, for the moſt Part, ſays he, only your little Genius's, that appear wanton or impious in their Writings. *Homer* and *Virgil*, ſays he, are always modeſt: They have always ſhewn themſelves as ſeverely virtuous, as the moſt rigid Philoſophers. And the Muſes of true Poets, are as chaſte and modeſt as Veſtals. To proceed;

And gloomy Darkneſs roll'd around his Head.

What can the Tranſlator mean by gloomy Darkneſs rolling around the Head of any one? *Homer* has nothing like this: He only ſays that *Apollo* deſcended reſembling the Night. Nor does gloomy Darkneſs rolling around the Head, give a clear Idea of any Thing.

Conven'd to Council all the *Grecian* Train.

The *Grecian* Train for *Grecian* Army, is ſomething odd, and pretty near to Burleſque. And 'tis the rather to be taken Notice of, becauſe I believe he has made Uſe of the ſame Word in the ſame Senſe an Hundred Times. One would ſwear, by his Tranſlation, that *Agamemnon* was nothing but ſome *Exchange-Alley* Stock Jobber, who had the Honour to command a Company of Train Bands.

If broken Vows this heavy Curſe have laid,
Let Altars ſmoak, and Hecatombs be paid.

Was ever any Thing ſo flat, and ſo Proſaic as theſe two Lines, inſtead of the noble ſounding Verſe of *Homer*? Let us but take away the Rhyme, and they will appear in their true Light: If broken Vows have

have laid his heavy Curſe, let Altars ſmoak, and let Hecatombs be paid. What does he mean by broken Vows laying a heavy Curſe, without mentioning either Perſon or Place, where, or on whom they have laid it? And as for paying of Hecatombs, it looks as if *Achilles* ſuſpected that *Apollo* had drawn a Bill upon them for ſo many Oxen, which had been proteſted; which puts me in Mind of a Bill of Exchange of Don *Quixot*, *Pay at Sight*, *to the Bearer*, *three Aſſes*. *Homer* ſays here, Let us conſult ſomebody who may inform us, whether the Wrath of *Apollo* proceeds from the Non-performance of our Vows, or from our Neglect of Sacrifice.

> Firſt give thy Faith, and plight a Prince's Word,
> Of ſure Protection by thy Power and Sword.

Calchas ſays this to *Achilles*. But I cannot think that *give thy Faith* is *Engliſh*; no more is *plight a Prince's Word*. But what abominable Stuff is plight a Prince's Word of ſure Protection. *Homer* makes *Calchas* ſpeak plainly. Do you, ſays he to *Achilles*, enter into an Engagement to me, and ſolemnly ſwear,

> For I muſt ſpeak what Wiſdom would conceal,
> And Truths invidious to the Great reveal:
> Bold is the Taſk, when Subjects grown too wiſe,
> Inſtruct a Monarch where his Error lies.

Homer is ſo far from having any Thing of this, that it is quite contrary to his Meaning.

> For I muſt ſpeak what Wiſdom would conceal,

What! would it be Wiſdom to conceal thoſe Truths which by the Will and Inſpiration of his God he diſcovers. That in a Prieſt is a fine Wiſdom truly. And that

that this is the Caſe, the Tranſlator owns in the 498th Verſe of his firſt Book.

A Prophet then inſpir'd by Heaven aroſe,
And points the Crime, and thence derives the Woes.

But let us proceed,

Bold is the Taſk, when Subjects grown too wiſe,
Inſtruct a Monarch where his Error lies.

Here Mr. *Pope* makes a Prieſt, before all the Princes of the Army aſſembled in Council, boaſt of a Wiſdom ſuperior to them all. The *Calchas* of *Homer* makes no ſuch glorious Boaſt of himſelf; all that he ſays is, that when a King or a Man in Power is thoroughly incens'd againſt an inferior Perſon, though perhaps he may ſtifle his Paſſion, and conceal his Reſentment for the preſent, yet he never fails of being reveng'd at laſt.

For tho' we deem the ſhort-liv'd Fury paſt,
'Tis ſure the Mighty will revenge at laſt.

What ſhort-liv'd Fury? This muſt be very obſcure to thoſe who have no Knowledge of the Original, which indeed is very clear. *Homer* makes *Calchas* ſpeak plainly. I believe, ſays he, the Man will be grievouſly offended at what I ſhall ſay, who has a great Command over all the *Grecians*, and whom the Army obeys. And when a King is very much incens'd, *&c.*

Nor Vows unpaid, nor ſlighted Sacrifice.

Would not any one believe, who conſiders the true Signification of theſe Words, that *Calchas* meant Sacrifice which the *Grecians* had offer'd, and which the Gods had ſlighted, inſtead of Sacrifice which the *Greeks* had omitted, and for which Omiſſion *Achilles* ſuſpected

ſuſpected that *Apollo* had ſent the Peſtilence among them?

But he our Chief provok'd, the raging Peſt.

Homer makes *Calchas* ſay, *Apollo* does not complain neither of the Non-Performance of Vows, or of the Omiſſion of Sacrifice; but of the Affront offer'd to his Prieſt by *Agamemnon*. Whereas the Tranſlator makes *Calchas* point at *Agamemnon*. *But he our Chief*. The Prieſt had Reaſon to deſire the Protection of *Achilles*, ſince he was reſolv'd to put ſo flagrant an Affront upon the King of Men.

And then, can any Thing be more low and creeping than the Word Peſt? Who ever read the Word Peſt for Plague, in any good *Engliſh* Poet? I have heard of Peſt-houſe indeed, but never of Peſt alone. Nor ſhould we have heard of it here, if it had not been an Half and an aukward Rhyme to Prieſt. Indeed Prieſt and Peſt have of late Years anſwered pretty well to each other. What makes the Word more baſe and more infamous, that it is perpetually in the Mouths of *French* Footmen and Taylors.

'Till the great King, without a Ranſom paid,
To her own *Chryſes* ſend the black-ey'd Maid.

Would not any one think by the firſt Line, that it is *Agamemnon* who is to pay the Ranſom to *Chryſes*? If it had not been for the Sake of this wicked Rhyme, the Tranſlator would have ſaid, without receiving a Ranſom. As for the Expreſſion of the Great King, *Homer* ſays nothing of it; nor was *Agamemnon* ſo far Paramount to the other Princes, as to deſerve that Appellation. I never heard of that Expreſſion in any *Greek* Author, either in Verſe or Proſe, 'till it was us'd for the King of *Perſia*, after the *Perſian* Monarchy began to grow formidable to *Greece*. Black-ey'd Maid in the 124th Line is very low,

low, if it is not Burleſque. Perhaps the Tranſlator will ſay, that Black-ey'd Maid is a literal Tranſlation of ἑλικωπιδα, and that ſo Mr. *Dryden* and the vulgar *Latin* have render'd it: I grant it, but the *Greek* Word has a much nobler and more charming Signification than that. But ſuppoſe it had no other Signification than that, is the Tranſlator to know at this Time of Day, that Words which have the ſame Signification, may be very noble in one Language and very mean in the other?

Perhaps, with added Sacrifice and Pray'r,
The Prieſt may pardon, and the God may ſpare.

Homer makes *Calchas* ſay nothing of the Prieſt's pardoning. *Homer* was an honeſt old Pagan, of a Religion much leſs abſurd, and much leſs an Impoſition upon the Underſtandings of Mankind than Popery. For the Heathens, who taught that one God could beget another, and afterwards devour him, would never have ſwallow'd that monſtrous Abſurdity, of a Mortal's making a God, and ſwallowing him down at a Mouthful. But perhaps our Tranſlator thought, with ſome Reaſon, that ſince by the firſt fifty Lines of this Tranſlation, he had made *Homer* talk like an Aſs, he might afterwards be allow'd to make him talk like a Papiſt.

Is Heav'n offended, and a Prieſt profan'd,
Becauſe my Prize, my beauteous Maid I hold,
And heav'nly Charms preſer to proffer'd Gold?
A Maid unmatch'd in Manners, as in Face;
Skill'd in each Art, and crown'd with ev'ry Grace.
Not half ſo dear were *Clytemneſtra*'s Charms,
When firſt her blooming Beauties fill'd my Arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her ſail;
Our Cares are only for the Publick Weal;

Let

Let me be deem'd the fatal Cauſe of all,
And ſuffer rather than my People fall.
The Prize, the beauteous Prize, I will reſign,
So dearly valu'd, and ſo juſtly mine.
But ſince for common Good I yield the Fair,
My private Loſs let grateful *Greece* repair;
Nor unrewarded let your Prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.

By the foregoing Lines, the Tranſlator has alter'd the Character of *Homer*, deſtroy'd that of *Agamemnon*, corrupted the Simplicity and Majeſty of the Original, offended againſt Probability, Decorum, and good Senſe. There is not one of theſe amorous Expreſſions in *Homer*, which he is pleas'd to put into the Mouth of *Agamemnon*. His Reluctance to part with *Chryſeis* proceeds from his Pride and his Avarice, and not from his Paſſion; which is plain from his demanding an Equivalent for *Chryſeis*, which 'tis impoſſible in Nature that a paſſionate Lover can do for his Miſtreſs. *Achilles* in his Reply, imputes his Reluctance and his Demand of an Equivalent, to his Pride and Avarice, inſtead of attributing it to ſo ſcandalous a Motive as Paſſion. *Agamemnon* ought to have been us'd like a Mad Dog, if he had given the leaſt Hint that it was his Paſſion that was the Cauſe of his reluctant parting from a Whore, (as Mr. *Pope* ſuppoſes her to be either a profeſt one, or a Probationer) whoſe Detention would be the utter Ruin of the Army which he commanded, and before which he ſpoke. Indeed, the inſiſting upon his Honour and upon his Right, might appear neceſſary to them for the Preſervation of his Authority, as the Preſervation of that was neceſſary for the due Diſcharge of his Offices. But the leaſt Mention of Paſſion had been

been moſt abominable, and had rendered *Homer* the moſt impertinent of all Writers. Thus far the combined Writers of the *Popiad.*

But Mr. *Pope*, in his Preface, not ſpeaking of Madam *Dacier*, that very learned *French* Lady, with ſo much Regard as ſhe thought her Due, drew on him a little of her Reſentment; for ſhe expected a Compliment from him, for the Light ſhe had given him into *Homer*, by her fine *French* Tranſlation and Criticiſm; endeavouring not to appear angry, ſhe, much exceeding our *Engliſh* Criticks, makes him ſenſible of ſome Miſtakes in his Judgment, concerning the *Greek* Poet, and his immortal *Iliad.*

UPON the finiſhing (ſays ſhe) of the ſecond Edition of my Tranſlation of *Homer*, a particular Friend ſent me a Tranſlation of Part of Mr. *Pope*'s Preface to his Verſion of the *Iliad.* As I do not underſtand *Engliſh*, I cannot form any Judgment of his Performance, though I have heard much of it. I am indeed willing to believe, that the Praiſes it has met with are not unmerited, becauſe whatever Work is approved by the *Engliſh* Nation, cannot be bad; but yet I hope I may be permitted to judge of that Part of the Preface which has been tranſmitted to me, and I here take the Liberty of giving my Sentiments thereon. I muſt freely acknowledge, that Mr. *Pope*'s Invention is very lively, though he ſeems to have been guilty of the ſame Fault into which he owns we are often precipitated by our Invention, when we depend too much upon the Strength of it: As Magnanimity, ſays he, may run up to Confuſion and Extravagance, ſo may great Invention to Redundancy and Wildneſs.

This has been the very Caſe of Mr. *Pope* himſelf; nothing is more over-ſtrained or more falſe than the Images in which his Fancy has repreſented *Homer*; ſometimes

ſometimes he tells us, that the *Iliad* is a wild Paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the Beauties, as in an order'd Garden, it is only becauſe the Number of them is infinitely greater. Sometimes he compares him to a copious Nurſery, which contain the Seeds and firſt Productions of every Kind; and laſtly, he repreſents him under the Notion of a mighty Tree, which riſes from the moſt vigorous Seed, is improved with Induſtry, flouriſhes and produces the fineſt Fruit, but bears too many Branches, which might be lopped into Form, to give it a more regular Appearance.

What! Is *Homer*'s Poem then, according to Mr. *Pope*, a confuſed Heap of Beauties, without Order or Symmetry, and a Plat whereon nothing but Seeds, nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and a Production loaded with many unprofitable Things, which ought to be retrenched, and which choak or diſfigure thoſe which deſerve to be preſerved?

The moſt inveterate Enemies to *Homer*, never ſaid any Thing more injurious, or unjuſt, againſt that Poet.

As I have defended him, with pretty good Succeſs, againſt the Cavils of ſo many ignorant Cenſors, who have condemned him becauſe they did not underſtand him. I find myſelf again obliged to defend him againſt one of greater Penetration, and may therefore do him more Injury in the Minds of unlearned Readers, tho' at the ſame Time he pretends to have a great Veneration for him.

Mr. *Pope* will pardon me then if I here oppoſe theſe three Compariſons, which to me appear very falſe, and entirely contrary to what the greateſt antient and modern Criticks, ever thought.

To the Point then, the *Iliad* is ſo far from being a wild Paradiſe, that 'tis the moſt regular Garden, and laid out with more Symmetry than any ever was.

Monſieur

Monſieur *le Noſtre*, who was the firſt Man of the World in his Art, never obſerved in his Gardens a more perfect or more admirable Symmetry than *Homer* has obſerv'd in his Poems. Every Thing therein is not only in the Place it ought to have, but every Thing is made for the Place it hath. He preſents you at firſt with that which ought to be firſt ſeen, he places in the Middle what ought to be in the Middle, and what would improperly be at the Beginning or End, and he removes what ought to be at a greater Diſtance, to create the more agreeable Surprize; and, to uſe a Compariſon drawn from Painting, he places that in the greateſt Light which cannot be too viſible, and ſinks, in the Obſcurity of the Shade, what does not require a full View; ſo that it may be ſaid, that *Homer* is the Painter who beſt knew how to employ the Shades and Lights, and it was this wonderfully beauteous Order which *Horace* admired in his Poems, and on which he founded his Rules for the perfecting of the Art of Poetry.

The ſecond Compariſon is as unjuſt: How could Mr. *Pope* ſay, "that one can only diſcover Seeds "and the firſt Productions of every Kind in the "*Iliad*." Every Beauty is therein to ſo great a Perfection, that the following Ages could add nothing to thoſe of any Kind; and the Antients have always propoſed *Homer* as the moſt perfect Model in all Kinds of Poetry.

The third Compariſon is compoſed of the Errors of the two former; *Homer* had certainly an incomparable Fertility of Invention, but his Fertility is always check'd by that juſt Senſe, which made him reject every ſuperfluous Thing which his vaſt Imagination could offer him, to retain only what was uſeful or neceſſary. Judgment guided the Hand of this admirable Gardiner, and was the Pruning Hook he employ'd

employed to lop off every useless Branch; he has done what *Horace* directs,

Inutilesque falce ramos amputans Feliciores inserit.

Mr. *Pope* had done us a great Piece of Service, if he had pointed out the useless Branches that ought to be lopp'd off from this Tree. The Symmetry which ought to be given to that wild Garden to render it more regular, and the Perfection which is wanting to the several Beauties, he says *Homer* has only sketched out; it would be very happy for the present Age, and glorious to *England*, to have produced so perfect a Critick.

Now I have defended *Homer*, I must also defend myself against a Criticism he has made upon a Part of my Preface; where speaking of the Manners of *Homer*'s Heroes, so like those of the Patriarchs, I have said, I find these antient Times so much the finer, as they the less resemble our own. Upon this, Mr. *Pope* exclaims, who can be so prejudiced in their Favour as to magnify their Felicity, when a Spirit of Revenge and Cruelty reigned through the World, when no Mercy was shewn but for the Sake of Lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the Sword, and their Wives and Daughters made Slaves and Concubines? Mr. *Pope* sure mistook me!

When I said so, could I mean that the Manners of these heroical Times were perfect and without fault! Were they so in more happy Times! Were there no Tokens then of Cruelty or Revenge! Were there no Captives made! Were there no Kings put to the Sword! Were there no Concubines seen amongst them! And since the Christian Religion has taught a more perfect Morality, was there never a Spirit of Revenge and Cruelty seen among Christians! Do they make no more Prisoners of War! And do

not redeem them! Was there never a Concubine, and ſomething worſe, ſeen among them! Did all theſe Vices, which Mr. *Pope* blames theſe antient Times for, hinder Nature from being then very plain, far from the Luxury, Pomp, and Effeminacy which have corrupted the following Ages! Are not theſe Manners of *Homer*'s Heroes very like thoſe of the Patriarchs, and very unlike thoſe of our own Time! I might then ſay, that thoſe Times and Manners ſeemed ſo much the more excellent to me, as they leſs reſemble thoſe of our own. Durſt Mr. *Pope* himſelf prefer the Manners of the preſent Age to thoſe of the antient Times! No, without Doubt; for ſix Lines after he embraces my Opinion, which he had blamed: I find, ſays he, a Pleaſure in obſerving the Simplicity of that Age, in Oppoſition to the Pomp and Luxury of the following Ages. One may then, according to his own Senſe, prefer thoſe Ages of natural Simplicity to theſe that are corrupted with Pomp and Luxury.

I own I did not expect to find myſelf attacked by Mr. *Pope*, in a Preface wherein I might have expected ſome ſmall Token of Acknowledgment, or at leaſt ſome ſlight Approbation; for having been ſo happy as to think on ſeveral Things in the Way himſelf does, eſpecially on the Manners of the Antients, after I had ſaid in my Preface, that Princes tended their Flocks, and Princes drew Water at the Spring; and brought Examples to prove this from the Holy Scriptures, and the *Roman* Hiſtory itſelf, I conclude with theſe Words: I love to ſee *Juno* dreſſing herſelf without the Trinkets of a Toilet, or the Aſſiſtance of a Waiting-Woman; it is the ſame with the Heroes as with the Gods, one ſees neither Footmen, nor Valets de Chambre, nor Guards about *Achilles*, *Agamemnon*, &c. *Hercules*

and

and *Theſeus* had none of theſe, Mr. *Pope* ſays the ſame Thing, there is a Pleaſure in beholding Monarchs without their Guards, Princes feeding their Flocks, and Princeſſes drawing Water from the Springs.

I am overjoyed to find that Mr. *Pope* is as much in love with the Simplicity of the antient Times as I am; it is a Token that he abhors the Pomp and Luxury of our own, and gives me Reaſon to hope, that a little Reflection will induce him to approve what I have ſaid, and he has ſo unjuſtly condemned.

I could remark upon ſeveral other Things in his Preface, but I have not the Leiſure at preſent that this would require; however, I cannot conclude without correcting two conſiderable Errors Mr. *Pope* has fallen into; the firſt is, when ſpeaking of the Fable, he ſays, *Homer* created a moving World for himſelf in the Invention of the Fable, (or Words to that Effect) What does he mean by this! When *Plato* tells us, that when God created Time, he created a moving Image of Eternity. I underſtand that Language, it preſents an Idea to my Mind which I conceive, and find to be juſt and fine; but to create a moving World in the Invention of the Fable, is a confuſed Idea, which I can neither unravel nor underſtand; beſides, there is not the leaſt Shadow of Truth to affirm that *Homer* invented the Fable; it is much antienter, was invented long before his Time, and he found the Uſe of it wholly eſtabliſh'd, as I have ſhewn in my Preface to the *Odyſſeys*; for *Homer*'s Fable is not at all different from the Fables of *Æſop*, as thoſe are not all different from ſuch as were in Uſe a long Time before him. All that *Homer* has done, is, that he has built his *Epick* Fable on that firſt Fable, and, extending it by his *Epiſodes*, gave it a Grandeur proportionable to his own Views and Deſigns; it is for this Reaſon that *Ariſtotle* calls

Fable, the Compoſition of Things, and ſays, very juſtly, that is the Soul of the Poem.

The ſecond Error, which is not leſs material, is, when ſpeaking of poetical Manners, Mr. *Pope* ſays, As there is more Variety of Characters in the *Iliad*, ſo there is of Speeches, than in any other Poem. Every Thing in it has Manners (as *Ariſtotle* expreſſes it) that is, every Thing is acted or ſpoken. Nothing can be more repugnant to the Doctrine of that Philoſopher; he never ſaid that any one Thing has Manners, that is, that it is either acted or ſpoken. He ſays, on the contrary, that there are Diſcourſes without Manners, and that in his Time there were many Tragedies without Manners, and yet there were both Action and Diſcourſe in theſe Dramas; this is a ſure Sign that Manners are neither Actions nor Diſcourſe, ſince Diſcourſes and Actions may be without Manners. What are Manners then, according to *Ariſtotle?* Manners, ſays he, are what diſcover the Inclination of the Perſon who ſpeaks, and the Side he will take upon any Accident wherein it would not be eaſy to find him out; therefore all Diſcourſes that do not let you at firſt diſcover what he that ſpeaks will reſolve himſelf to do, are without Manners. It is aſtoniſhing, that Mr. *Pope* has not underſtood a Thing which is ſo clearly explained in *Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry*, and in my Prefaces to the *Odyſſey*. I refer that learned Man to theſe two Works, wherein he may ſatisfy himſelf concerning this Point.

The Faults I blame him for are ſo trivial, that they ought not to hinder the *Engliſh* Nation from expecting from this new Poet the great Advantages that are to be hop'd for from a Reformer of *Homer*. So bright a Man will not confine himſelf to perfect only the Art of Epick Poeſy, that would be a trifling Matter: No, he will perfect the Art of Politicks, much

much more valuable and more important than that of Epick Poeſy. A Man capable to correct *Homer*, will be able to form the Manners of Men; *Alcibiades* was of that Opinion, for a Grammarian having made his Brags before him, that he had in his Cloſet an *Homer* corrected with his own Hand, What! Friend, ſaid he, art thou capable to correct *Homer*, and doſt thou waſte thy Time in teaching Children? Why doſt thou not apply thyſelf to form the Manners of Men?

Of what infinite Conſequence then will Mr. *Pope* be to a State, ſince he can reform *Homer?*

Anne le Fevre Dacier.

This fair Enemy puzzled our Tranſlator of *Homer* more than all the others; he confeſs'd that he had receiv'd great Helps from her, and only thought ſhe had (through a prodigious and almoſt ſuperſtitious Fondneſs for *Homer*) endeavour'd to make him out to be without any Fault or Weakneſs, and to ſtamp a Perfection on his Works which is no where to be found: However, he wrote her a very obliging Letter, where he confeſs'd himſelf exceedingly ſorry that ever he ſhould have done or wrote any Thing to diſpleaſe ſo excellent a Wit; and ſhe, on the other Side (according to the Goodneſs and Frankneſs of her Diſpoſition) proteſted to forget it; ſo that there remain'd no Heart-burnings nor Animoſities between theſe two great Admirers and Tranſlators of *Homer*.

We will leave ſpeaking of *Homer*'s *Iliad* without one Quotation from it, it being impoſſible to give a ſatisfactory Idea of the Whole by any ſmall Part of it; ſo we refer the Reader to it, as well as to the *Odyſſey*, which our Poet alſo tranſlated.

Tho' Mr. *Pope* had in moſt of his Writings been

oppoſed, as well as in the Tranſlation of the *Iliad*; been called illiterate, a Fool, an Ape, an Aſs, a Boy, a Monſter, and every Thing abuſive, he did not think it worth his Time to anſwer any ſingle Blockhead, yet was loath to let them go without ſome Correction; and having ſufficient Ground-work to go upon, begins, and at Times finiſhes a moſt compleat Satire, and calls it the *Dunciad*; where without the leaſt Mercy (being thereto moſt ſcandalouſly provok'd) he laſhes the whole Body of Dunces, and among them ſome (who had eſpouſed their Party) who were not Dunces.

He addreſs'd it, as was ſaid before, to Dean *Swift*, who calls it *Pope*'s Maſter-piece: It was a Thing calculated as if on Purpoſe for the Ear of that glorious Wit: Satire was his Food, his particular Delight, liv'd in him, he knew leſs how to praiſe: It could not well be addreſs'd to Any-body elſe, without doing him Wrong. It is wrote very much in the Spirit of Mr. *Dryden*'s *Mac Flecknoe*; but as it is more general, (that being chiefly confin'd to one Character) ſo it is more pleaſing; not but *Dryden*'s Satire is full as keen, and exceeding poetical, but wanting Subject is rather too ſhort.

Thoſe who are immortaliz'd in our Poet's *Dunciad*, had been (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt Aggreſſors: They had tried 'till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other. No Body was either concern'd or ſurpriz'd, if this or that Scribbler was prov'd a Dunce; but every Body was curious to read what could prove Mr. *Pope* one, and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a Diſcovery. The ill Succeſs in that tranſported them to perſonal Abuſe, either of himſelf or Friends, (which he could perhaps leſs eaſily forgive) and furniſh'd him with Materials for the beſt Satire, and the trueſt in our Language;

Language; except the *Rehearsal*, which having another Design, that of reforming the Stage and keeping off Absurdities from it, has another Cast, and is to be consider'd by itself.

To prove what has been said, that Mr. *Pope* was most scandalously provok'd, we shall inform the Reader, that no less than sixty-two different Libels, Books, Papers, and Papers of Verses, were publish'd against him; in which he was abus'd, before the Publication of the *Dunciad*, by Mr. *Dennis*, Mr. *Gildon*, *Thomas Burnet*, and *G. Ducket*, Esqrs. Mr. *Preston*, Mrs. *Centlivre*, ——— *Griffin*, a Comedian, *Joseph Gay*, *Bez. Morris*, *Leonard Welsted*, *Thomas Cooke*, Mrs. *Elizabeth Haywood*, ——— *Oldmixon*, (Author of what he calls *A critical History of England*, and others call a Heap of Scandal and Lies) *Jonathan Smedley*, *the British Journal*, *the Daily Journal*, *James Moore Smith*, Mr. *Theobald*, *Edward Roome*, Mr. *Ralph*, (whose Name I am sorry to see among them, he being a Dunce only in writing against the *Dunciad*, where he was never mentioned, but by that Means got in, his Name being inserted in a new Impression) *E. Curl*, a Bookseller, Mr. *Foxton*, Mr. *Thomas*, *Mathew Concanen* *Ward*, and others about his Strain.

So that it appears, that he bore with this Rabble Rout of Writers a long Time before he made them look more ridiculous than they had made themselves; tho' at last Mr. *Pope* did no more than he had always done, that was laugh at them.

The greatest Hurt those Poetasters and Pseudo-Criticks did him, was pretending to fix Things on him of which he was not Author. The lowest Ballads, Treatises medling with State-affairs, or the Protestant Church; Satire on Lords and Ladies, Raillery on Wits and good Authors, Squabbles with Booksellers, or even

full and true Accounts of Monſters, Poiſons, and Murders; of any hereof there was nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which hath not at one or other Seaſon been to him aſcribed: If it bore no Name, then he lay concealed; if it did, he father'd it on that Author, to be yet better concealed; if it reſembled his Style, then it was evident; if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet Purpoſe; even direct Oppoſitions have equally been ſuppos'd in him inherent.

To ſupport the Action of the *Dunciad*, a Perſon muſt be fix'd on to agree with the Deſign; one capable of being a Party Writer, a dull Poet, and a Critick. This *Phantom* in the Poet's Mind muſt have a Name, and accordingly he calls him *Tibbald*; but Mr. *Cibber* afterwards making him angry, he diſplaces the *Phantom*, and leaves the Throne of Dullneſs vacant for the *Laureat*, thus humorouſly in Proſe:

By AUTHORITY.

BY Virtue of the Authority in Us veſted, by the Act for ſubjecting Poets to the Power of a Licencer, We have revis'd this Piece; where finding the Style and Appellation of King have been given to a certain Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the Name of *Tibbald*; and apprehending the ſame may be deem'd in ſome Sort a Reflection on Majeſty, or at leaſt an Inſult on that Legal Authority, which has beſtow'd on another Perſon the Crown of Poeſy; We have ordered the ſaid Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vaniſh and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the ſaid Throne of Poeſy from hence-forth to be abdicated and vacant, unleſs duly and lawfully ſupplied by the *Laureat* himſelf.

And

And it is hereby enacted, That no other Person do presume to fill the same.

CC. Ch.

The Throne thus supposed to be fill'd, let us proceed to speak of the *Dunciad* more particularly. In the First Book is contain'd, The Proposition of the Subject; the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of *Dulness*, and Cause of the Continuance thereof. The beloved Seat of the Goddess is describ'd, with her chief Attendants and Officers, her Functions, Operations, and Effects. Then the Poem hastes into the Midst of Things, presenting her on the Evening of a Lord Mayor's Day, revolving the long Succession of her Sons, and the Glories past, and to come. She fixes her Eye on *Bays* to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is describ'd pensive in his Study, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire from the old Age of the present Monarch *Settle*. Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to Law or Politicks, he raises an Altar of proper Books, and (making first his solemn Prayer and Declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful Writings. As the Pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the Flame from her Seat, flies in Person and puts it out, by casting upon it the Poem of *Thule*. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds all her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the Death of *Settle* that Night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.

The Satire begins thus:

The mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The *Smithfield* Muses to the Ears of Kings,
I sing.

I ſing. Say you her Inſtruments, the Great,
Call'd to this Work by *Dulneſs*, *Jove*, and *Fate*;
You, by whoſe Care, in vain deſcry'd and curſt,
Still *Dunce* the Second reigns like *Dunce* the Firſt.

This laſt Line alludes to a Verſe of Mr. *Dryden*'s, not *Mac Flecknoe*, as it is ignorantly ſaid in the *Key to the Dunciad*, but in his Verſes to Mr. *Congreve*:

And *Tom* the Second reigns like *Tom* the Firſt.

Let us cite two Lines ſpoke of the Goddeſs *Dulneſs*, to introduce the Addreſs of the whole Poem to Dean *Swift*; which is a fine Acknowledgement of his Merit, and no Compliment:

Still her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries;
For born a Goddeſs, *Dulneſs* never dies.

O thou, whatever Title pleaſe thy Ear,
Dean, *Drapier*, *Bickerſtaff*, or *Gulliver!*
Whether thou chuſe *Cervantes*'s ſerious Air,
Or laugh and ſhake in *Rablais*'s eaſy Chair;
Or praiſe the Court; or magnify Mankind;
Or thy griev'd Country's Copper Chains unbind;
From thy *Bœotia* tho' her Pow'r retires,
Mourn not my *Swift* at ought our Realm acquires:
Here pleas'd, behold her mighty Wings out-ſpread,
To hatch a new *Saturnian Age* of Lead.

There is nothing can exceed the Deſcription of the College of *Dulneſs* in the City, nor the ſatirical Turns againſt the ſeveral Perſons there nam'd and hinted at; but for *Bays* and his Library, if they do not outſhine the reſt, (where all ſhines, they ſerve beſt our preſent Purpoſe, which is to draw ſhort Pictures of all who have appear'd either for or againſt our Satiriſt, either in publick Print or private Life.

Bays,

Bays, form'd by Nature, Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act and be a Coxcomb with Succeſs,
Dulneſs with Tranſport eyes the lively Dunce;
Rememb'ring ſhe herſelf was *Pertneſs* once.
Now (Shame to *Fortune*!) an ill Run at Play,
Blank'd his bold Viſage, and a thin third Day;
Swearing, and ſupperleſs the Heroe ſate,
Blaſphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate;
Then gnaw'd his Pen, then daſh'd it on the Ground,
Sinking from Thought to Thought, a vaſt Profound!
Plung'd for his Senſe, but found no Bottom there;
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in meer Deſpair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonſenſe precipitate like running Lead,
That ſlip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-Zags of the Head;
Ale, that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next o'er his Books his Eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing Memory of all he ſtole;
How here he ſipp'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er, like an induſtrious Bug.
Here lay poor *Fletcher*'s half-eat Scenes, and here
The Frippery of crucify'd *Moliere*.
There hapleſs *Shakeſpear*, yet by *Tibbald* ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.
The reſt on outſide Merit but preſume,
Or ſerve, like other Fools to fill a Room;
Such with their Shelves as due Proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents dreſs'd in Red and Gold;
Or where the Pictures for the Page atone,
And *Quarles* is fav'd by Beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the Shelf with *Ogylby* the Great;
Then ſtamp'd with Arms, *Newcaſtle* ſhines compleat.

Here

Here all his ſuffering Brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the Martyrdom of Jakes and Fire:
A *Gothick* Library! Of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Well purg'd, and worthy *Settle*, *Banks*, and *Broome*;
But high above more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The *Claſſicks* of an Age that heard of None;
There *Caxton* ſlept, with *Wynkin* at his Side,
One claſp'd in Wood, and one in ſtrong Cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by Spice, like Mummies, many a Year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful Front extends,
And here the groaning Shelves *Philemon* bend.

Nicholas de Lyra, or *Harpfield*, was a very voluminous Commentator, whoſe Works, in five large Folios, were printed in 1472.

Philemon Holland was Doctor in Phyſick; he tranſlated ſo many Books, that a Man would think he had done nothing elſe; inſomuch, that he might be call'd Tranſlator-general of his Age. But the *Caxton* mentioned in the Verſes above, was a Printer in the Time of *Edward* IV. *Richard* III. and *Henry* VII. *Wynkin de Ward*, his Succeſſor, in that of *Henry* VII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into Proſe *Virgil*'s *Æneis* as a Hiſtory, of which he ſpeaks, in his Proem, in a very ſingular Manner, as of a Book hardly known, as follows.

" AFTER dyuerſe Werkes, made tranſlated
" and achieued, hauyng, noo Werke in hande
" I ſitting in my ſtudye where as laye many dy-
" uerſe paunflettes and bookys. happened that to
" my hande came a lytyl booke in frenſhe. whyche
" late was tranſlated oute of latyn by ſome clerke
" of fraunce whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made
" in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerke *Vyr-*
" *gyle*)

" *gyle)* whiche booke I ſawe over and redde there-
" in. How after the generall deſtruccyon of the
" grete *Troye*, *Eneas* departed berynge his olde fa-
" der *Anchiſes* upon his ſholders, his lytyl ſon *Yolas*
" on his hande: his wyfe wyth moche other people
" followyng, and how he ſhipped and departed wyth
" alle thyſtorye of his aduantures that he had *er he*
" *cam to his achieuement of the conqueſt of ytalye* as
" all alonge ſhall be ſhewed in this preſent booke.
" In whiche booke I had grete plaſyr. by cauſe of
" the fayr and honeſt termes and wordes in frenſhe
" Whyche I neuer ſawe to fore lyke. ne none ſo
" playſuant ne no ſo wel ordred. which booke as
" me ſeemed ſholde be moche requyſyte to noble
" men to ſee as wel for the eloquence as the hiſto-
" ryes. How wel that many hondred yerys paſſed
" was the ſayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other werkes
" made and lerned dayly in ſcolis ſpecyally in *ytalye*
" and other Places, whiche hiſtorye the ſaid *Vyrgyle*
" made in metre, And whan I had aduyſed me in
" this ſayd booke. *I delybered and concluded* to
" tranſlate it into englyſhe. And fortwhyth toke
" a penne and ynk and wrote a leef or tweyne,
" which I ouerſawe again to correcte it, and whan I
" ſawe the fayr and ſtraunge termes therein, I doubt-
" ed that it ſholpe not pleaſe ſome gentylmen which
" late blamed me ſayeng that in my tranſlacyons I
" had ouer curyous termes which coud not be vn-
" derſtande of comyn peple, and deſired me to vſe
" olde and homely termes in my tranſlacyons. And
" fayn wolde I ſatysfye euery man, and ſo to doo
" toke an olde booke and redde therein, and cer-
" taynly the englyſhe wes ſo rude and brood that I
" coude not wele vnderſtande it. And alſo my
" lorde *Abbot* of *Weſtmynſter* ded do ſhewe to me
" late certayn euydences wryton in olde englyſhe

" for

" for to reduce it in to our englyſhe now vſed, and
" certaynly it was wryton in ſuche wyſe that it was
" more lyke to dutche than englyſhe I coude not reduce
" ne brynge it to be underſtoonden, and certaynly
" our langage now vſed varyeth ferre from that
" whiche was vſed ſpoken whan I was borne, For we
" englyſhemen, ben borne vnder the domynacyon
" of the mone. which is neuer ſtedfaſte, but euer
" wauerynge, wexynge one ſeaſon, and waneth &
" dyſcreaſeth another ſeaſon, And that comyn en-
" glyſhe that is ſpoken in one ſhyre varyeth from a-
" nother. In ſo much that in my dayes happened
" that certayn marchants were in a ſhip in Tamyſe
" for to haue ſayled over the ſee into Zeland, and
" for lacke of wynde thei taryed atte forlond. and
" wente to lande to refreſhe them And one of them
" named *Sheffelde* a mercer cam in to an hows and
" axed for mete. and ſpecyally he axyd after eggys
" And the good wyf anſwerede, that ſhe cude ſpeke
" no frenſhe. And the marchant was anggy. for
" he alſo cude ſpeke no frenſhe. but wolde haue
" hadde egges, and ſhe vnderſtoode hym not, And
" thanne at laſte another ſayd that he wolde haue
" eyren, then the goode wyf ſayd that ſhe vnderſtode
" hym wel, Loo what ſhold a man in thyſe dayes
" now wryte. egges or eyren, certaynly it is harde
" to playſe euery man, by cauſe of dyuerſite &
" change of langage. For in theſe dayes euery man
" that is in ony reputacyon in his contre, wyll vtter
" his comynycacyon and maters in ſuche maners &
" termes, that fewe men ſhall vnderſtonde them,
" and ſom honeſt and grete clerkes haue ben wyth
" and deſired me to wryte the moſt curyous termes
" that I coud finde, And thus betwene playn rude,
" & curyous I ſtande abaſhed. but in my Judg-
" mente, the comyn termes that be dalyli vſed ben
" lyghter

" lyghter to be vnderſtonde than the olde and ancy-
" ente englyſhe, And for as moche as this preſent
" booke is not *for a rude vplondiſh man* to labourе there-
" in, ne red it, but onely for a clerke & a noble gen-
" tylman that feleth and vnderſtondeth in faytes of
" armes in loue & in noble chyualrye, Therefore
" in a mean betwene bothe I haue tranſlated & reduced
" this ſayd booke into our englyſhe not ouer rude ne cu-
" ryous but in ſuche termes as ſhall be vnderſtanden
" by goddys grace accordynge to my copye. And
" yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit, and
" fyndeth ſuche termes that he can not vnderſtande
" late hym goo rede and lerne *Vyrgyll*, or the pyſtles
" of *Ouyde*, and ther he ſhall ſee and vnderſtonde
" lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar & enformer,
" For this booke is not for euery rude and vncon-
" nynge man to ſee, but to clerkys & very gentyle-
" men that vnderſtande gentylnes and ſcyence.
" Thenne I praye alle theym that ſhall rede in this
" lytyle treatys to holde me for excuſed for the tran-
" ſlatynge of hit. For I knowleche my ſelf ygno-
" rant of connynge to enpryſe on me ſo hie and no-
" ble a werke, But I praye Maſter *John Skelton* late
" created poete laureate in the vnyverſitye of *Oxen-*
" *fored* to ouerſee and correcte this ſayd booke. And
" t'addreſſe and expowne whereas ſhall be founde
" faulte to theym that ſhall requyre it. For hym I
" knowe for ſuffycyent to expowne and englyſhe e-
" uery dyffyculte that is therein, For he hath late
" tranſlated the epyſtlys of *Tulle*, and the booke of
" *Dyodorus Syculus*. and diuerſe other werkes out
" of latyn in to englyſſhe not in rude and olde lan-
" gage. but in *poloyſhed and ornate termes* craftely,
" as he that hath redde *Vyrgyle*, *Ouyde*, *Tulle*, and
" all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me un-
" known: And alſo he hath redde the ix muſes and

" vnderſtande

" vnderſtande theyr muſicalle ſcyences. and to " whom of thym eche ſcyence is appropred. I ſup- " poſe he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I " praye hym & ſuche other to correcte adde or my- " nyſſhe where as he or they ſhall fynde faulte, For " I haue but folowed my copye in frenſhe as nygh " as me is poſſyble, And yf ony worde be ſayd " therein well, I am glad. and yf otherwyſe, I " ſubmytte my ſayd booke to theyr correctyon, " Whiche booke I preſente vnto the hye born my " *tocomynge* naturall & ſouerayn lord *Arthur* by the " grace of God Prynce of *Walys*, Duke of *Corney-* " *wall*. & Erle of *Cheſter* firſt bygotten Son and " heyer vnto our moſt dradde natrall & ſouerain " lorde & moſt chryſten kynge of *Englonde* and of " *Fraunce* & lorde of *Irelonde*, byſeeching his noble " grace to receyve it in thanke of me his moſte hum- " ble ſubget and ſeruant, And I ſhall praye unto al- " myghty God for his proſperous increaſyng in " vertue, wyſedom, and humanyte that he may be " egal with the moſt renomed of alle his noble pro- " genytours. And ſo to lyue in this preſent lyf, " that after this tranſitorye lyfe he and we alle may " come to euerlaſtynge lyf in heuen, *Amen*.

At the End of the Book.

" Here fynyſſheth the boke of *Eneydos*, compyled " by *Vyrgyle*, which hathe ben tranſlated out of *latyn* " in to *frenſhe*, and out of *frenſhe* reduced in to *en-* " *glyſhe* by me *Willm. Caxton*, the xxij daye of " *Juyn*. the yere of our lorde. M. iiij C lxxxx. " The fythe yere of the Regne of kyng *Henry* the " ſeuenth."

Our Satyriſt ſticks cloſe to *Bays*, and puts into his Mouth an Invocation to *Dulneſs*, making him promiſe,

COLLEY CIBBER ESQ.r

Parr Sculp.

promiſe, that as the Muſe began with her, ſo it ſhall end with her. Likewiſe, reflecting with Pleaſure upon Sir *Fopling*'s Perriwig; for the firſt viſible Cauſe of the Paſſion of the Town for *Bays*, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed Perriwig, which he tells us, he wore in his firſt Play of the *Fool in Faſhion*: It attracted, in a particular Manner, the Friendſhip of Colonel *Brett*, who wanted to purchaſe it: "Whatever Contempt (ſays he) Philoſophers may have for a fine Perriwig, my Friend, who was not to deſpiſe the World, but to live in it, knew very well, that ſo material an Article of Dreſs, upon the Head of a Man of Senſe, if it became him, could never fail of drawing a more particular Regard and Benevolence, than could poſſibly be hop'd for, in an ill made one. This, perhaps, may ſoften the grave Cenſure which ſo youthful a Purchaſe might otherwiſe have laid upon him. In a Word, he made his Attack upon this Perriwig, as your young Fellows generally do upon a Lady of Pleaſure, firſt by a few familiar Praiſes of her Perſon, and then a civil Enquiry into the Price of it; and we finiſhed our Bargain over a Bottle." See his Life, Octavo, Page 303. This remarkable Perriwig uſually made its Entrance upon the Stage in a Sedan, brought in by two Chairmen, with infinite Approbation of the Audience.

This important Wig is now handed down to everlaſting Fame, which was endeavoured at before by the Laureat himſelf, in his Apology for his own Life.

In the laſt Edition of the *Dunciad*, there are ſeveral other Alterations and Additions in Augmentation of his Character.

Mr. *Bays*, under that or ſome other Name, will often occur to us, ſo that for the Remainder of this

firſt Book, we deſire the Reader to obſerve, in what Manner he came by his Elaſticity and Fire; that he was once thought to have wrote a reaſonable Play; to obſerve a general Character given of his Verſe, and Proſe, and in what Manner his Converſation was extenſive and uſeful; that he was once deſigned for the Church, where he ſhould have been a Biſhop; ſince became inclined to write for the Miniſter of State, but determines to ſtick to his other Talents.

——————Still, ſtill, remain
Cibberian Forehead, and *Cibberian* Brain;
This brazen Brightneſs, to the Squire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd Hardneſs, that reflects the Peer;
This arch Abſurd, that Wit and Fool delights;
This Meſs, toſs'd up of *Hockley-Hole* and *White's*,
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe his
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town. [Crown,

He is repreſented at the End of this Book as actually enthron'd; the firſt Book concludes thus:

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed Head
With Myſtick Words, the ſacred *Opium* ſhed.
And lo! her Bird, a Monſter of a Fowl!
Something betwixt a Heideggre and Owl,
Perch'd on his Crown. All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promis'd Land expects thy Reign.
Know, *Euſden* thirſts no more for Sack or Praiſe,
He ſleeps among the Dull of antient Days
Safe, where no Critick's damn, no Duns moleſt,
Where wretched *Withers*, *Ward*, and *Gildon* reſt,
And high born *Howard*, more majeſtick Sire,
Impatient waits 'till *H——y* grace the Choir,
Yet, yet, a While at Court my *H——y* ſtay!
See, *Cibber* enters, haſte and turn the Key.

Lift

Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
Sound, sound the Viol, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join!
And thou, his Aid de Camp, lead out my Sons,
Light arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, *Billingsgate*, two Sisters dear,
Support his Front, and Oaths bring up the Rear:
And under his, and under *A——r*'s * Wing,
Gaming and *Grub-Street*, skulk behind the King.

O when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
And I a nursing Mother rock the Throne!
'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law!
Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned Band,
And suckle Armies, and dry nurse the Land;
'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be Sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

——Under *A——r*'s * Wing
Gaming and *Grub-Street*, skulk behind the King.

When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by antient Custom, plays at *Hazard* one Night in the Year; and therefore a Clause was inserted, with an Exception, as to that Particular. Under this Pretence, the Groom Porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the Summer the Court was at *Kensington*, which his Majesty being accidentally acquainted of, with a just Indignation, prohibited, it is reported; the same Practice is yet continued, wherever the Court resides, and the *Hazard* Table there, open to all the profess'd Gamesters in Town.

Greatest and *justest* SOVEREIGN! know you this?
Alas! no more than *Thames* calm Head can know
Whose Meads his Arms drown, or whose Corn o'erflow.
Donne to Queen *Elizabeth*.

She ceas'd: Then ſwells the Chapel Royal Throat,
God ſave King *Cibber* mounts in every Note:
Familiar *White's* God ſave King *Colley* cries;
And God ſave *Colley Drury-Lane* replies.
To *Needham's* quick the Voice triumphal rode,
But pious *Needham* dropp'd the Name of God;
Back to the *Devil* the laſt Ecchoes roll,
And *Coll!* each Butcher roars at *Hockley-Hole.*
So when *Jove's* Block deſcended from on high,
(As ſings thy great Fore-father *Ogilby*)
Look, Thunder to the Bottom ſhook the Bog,
And the hoarſe Nation croak'd, God ſave King *Log.*

Why Mr. *Pope* reflects on Mr. *Euſden* * (who never, that I heard of, had given him any Cauſe of Offence, I cannot tell) but am apt to think it was ſeeing the Lawrel beſtow'd on a Man, who was neither a Scholar nor a Poet. Mr. *Cooke*, in his *Battle of the Poets*, ſaith of him:

Euſden, a lawrell'd Bard, by Fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

If he had any Beauty of Mind, he darken'd it by Hard-drinking; and having done a great Wrong to a Family of no obſcure Name, left behind him a Character of ſuch a Nature, that it had better be forgot than remember'd. Mr. *Pope* gives him a Laſh or two, allowing him and *Daniel De Foe* a Diſtich between them in one Place; which was tacking two Perſons together of very different Talents, for *Daniel De Foe* had Parts; but he diſtinguiſhes them very juſtly, comparing *De Foe* to Mr. *Pryn*, and Mr. *Euſden* to Sir *Richard Blackmore*, a little to the Injury of the latter. He ſpeaks of *Dulneſs*:

She ſaw old *Pryn* in reſtleſs *Daniel* ſhine,
And *Euſden* eke out *Blackmore's* endleſs Line.

Mr.

* *This Mr.* Euſden *was a Clergyman.*

Mr. *Eusden* had begun to translate *Tasso Jerusalem*, without understanding the *Italian*; and by the Help of Dictionaries and the old Version finish'd, as he call'd it, a great many Books; but dying, left them with the Lady, whose Acquaintance cost them both their good Names. This Lady's Brother (still bearing an Affection for his Sister) hoping thereby to make up Part of her mis-spent Fortune, consulted a learned *Italian* residing in *England*, hoping with his Assistance and that of some good *English* Poet to compleat the Work, and make very considerable Profits of it, dividing the Gain in Thirds; but when the *English* Poet saw it, he (understanding the Original) soon found so many Mistakes in the Sense, such a Meanness and Want of Spirit, (rather worse than two other Attempts that were made about that Time upon the same Book, tho' without the least Success, and stopping at three or four Books) such a Sleepiness and Lameness in the Rhyme, (for it was in Rhyme) that it would be less difficult to translate it anew, than botch up such wretched Stuff; besides, that he would by no Means touch it, but to do it in Blank Verse, and was only willing to undertake it in his own Name, and at a certain Price, shewing the Danger he should run to mix his Fame with Mr. *Eusden*'s; which so discouraged the Gentleman who had taken this Affair into his Head, that he dropp'd the Thoughts of it; and it is very possible it may remain in Manuscript, 'till it comes into Hands that know what Use it ought to be put to.

To see such a one as *Eusden* preferr'd to the Lawrel was enough to give the Spleen to any Man, when so many Gentlemen of Merit much superior would have been glad to have accepted the Honour. This *Eusden* no sooner died, but his Place of Laureat was fill'd up by Mr. *Cibber*, who, notwithstanding he

has let ſome Things call'd Odes eſcape him, that are only Subjects of Contempt and Laughter, has or has had very good Notions of the Comic Style; and if the *Careleſs Huſband* be indeed his, as who elſe pretends any Claim to it? let us confeſs that this one Comedy fixes Merit ſufficient on him to fill the Place he is in: He is a chearful ſpirited Companion, has been an excellent Comedian, and has given Pleaſure to Thouſands; a Man without Malice, and a Sufferer by being too good-natur'd.

Mr. *Pope*, as Mr. *Cibber* follow'd *Euſden* as Laureat, mention'd them together; but by the Praiſe he gives the *Careleſs Huſband*, it is plain he does not put them on a Level:

All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is and it is not the Voice of God.
To Gammer *Gurton* if it give the Bays,
And yet deny the *Careleſs Huſband* Praiſe.

In ſhort, the whole Town were of one Mind in Reſpect to *Euſden*, and no Man was fitter for the *Dunciad*.

Mr. *Oldmixon*, who was very far from being of Mr. *Pope*'s Party, as will appear, in his *Arts of Logick and Rhetorick*, Page 413, 414, affirms; "That "of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none "comes up to ſome Verſes of this Poet; which "have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fuſtian "in them as can be well jumbled together; and are "of that Sort of Nonſenſe, which ſo perfectly con-"founds all Ideas, that there is no diſtinct one left "in the Mind." Further he ſays of him; "That "he hath prophecied his own Poetry ſhall be ſweeter "than *Catullus*, *Ovid*, and *Tibullus*; but we have "little Hope of the Accompliſhment of it from "what he hath lately publiſhed." Upon which Mr. *Oldmixon* has not ſpar'd a Reflection; "That the

"putting

" putting the Lawrel on the Head of one who wrote " ſuch Verſes, will give Futurity a lively Idea of the " Judgment and Juſtice of thoſe who beſtow'd it. " *ibid.* Page 417." But the well known Learning of that noble Perſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreen'd him from this unmannerly Reflection: Nor ought Mr. *Oldmixon* to complain ſo long after, that the Lawrel would have better become his own Brow or any others; it were more decent to acquieſce in the Opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this Matter:

—In ruſh'd *Euſden*, and cried who ſhould have it,
But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd Pardon, and granted his Claim;
But vow'd that 'till then he ne'er heard of his Name.

The ſame Reaſon we ſuppoſe induc'd Mr. *Pope* to enter upon his Liſt of Dunces Mr. *Tate*, who was born and educated in *Ireland*, and Laureat in Queen *Anne*'s Reign, and the Beginning of the late King's: He was a cold, tame Writer, of no Invention, but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. *Dryden*: In his Second Part of *Abſalom and Achitophel* are above two Hundred Lines together of that great Hand, which ſtrongly ſhine thro' the Inſipidity of the reſt. He died in the *Mint* exceeding poor, being very much incumber'd with Debts, and had had for ſeveral Years the Patronage of the Earl of *Dorſet*.

Nor ſhall we find any Perſon's Name mention'd as a Dunce in this Satire, but what muſt be allowed ſuch; except they had offended Mr. *Pope*, and with ſuch he takes the Opportunity to quit Scores.

One, tho' almoſt the meaneſt our Satiriſt has condeſcended to take Notice of, was *Edward Ward*,

Not fail with *Ward* to Ape and Monkey Climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler Rhymes.

A very voluminous Poet in Verſe, by himſelf imagined to be *Hudibraſtic*; but he is beſt known by the *London Spy*. Mr. *Jacob* ſays, in his *Lives of the Poets*, that he kept a Publick-Houſe in the City, and with his Wit, Humour, and good Liquor, (Ale) afforded his Gueſts a pleaſurable Entertainment, eſpecially thoſe of the High Church Party, *Page* 225, *Vol.* 2. Great Numbers of his Works were yearly ſold into the Plantations. *Ward*, in a Book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this Account to be a very great Falſity, proteſting, that his Publick Houſe was not in the *City* but in *Moorfields*. Another *Ward* Mr. *Pope* mentions in his Third Book;

As thick as Eggs at *Ward* in Pillory.

John Ward, of *Hackney*, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being convicted of Forgery, was firſt expell'd the Houſe, and then ſentenc'd to the Pillory on the 17th of *February*, 1727. Mr. *Curl* looks upon the Mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a Satire, as a great Act of Barbarity. *Key to the* Dunc. *3d Edit. Page* 16. And another Author thus reaſons upon it. Durgen, *octav. Page* 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of "*Chriſtian* Charity, to animate the Rabble to abuſe "a worthy Man in ſuch a Situation? It was in vain! "he had no Eggs thrown at him; his Merit pre-"ſerv'd him. What cou'd move the Poet thus to "mention a brave Sufferer, a gallant Priſoner, expo-"ſed to the View of all Mankind! It was laying "aſide his Senſes, it was committing a Crime for "which the Law is deficient not to puniſh him! "nay, a Crime which Man can ſcarce forgive, nor

"Time

" Time efface! Nothing surely could have induc'd
" him but being bribed to it by a great Lady."

But take *Durgen*'s Author's own Words; who has thought himself able to make Reprisals on Mr. *Pope*, for those two Lines, which have set his Verses below the Value even of bad Tobacco:

Nor is the *Twickenham* Bard entirely free
From mercenary Throws of Obloquie;
The Lust of Mammon led him once astray,
And made him tag Scurrility for Pay;
If false, then let him clear up the Mistake,
And to the following Queries answer make.
Who, for the Lucre of a golden Fee,
Broke thro' the Bounds of Christian Charity,
To animate the Rabble, to abuse
A Worthy, far above so vile a Muse?
Tho' all in vain, for Merit kept him free
From your intended base Severity:
What envious Lady brib'd thee to express
Her Fury, in the Days of his Distress?
And caus'd thy Muse to execrate so poor
A Libel on so brave a Sufferer?
What Power, but Gold, could stupify thy Brain,
And make thee act so far below a Man,
As with inglorious Scandal to pursue
A gallant Pris'ner, when expos'd to View?
A cruel Insult at so wrong a Time,
That should by Law be punish'd as a Crime:
'Tis strange so wise a Bard should lay aside
His Senses, and be led by female Pride,
Into a Fault so permanent and great,
That Man can scarce forgive, or Time forget.
But Gold and Beauty makes the wisest Fools,
For these, the pious Christian breaks his Rules,
And Poets for the fame, we find, turn Womens
Fools.

This

This *Durgen* Author, or Mr. *Ward*, not knowing himſelf Dunce ſufficient to claim a Place in the *Dunciad*, is very angry to find himſelf there, and endeavours to make Mr. *Pope* appear unjuſt, malicious, and falſe to his Word, for this Reaſon, *Durgen* prefaces to the Reader, as follows:

"The only Excuſe made in the Preface to the "*Dunciad*, for the ſcurrilous Liberties taken by the "Author of that invidious Poem, is, that no Man "living is attacked therein, who had not before "printed and publiſhed againſt this particular Gentleman, meaning the Author. This Apology, "at firſt Sight, may ſeem to the friendly Reader no "leſs than reaſonable; but, in ſhort, his unguarded "Aſſertion, tho' expreſs'd in poſitive Terms, without the leaſt Exception, happens to fall under the "Misfortune of being utterly falſe; for the Author "of the following Poem, in Anſwer to his general "Charge, does ſolemnly proteſt, that he never, till "now, ever wrote a Line that could give to the "little Gentleman the minuteſt Provocation; therefore thinks himſelf at Liberty, without a Breach "of good Manners, to return him a Scratch for "his Bite, for a Man may love Peace and yet be "obliged to enter into a Quarrel.

"I have little to ſay in Behalf of the following "Poem, nor have I the Vanity to put it in Competition with the *Dunciad*, which, as its Preface "confeſſes, is partly ſtiled an heroick Poem, from "the high Courage of the Writer; and therefore, ſince, to ſhow his Valour, he has been ſo "frolickſome as to ſurprize me with an unexpected "Inſult, I thought myſelf obliged to give him a "*Rowland* for his *Oliver*, leſt I ſhould be thought a "Coward."

He

He might have ſeen in the Preface to the *Dunciad*, that, beſides thoſe who had printed or publiſhed any Scandal againſt our Author, he confeſſes to have taken in a few, whoſe Dulneſs or Scurrility, all Mankind agreed to have juſtly entitled them to a Place in the *Dunciad*: If Mr. *Ward* would have taken the Trouble to have read his own Works, he might have found a Cure for his Admiration; ſo many Obſcenities, abuſing whole Bodies of Men, (eſpecially the *Diſſenters*) intermeddling with State Affairs, though underſtanding nothing of them, and in Families where Misfortunes had happened, or Diſgraces thro' Weakneſs of Wives, Husbands, or Children, blowing a fooliſh Trumpet to the Town, and making a Jeſt of private Calamities, for the Sport of Tranſports, Felons, Indians, Creolians, and ſome neglected Tories, that had little other Pleaſure, except a Cup of his pleaſurable Ale.

But as he ſold pretty good Liquor, and was flattered by ſome old Malecontents, that us'd his Houſe on Credit, it would have been very difficult to have made him ſenſible of this——So out comes *Durgen*, not without ſome Aſſiſtance from * another Hand; the Verſe, though low, being ſomething above his Strains, he appeals to the Town, that though he might have wrote ill, yet it was wrong in Mr. *Pope* to ſatirize him: But hear *Durgen*.

Suppoſe a Bard ſuperlatively bright,
In Parts ſuperior to the reſt that write,
Great in the wild Opinion of the Town,
And flatter'd till much greater in his own,
Puff'd up with vain Applauſe and Self-Conceit,
Thoſe poor deceitful Props to human Wit,
Which bear him up, purſuant to his Aim,
Till lodg'd upon the feeble Wings of Fame,
Whence

* Mr. *Pope* is of Opinion it was *Jemmy Moore*.

Whence he looks proudly downward for a Time,
Deſpiſing all the reſt that deal in Rhime;
And, as from lofty Elms, the Rook or Crow
Mute on the leſſer Birds that perch below,
He ſquirts down frothy Satires with Contempt,
As if himſelf from Scandal was exempt,
Or that no injur'd Mortal durſt oppoſe,
The Dart he levels, or the Dirt he throws,
Deſcribing Men like Monſters, tho' compleat
In Stature, Manners, Countenance and Wit;
When if he could but with impartial Eyes,
Behold himſelf, he would himſelf deſpiſe.
So ſtrange a Figure, and ſo quaint a Face,
Reflected truly by a *Venice* Glaſs,
Muſt make him, Negro-like, the Mirrour break,
And hate the Subſtance for the Shadow's Sake.
But hold, my angry Muſe, bear not too hard,
Defects in Nature always ſhould be ſpar'd,
We know ill Manners merits no Applauſe,
Yet when a cow'rdly Adverſary draws
Unlawful Arms, to wound another's Fame,
'Tis lawful, in Defence, to uſe the ſame.

Nay, being back'd a little, he puſhes on, and ventures to ſet up for a Finder out of Blemiſhes, and deals in Irony; he is not contented to make our Author in the Wrong, but to expoſe him he turns Critick himſelf.

In Verſe, how lofty is a *curling Spire?*
Yet all muſt own the *frighted Sky* much higher.
A Silver Sound, tho' not, perhaps uncouth,
Is common, and in e'ery Fidler's Mouth.
An aukward Grace, is ſomething very rare,
Like a fine Curtſey from a dancing Bear.

A nectar'd Urn may signify a Bowl
Of Punch, or of some richer Liquor full,
Such as our *Durgen* drinks, to reinspire
His lab'ring Muse, when she begins to tire.
But as for *Adamantine Lungs*, ads death,
A Man would wonder how they draw their Breath.
Apollo's Sons must own these Diamond Lights
Deserve to be esteem'd the Flight of Flights.

Besides these he takes the Liberty of many more Lines; but thinking, or his Friend for him, that their Bolt was shot, he begins to change his Note a little, and mingle Complaint, Praise, and Satire all together, as far as his, her's, or their Skill (for I know not who it was) would permit.

'Tis strange a Bard of such exalted Wit,
For sacred Hymns and Heav'nly Anthems fit,
Should in his Anger lavishly bestow
A Stile so lofty on a Theme so low;
As if his Numbers, which so smoothly glide,
Like Streams unruffl'd by the Wind or Tide,
Were meant as Balsam to relieve or heal
The Blows he gives us and the Smart we feel:
But from soft Words small Benefit we reap,
His Balm's too mollient and his Stabs too deep,
Does only thro' the mangl'd Cutis flow,
Just skins the Wound, but heals it not below.
With Laud, sometimes, his Satire he allays,
But still his Scandal's greater than his Praise;
Some Wits, perhaps, he'll sparingly approve,
Yet crown with Malice his dissembled Love,
Speak smoothly first in Favour, but at last,
Will all their Virtues with their Crimes o'ercast,
And seldom does one fawning Line impart,
But when some Mischief's broiling in his Heart.

Thus,

Thus, as the skilful Fisherman, for Sport,
Tickles the very Trout he means to hurt;
Or, as the crafty Boxer, when he's vext,
Shakes Hands one Moment, and assaults the next.
So proud invidious Poets, that delight
In snarling Satire, to exert their Spight,
Like Bears, oft' hug their Foes before they bite.

This plain Satire, as mean and inconsiderable as it may seem, was one of the best that appear'd against our Author: 'Tis written with more Humility and good Humour than is common to Authors who have been publickly satiris'd, it being certainly a very unpleasing Thing for a Man to have the Product of his Study and Understanding call'd ugly or vile, and the little Fondling almost strangled. This, however, work'd so far upon Mr. *Pope*, that he afterwards let him alone; either that he thought he had done enough barely to mention him, or else, that he was not great enough for him to lead in Triumph.

It ought not to be said, that if Any-body wrote in Opposition to Mr. *Pope*, he never fail'd to make them, either in the *Dunciad* or elsewhere, the Subject of his Satire and Ridicule; he did not desire all the World to be of his Mind; he did not expect it; we can give an Instance of his *Essay on Man* (that is the two first Epistles) being us'd very freely, long before he wrote his last *Dunciad*; and so far was he from writing any-thing then, to take away from the Fame of the Author, that he declar'd he never would; that the Author had us'd him like a Gentleman, and was (oh what without Doubt appeared reasonable to him) on the other Side of the Question; in Regard to which, at many Times, and on many Points, he hardly had known himself which Way to steer.

Than

Than himself, No-body could be more sensible of the Impossibility of bringing People's Minds to the same Standard. He had seen (only speaking of Poetry) Trash preferr'd to his finest Writings, meerly by the Resolutions of his Adversaries to admire nothing he should write; where, one should think, all must by Force see the Beauty: It requires no Reasoning to convince, no Difference of Faith or Philosophy, yet how many consent not? How much more in Things of difficult Speculation, where each Man almost has his own Mode of thinking, and either can not or will not understand any Thing out of that Way: Every Man pretends to desire to be going to the same Place, and yet all go different Ways, enquire of and follow different Guides, and foolishly oftentimes enquire of the Blind. But the *Dunciad* calls us back.

We have heard Mr. *Pope* nick-nam'd *Durgen* by Mr. *Edward Ward*, for uncharitably abusing *John Ward*, Esq; of *Hackney*, and thinks nothing could have induc'd him to it but a Bribe from a great Lady, to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no Offence, but Perjury, proved in open Court.

Mr. *Dennis* did not let our Author come off with such cool Usage as the *London-Spy*, he flew into such extravagant Flights at his other Works, and spit such venomous Speeches, and called such opprobrious Names, that he gains the Title of *Mighty Madman* in the Satire:

> Behold—flow *Philips* creep like *Tate*'s poor Page,
> And all the mighty Mad in *Dennis* rage.

And in the Third Book:

> Ah! *Dennis*, *Gildon*, ah! what ill-starr'd Rage
> Divides a Friendship, long confirm'd by Age?

The

The Reader, who has been made ſenſible what a conſtant Attendance Mr. *Dennis* paid to our Author, and all his Works, will wonder, perhaps, that he ſhould not be touch'd more in this Poem, as he was threatened to be; but to ſpeak Truth, notwithſtanding this Critick's Petulancy and laſting Malice, Mr. *Pope* look'd on him with ſome Eſteem, and often paid Reſpect and Obedience to his Judgment: Beſide, that he (more generouſly than all the reſt) ſet his Name to ſuch Writings as he printed againſt him: He was alſo a very old Man at this Time, he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily liv'd many Years after; ſo that we make no more Mention of of Mr. *Dennis*, who, with a better natural Temper, the ſame Degree of Criticiſm, and being a little better Poet, could but have been equall'd by any Poet.

Before the laſt Edition of the *Dunciad*, the King of the Dunces was *Tibbald*, elected and crowned; but now, he being forced to recede, *Bays* ſtanding directly againſt him, he is brought down to be nothing but a private Dunce.

'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Shakeſpear*, and *Corneille*,
Can make a *Cibber*, *Tibbald*, or *Ozell*.

Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or *Theobald* (as written) was bred an Atorney, and Son to an Atorney; he was Author of ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other Pieces. He was concern'd in a Paper called the *Cenſor*, and a Tranſlation from *Ovid*, as we learn from Mr. *Dennis*'s Remarks on *Homer*, Page 9 and 10. "There is a notorious I-"deot, one *Hight Whacum*, who, from an Under-"Spur-Leather of the Law, is become an Under-"ſtrapper to the Play Houſe, who has lately bur-"leſqu'd the Metamorphoſis of *Ovid*, by a vile Tranſlation,

" Tranſlation, *&c.*" In the next Page, " This " Fellow is concerned in an impertinent Paper call'd " the *Cenſor*."

The Reaſon Mr. *Pope* ſtruck ſo home at Mr. *Tibbald* was, becauſe there was more than a Suppoſition of his Writing an Eſſay on the *Art of a Poet's ſinking in Reputation: Or, a Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry*. Where he ſaith, that if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, Mr. *Pope* made it his Practice to cackle to both Parties in their own Sentiments, and many other very diſobliging Things. He endeavoured to reſtore *Shakeſpear*, and like others, either Editors, or pretended Menders, has in ſome Places explain'd him very well, and in others, left him worſe than he found him: The great Cauſe of the Bickering between our Author and him was, that each were explaining that inimitable Poet: Upon the Whole, it were to be wiſhed the Original Text of *Shakeſpear* had never been altered under any Pretence whatſoever, and much to be lamented that ſuch as Laureat *Tate* and *Charles Johnſon* ſhould pretend to it.

However, this Mr. *Tibbald* fills up little Space now, in Compariſon of what he did, when he ſat high on the ſleepy Throne of *Dulneſs*, and therefore, of Conſequence, demands fewer Remarks, ſo that we will drop this *quondam* Monarch, not knowing, whether on his vaniſhing from the Royal Seat, any of his former Dulneſs left him or not.

In the ſame Line with Mr. *Cibber* and Mr. *Tibbald*, is inſerted the Name of Mr. *Ozell*, who tranſlated *Homer* with Madam *Dacier's* Notes, Mr. *Toland* and Mr. *Gildon* publickly declared, *Ozell's*, as it was prior, ſo it was ſuperior to *Pope's*, which was the Occaſion of this Laſh. The ſaid Mr. *Gildon* violently attacked Mr. *Pope* in ſeveral Pieces, particularly, in an anonymous Pamphlet of the Life

of Mr. *Wycherly*, printed by *Curl*: In another, called *The new Rehearſal*, and a third, entitled *The compleat Art of Poetry*, in two Volumes, and others. He was a Writer of Libels in the laſt Age, and was bred at St. *Omer* with the Jeſuits, but renounced Popery, and afterwards publiſhed *Blount*'s Books againſt the Divinity of *Chriſt*; the Oracles of Reaſon, with other Deiſtical and Freethinking Pieces. He ſquandered away his Fortune before he was twenty three Years of Age, and moſt of his paternal Eſtate was waſted, wrote ſome bad Plays, but was modeſt enough to publiſh them without his Name, and tho' he aſſumed the great Name of a Critick, he nods among the Dunces, but has a good Name among all School-Boy Poets, for his compleat Dictionary of Rhymes.

Before we leave the firſt Book of the *Dunciad*, we ſhall re-aſſert that it bears a great Similitude to *Mac Flecknoe*, and when we come to conſider what a prodigious Veneration our Satiriſt had for Mr. *Dryden*, it will be no Wonder to ſee him imitate him, for imitate him he did, though he exceeded him as well in the Copiouſneſs of his Subject, as in the Sharpneſs of his Pen; and that our Compariſon may not ſeem wholly groundleſs, pleaſe to look over the enſuing Quotations from the elder Poet:

Cloſe to the Walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to Fears inclin'd)
An antient Fabrick, rais'd t' inform the Sight,
There ſtood of Yore, and *Barbican* its hight:
A Watch-Tower once, but now, ſo Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty Name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-Houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd Loves, and of polluted Joys.
Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets
And, undiſturb'd by Watch, in Silence ſleep. [keep,

Near

Near these a Nursery erects its Head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
But gentle *Simkin* just Reception finds
Amidst this Monument of vanish'd Minds:
Pure Clinches, the suburbian Muse affords;
And *Panton* waging harmless War with Words.
Here *Fleckno*, as a Place to Fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his *Shadwell*'s Throne.
For antient *Decker* prophesied long since,
That in this Pile should reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a Scourge of Wit, and Flail of Sense:
To whom true Dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
But Worlds of Misers from his Pen shou'd flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it shou'd produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

It would be easy, in many Respects, to make a Parallel between these two Gentlemen; but Mr. *Dryden* was very unhappy in his Œconomy, and was obliged to write for his Bread, at hired Prices from Play-Houses, and Booksellers, so that his Works were sometimes made publick in a Week after they were wrote, whereas Mr. *Pope* would keep a Piece Years by him, and have the Approbation of all whose Judgments he depended upon, before he would let the publick Eye pass over it, and after that, in fresh Editions, he was still polishing, beautifying and altering.

The Contents of the second Book of the *Dunciad*, are, The King being proclaimed, the Solemnity is grac'd with publick Games and Sports of various

Kinds, (not inſtituted by the Hero, as by *Æneas* in *Virgil*, but for greater Honour by the Goddeſs in Perſon) in like Manner as the Games *Pythia*, *Iſthmia*, &c. were antiently ſaid to be by the Gods, and as *Thetis* herſelf appearing according to *Homer*, *Odyſſ.* 24. propoſed the Prizes in Honour of her Son *Achilles*. Hither flock the Poets and Criticks, attended (as is but juſt) with their Patrons and Bookſellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her Diſport, to propoſe Games to the latter, and ſetteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which the Bookſellers contend to overtake. The Races deſcribed, with their divers Accidents: Next the Game for a Poeteſs; then follow the Exerciſes for the Poets, of Tickling, Vociferating, Diving: The firſt holds forth the Arts and Practiſes of Dedicators, the ſecond of Diſputants and Fuſtian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Authors. Laſtly, for the Criticks, the Goddeſs propoſes (with great Propriety) an Exerciſe not of their Parts but their Patience; in hearing the Works of two voluminous Authors, one in Verſe, and the other in Proſe, deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various Effects of which, with the ſeveral Degrees and Manners of their Operation, are here ſet forth: 'Till the whole Number, not of Criticks only, but of Spectators, Actors, and all preſent fall faſt aſleep, which naturally and neceſſarily ends the Games.

Further, to prove that Mr. *Pope* had *Mac Flecknoe* in his Thoughts, he begins this Book with making mention of that Hero of Mr. *Dryden*'s:

> High on a gorgeous Seat, that far out-ſhone
> *Henley*'s gilt Tub, or *Flecknoe*'s *Iriſh* Throne.

But not inſiſting longer upon our Parallel, we ſhall paſs on with our *Dunciad*, and take Care not to forget *Henley*'s gilt Tub.

The

The Pulpits of Diſſenters are uſually call'd Tubs, but that of Orator *Henley* was covered with Velvet, and adorned with Gold: He had alſo a fair Altar, and over it this extraordinary Inſcription; *The Primitive Euchariſt*; for he fell off from the Eſtabliſh'd Church, and drove and drives a ſeperate Trade. The Freedom he takes with the God he oft'neſt bows before, tho' he ſhould pray twenty Times a-day, (who was ſaid to be the Son of *Semele*) drew from our temperate Author the following tart Rebuke:

——*Henley* lay inſpir'd beſide a Sink,
And to mere Mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in Drink.

Where the Word *ſeems* preſents us with an excellent Moral, a Leſſon to all Men who may happen to ſee a reverend or more reverend Perſon in the like Situation, not to determine too raſhly.

This Orator has a Talent almoſt peculiar to himſelf in the Management of his Voice and Action, which he affects to a Degree which ſhews himſelf very fond of it, (as is no Wonder) of what he has ſo long ſtudied. He made a ſet Diſcourſe or Oration one Day on the Text in the Acts of the Apoſtles, *And Paul ſtretched forth his Hands*; from whence he endeavoured to juſtify himſelf, and merited the other two Lines Mr. *Pope* has judiciouſly wrote about him:

Imbrown'd with native Bronze lo! *Henley* ſtands,
Tuning his Voice and balancing his Hands.

He preach'd on the *Sundays* Theological Matters, and on the *Wedneſdays* upon all other Sciences. Each Auditor paid one Shilling. He declaim'd ſome Years unpuniſh'd againſt the greateſt Perſons, and occaſionally did our Author that Honour. *Welſted*, in *Oratory Tranſactions*, No. 1. publiſh'd by *Henley* himſelf, gives the following Account of him;

" He was born at *Melton Mowbry* in *Leiceſter-*
" *ſhire*; from his own Pariſh School he went to St.
" *John*'s College in *Cambridge*. He began there to
" be uneaſy, for it ſhock'd him to find he was com-
" manded to believe againſt his Judgment in Points
" of Religion, Philoſophy, *&c.* for his Genius lead-
" ing him freely to diſpute all Propoſitions, and call
" all Points to Account, he was impatient under
" thoſe Fetters of the free-born Mind.——Being
" admitted to Prieſt's Orders, he found the Exami-
" nation very ſhort and ſuperficial, and that it was
" not neceſſary to conform to the *Chriſtian* Religi-
" on in order either to Deaconſhip or Prieſthood."
He came to Town, and after having for ſome Years been a Writer for Bookſellers, he had an Ambition to be ſo for Miniſters of State. The only Reaſon he did not riſe in the Church we are told was, " the
" Envy of others, and a Diſreliſh entertain'd of him,
" becauſe he was not qualify'd to be a compleat Spa-
" niel." However, he offer'd the Service of his Pen, in one Morning, to two great Men of Opinions and Intereſt directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtiled himſelf *The Reſtorer of antient Eloquence*. He thought
" it as lawful to take a Licence from the King and
" Parliament at one Place as another; at *Hickes's-*
" *Hall*, as at *Doctors-Commons*; ſo ſet up his Orato-
" ry in *Newport-Market*." There (ſays his Friend)
" he had the Aſſurance to form a Plan which no
" Mortal ever thought of: He had Succeſs againſt
" all Oppoſition; challeng'd his Adverſaries to fair
" Diſputations, and none would diſpute with him;
" writ, read and ſtudied twelve Hours a-day; com-
" pos'd three Diſſertations a-week on all Subjects;
" undertook to teach in one Year what Schools and
" Univerſities teach in five; was not terrify'd by

" Mena-

" Menaces, Inſults, or Satires, but ſtill proceeded, " matured his bold Scheme, and put the Church and " all that in Danger." WELSTED, *Narrative* in *Orat. Tranſact.* No. 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turn'd his Rhetorick to Buffoonry upon all publick and private Occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame Room, where he broke Jeſts, and ſometimes that Bread which he call'd the *Primitive Euchariſt.*——This wonderful Perſon ſtruck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his Subſcribers: The Device, a Star riſing to the Meridian, with this Motto, AD SUMMA, and below, INVENIAM VIAM, AUT FACIAM.

Some of thoſe Lay-Subjects were very full of Ribaldry: Once having advertis'd, that the following *Wedneſday* he intended to make an Oration on *Marriage*, he drew after him a conſiderable Number of *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, chiefly *Butchers Daughters* and *'Prentices* out of the City, and a *few Sneerers*; when he had that prodigious Preſence of Braſs, without changing Countenance, to tell the Ladies, " *That* " *he was afraid that oftentimes, as well as now, they* " *came to* CHURCH *in Hopes to get Huſbands, rather* " *than be* INSTRUCTED *by a Preacher.*" But he intreated of them, " *not to ſet their Affections too* " *much upon* THINGS *that were* BELOW." This Man had an Hundred Pounds a-Year given him for a weekly Paper of unintelligible Nonſenſe, called the HYP-DOCTOR.

We ſhall not loſe the Opportunity of ſaying, that tho' our Poet was a Papiſt, he occaſionally glanc'd his Satire towards *Rome.*

Not with more Glee, with Hands pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet Hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her *Capitol* ſaw *Querno* ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven Hills, the *Antichriſt* of Wit.

Which Lines allude to *Camillo Querno*, Native of *Apuglia*; who hearing of the great Encouragement which *Leo* X. gave to Poets, travelled to *Rome* with a Harp in his Hand, and ſung to it twenty Thouſand Verſes of a Poem called *Alexias*; he was introduc'd *as a Buffoon* to *Leo*, and promoted to the Honour of the Lawrel; a Jeſt the Court of *Rome* and the *Pope* himſelf enter'd into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an Elephant to the *Capitol*, and to hold a ſolemn Feſtival on his Coronation; at which, 'tis recorded, the Poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to * *weep for Joy.*

He was ever after a conſtant Frequenter of the Pope's Table, drank abundantly, and pour'd forth Verſes without Number †.

But of all the Phantoms ever yet rais'd by any Pen, never was ſo diverting a one as that of the Poet, which the Goddeſs *Dulneſs* ſets up, and which the Booksellers contend to overtake,

A Poet's Form ſhe plac'd before their Eyes,
And bad the nimbleſt Racer ſeize the Prize;
No meagre, Muſe-rid Mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun Night-Gown of his own looſe Skin,
But ſuch a Bulk as no twelve Bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarveling Bards of theſe degen'rate Days.
All as a Partridge plump, full fed, and fair,
She form'd this Image of well-bodied Air,
With pert flat Eyes ſhe window'd well its Head,
A Brain of Feathers, and a Heart of Lead.
And empty Words ſhe gave, and ſounding Strain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! Idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky Hit,
A Fool ſo juſt a Copy of a Wit;

* *See the* Life of Colley Cibber, *Chap.* 6, *P.* 149.
† PAULUS JOVIUS. *Eclog. Virg. doct. Chap.* lxxxii.

So like, that Criticks ſaid and Courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and called the Phantom, *More*.

This *More* was very fond of having the Reputation of being acquainted with Poets, and Men of Parts, and induſtriouſly, and with patient waiting for an Opportunity, at laſt got into Mr. *Pope*'s Company. *Curl*, in his Key to the *Dunciad*, affirmed this to be *James More Smith*, Eſq; and it is probable that ſome might fancy Mr. *Pope* oblig'd to repreſent this Gentleman as a Plagiary, or paſs for one himſelf: The Caſe is this, that Gentleman had been ſhown by Mr. *Pope*, ſome Part of that Epiſtle of *The Characters of Women, to a Lady*. Where, among a great many others equally excellent, are found theſe Lines:

A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cares;
Fair to no Purpoſe, artful to no End,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.

There is no Reader ſo little able to diſtinguiſh, but muſt, at firſt Sight, perceive thoſe Lines not to be of a Piece with the contemptible Stuff in which they are inſerted: In ſhort, he got them from Mr. *Pope*, and reading them, and ſhewing them about, boaſted that they were Part of his new Comedy, *The Rival Modes*: Mr. *Pope* hearing of it, I believe when requeſted to make uſe of them, did not give him an abſolute Denial: Let us join to this, what is written by the ſaid Mr. *James More Smith*, in a Letter to our Author himſelf, who had informed him a Month before that Play was acted, *January* 27, 1726-7, that "theſe Verſes, which he had before "in a Manner given him Leave to inſert in it, would

" would be known for his, ſome Copies being got " abroad."

He deſires, nevertheleſs, that ſince the Lines had been read in his Comedy to ſeveral, Mr. *Pope* would not deprive it of them, accordingly they remained there, but could not ſave the Play, nothing could do that. After the dreadful Damnation of the Play, as nothing could be found but thoſe five fine Lines, that might with any Degree of Patience be read, *More* begins to take them to himſelf, and a Letter comes out in the *Daily Journal*, Part of it in theſe Words: " Upon reading the ſecond Volume of " *Pope*'s Miſcellanies, I found five Lines which I " thought excellent, and happening to praiſe them, " the Gentleman produc'd a modern Comedy (the " *Rival Modes*) publiſh'd laſt Year, where were the " ſame Verſes to a Tittle."

Surely, if we add the Teſtimonies of the Lord, of the Lady to whom the ſaid Verſes were originally addreſs'd, of *Hugh Bethel*, Eſq; and others, who knew them to be our Author's, long before the ſaid *More Smith* compos'd his Play together with the Verſes themſelves, that ſpeak loud againſt the pretended Author, it is to be hop'd the Ingenious that affect not Error, will rectify their Opinion by the Suffrage of ſo honourable Perſonages. Having been very abuſive in the *Daily Journal*, concerning the Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk, he ventures to ſay, it was a very dull and unjuſt Abuſe of an excellent Perſon, who wrote in Defence of our Conſtitution, and who has been dead many Years. Verily this alſo ſeems to be moſt untrue; it being known to divers, that theſe Memoirs were written at the Seat of the Lord *Harcourt* in *Oxfordſhire*, before that excellent Perſon Biſhop *Burnet*'s Death, and many Years before the Appearance of that Hiſtory of which they

are

are pretended to be an Abuſe. Moſt true it is, that Mr. *Moore* had ſuch a Deſign, and was himſelf the Man who preſt Dr. *Arbuthnot* and Mr. *Pope* to aſſiſt him therein; and that he borrowed thoſe Memoirs of our Author when that Hiſtory came forth, with Intention to turn them to ſuch Abuſe. But being able to obtain from our Author but one ſingle Hint, and either changing his Mind, or having more Mind than Ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſaid Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his Acquaintance. A noble Perſon there is, into whoſe Company Mr. *Pope* once chanc'd to introduce him, who well remembreth the Converſation of Mr. *Moore* to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the "Work of that Reverend Prelate, and how full "he was of a Deſign he declared *himſelf* to have, "of expoſing it." This noble Perſon is the Earl of *Peterborough*.

Here, in Truth, ſhould we crave Pardon of all the foreſaid Right Honourable and Worthy Perſonages, for having mentioned them in the ſame Page with ſuch Weekly riff-raff Railers and Rhymers; but that we had their own ever-honoured Commands for the ſame, and that they are introduced not as Witneſſes in the Controverſy, but as Witneſſes that cannot be controverted; not to diſpute, but to decide.

Some Time before he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbuthnot* a Paper, called *An Hiſtorico-Phyſical Account of the South Sea*; and of Mr. *Pope*, the *Memoirs of a Pariſh-Clerk*, which, for two Years he kept, and read to Dr. *Young*, *Fettiplace Bellers*, Eſq; and many others, as his own, which was atteſted by the ſaid Gentlemen. This Mr. *Fettiplace Bellers* was an intimate Acquaintance of Mr. *Pope*'s, and much eſteemed by him; he had Learning, and true Senſe,

was

was an exceeding good Judge of Poetry, and wrote ſeveral Things himſelf, in a very good Taſte; he had a Gallantry that became him, an innocent Gallantry that might become any Man, and was a perfect Admirer of Chaſtity in a Woman, of which a ſhort Letter to Mr. *Turner* (another Well-wiſher and Vindicator of Mr. *Pope*'s) at *Bath*, remains as a Proof.

S I R, *Aug.* 1723.

AT this Seaſon, *London* ceaſes to be the Metropolis of Pleaſure; the few of the polite World that remain here, become inconſiderable by their Scarceneſs. *Valentine*, the vaineſt Thing alive, calls the Town his Retreat, and continues in it only to preſide over the Scarcity of Fools. Pretty Miſs *D*—— expoſes her Reputation to a Thouſand daily Sollicitations; it is poſſible ſhe may as yet retain her Virtue, if ſo, ſhe is certainly weary of her Profeſſion. Greatly oppoſite, my Frieud, is the Character of the Lady you enquire after; whom I have not been able to ſee theſe ſix Weeks, ſave at her Devotions on the Sabbath, where ſhe was too deeply (tho' moſt unfaſhionably) engag'd, for me to claim any Part of her Attention. I know you expect a Rapture when I ſpeak of her, but I aſſure you her Virtue awes and ſuppreſſes every idle Thought; ſhe is a Pattern to form an Angel by, and ſeems as though ſhe would revenge on all Mankind, the Devaſtations they have committed on her Sex; nothing has appeared worth Notice ſince your laſt; I have however ſent you ſomething that has been handed about here, I ſuppoſe intended as a Satire upon yourſelf; you'll ſmile to ſee all the Rage of *Parnaſſus* dwindled to this gentle Hum, with which, my dear Friend, I ſhall conclude. *Yours, &c.*

The

The following are the Verses mentioned in the Letter.

To the AUTHOR * *of an Epistle to Mr.* POPE; *occasioned by his Epistle to the Earl of* BURLINGTON.

I.

WHILE to our *Second* JONES's Praise,
The Bard officiously severe,
Attempts a Monument to raise,
What Rhyming *Ape* in mimick Lays,
Applauds the servile Sonneteer.

II.

Forgets *Palladio*'s grand Design,
His bending Arch, his rising Pile.
Tells how Apostle *Pope* can shine,
And prostitutes his venal Line
To the malicious Pigmy's Smile.

III.

Thus when return'd from *Powell*'s Show,
Mamma asks *Jack* what pleas'd his Eyes;
Though *Danube*'s Streams in Ribbons flow
Though *Alps* rise white with Paper Snow,
To him in vain they rise and flow.

IV.

Master forgets the noblest Thing,
The Hero's Strut and haughty Tone,
Raves of the Crumpt-Back Puppet-King,
His ribbald Joke, his smutty Sting,
And deifies a *Punch* alone.

This Gentleman (Mr. *Bellers*) was of *Cown Allins* in *Glouceſter-ſhire*, not far from *Cirenceſter*, and has one Sister living, who is Wife to Mr. *Ingram*, a very considerable wholesale Linnen-Draper in *Cheapside*; a Gentlewoman

* Mr. *Joſ. Turner*. It was printed in Folio, 1732.

ſlewoman of great Prudence, and uncommon good Qualifications.

But not to leave our Plagiary, who to theſe very diſcerning Gentlemen would have impos'd thoſe Pieces before mention'd for his own, being ask'd for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another Copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift*, and *Pope*'s Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his Proceeding by an Endeavour to hide it; unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of *Apr.* 3, 1728.) "That the Contempt which he and others had for "thoſe Pieces," (which only himſelf had ſhewn, and handed about as his own) "occaſioned their be-"ing loſt, and for that Cauſe only not return'd." A Fact, of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but he could be the Publiſher of it.

This young Gentleman's whole Misfortune was too inordinate a Paſſion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very ſtrong Inſtance, atteſted by Mr. *Savage*, Son of the late Earl *Rivers*; who having ſhewn ſome Verſes of his in Manuſcript to Mr. *Moore*, wherein Mr. *Pope* was called *firſt of the tuneful Train*, Mr. *Moore* the next Morning ſent to Mr. *Savage* to deſire him to give thoſe Verſes another Turn, *viz.* "That "*Pope* might now be the *firſt*, becauſe *Moore* had "left him unrival'd in turning his Stile to Co-"medy." This was during the Rehearſal of the *Rival Modes*, his firſt and only Work; the Town condemn'd it in the Action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modeſt Motto,

Hic cæſtus, artemque repono.

The ſmaller Pieces which we have heard attributed to this Author, are,

An

An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans*.

Cosmelia, by Mr. *Pit*, Mr. *Jones*, &c.

The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine; with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. *W.*

The Saw-pit, a Simile; by a *Friend*.

Certain Physical Works, on Sir *James Baker*; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our Author in the *Daily Journal*.

The Plagiarism of this Person gave Occasion to the following Epigram:

M——re always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes:
And yet in this no Vanity is shown;
A modest Man may like what's not his own.

And here we shall leave Phantom *Moore*, so call'd in our Satire, as great a Wit, and as honest as we found him.

We appeal to every Reader of Spirit, if Mr. *Pope* had not Provocation sufficient for conjuring up this, not Poet, but Phantom only of a Poet; or whether it would have been just for him to have run away with the Fame of the five Lines before quoted, which have Salt enough in them to season a great Deal of such tasteless Provision, as he has offer'd half dress to the Publick; and (if you will permit me a Pun) by the Publick roasted afterwards sufficiently enough.

The Booksellers, in Pursuit of the Phantom excite our Laughter, in particular *Curl*:

——————He said, and run,
Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge *Lintot*, and outstripp'd the Wind.
As when a Dab-chick waddles thro' the Copse
On Feet and Wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:

So

So lab'ring on with Shoulders, Hands, and Head,
Wide as a Wind-mill was his Figure ſpread.

This leads us to a Character of much Reſpect, that of Mr. *Edmund Curl*: Of whom we may ſay, that he carried on the Trade to Lengths beyond what it ever before arriv'd at. He poſſeſs'd himſelf of a Command over many Authors, and caus'd them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very Names their own. He has been taken Notice of by the *Church*, the *State*, and the *Law*, and received particular Marks of Diſtinction from each.

But how came this extraordinary Perſon to irritate Mr. *Pope*, and being only a Bookſeller, to take up ſo many Lines and be ſo often mention'd in this Satire? Reader, thou ſhalt be acquainted. In the Year 1727 this very Man, this *Curl*, publiſh'd a Collection of ſeveral private Letters of Mr. *Pope* to *Henry Cromwell*, Eſq; which he obtain'd in this Manner, *viz.*

Mr. *Cromwell* and Mr. *Pope* both, as well as a great many others, were very intimately acquainted with one Mrs. *Thomas*, to whom Mr. *Dryden* wrote ſome Letters giving her the Name of *Corinna*; but now, having no Averſion to go by different Names, ſhe was called *Sapho*. To this Lady of Wit and Pleaſure Mr. *Cromwell* had the Indiſcretion to lend theſe Letters; and ſhe falling into Misfortunes, by living too much with thoſe above her viſible Income or Poſſibility of Gain; ſold them to Mr. *Curl*, even without the Conſent either of Mr. *Pope* or Mr. *Cromwell*, as appears from the following Letter to Mr. *Cromwell*, *June* 27, 1727, endeavouring to excuſe herſelf:

After

AFTER so long a Silence, as the many and great Oppressions I have sigh'd under has occasioned, one is at a Loss how to begin a Letter to so kind a Friend as yourself. But as it was always my Resolution, if I must sink, to do it as decently (that is silently) as I could: So when I found myself plung'd into unforeseen, and unavoidable Ruin, I retreated from the World, and in a Manner buried myself in a dismal Place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull, unthinking Way, I have protracted a lingering Death (for Life it cannot be called) ever since you saw me, sequestred from Company, deprived of my Books, and nothing left to converse with but the Letters of my dead, or absent Friends, amongst which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. *Pope*'s in the first Rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious Person, who was so delighted with the Specimen, that he importuned me for a Sight of the rest, which having obtain'd, he conveyed them to the Press, I must not say altogether with my Consent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in Oblivion, and no Cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The Publick, *viz.* All Persons of Taste and Judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an Amusement; Mr. *Cromwell* could not be angry, since it was but Justice to his Merit, to publish the solemn and private Professions of Love, Gratitude, and Veneration made to him by so celebrated an Author; and surely Mr. *Pope* ought not to resent the Publication, since the early Pregnancy of his Genius was no Dishonour to his Character. And yet had either of you been ask'd, common Modesty would have oblig'd you to refuse what you would not have been displeased with, if done without your Knowledge; and besides, to end all Dispute, you had been pleased to make me a

free Gift of them to do what I pleaſed with them: And every one knows that a Perſon to whom a Letter is addreſs'd, has the ſame Right to diſpoſe of it, as he has of Goods purchaſed with his Money. I doubt not but your Generoſity will do me the Right of owning by a Line that I came honeſtly by them. I flatter myſelf in a few Months I ſhall be again viſible to the World, and whenever thro' good Providence that Turn ſhall happen, I ſhall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your oblig'd Servant than, Sir,

Your faithful, and
moſt humble Servant,
E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. *Thomas*, to be left at my Houſe, will be ſafely tranſmitted to her by

E. CURL.

Had theſe Letters been from Mr. *Pope* wrote directly to Mrs. *Thomas*, we can't help thinking but ſhe had an undoubted Right to deſtroy, keep, or ſell them; but when it appears they were only lent her for Peruſal by a Friend, it makes the Affair appear very much in her Diſfavour; yet, if we come to conſider of the great Intimacy and Freedom among them, (as ſuch for the Lady's Sake we ſhall prove) and her preſſing Neceſſities, we think ſhe deſerves ſome Mercy; but above all in being the Inſtrument of the Publication of Mr. *Pope*'s Letters and thoſe of his Friends, without which we muſt unavoidably have wanted many Lights concerning his Life, which we now have; ſo that we believe ſhe is ſo far from being hated for it, that ſhe is by ſome thought worthy Reward, at leaſt if they hate the Traytreſs on that Account,

count, I find moſt People love the Treaſon. But we ſhall proceed, and prove that the Lady did not preſume to take this Liberty without very great Encouragement: It appears that Mr. *Pope* wrote a Letter to a certain Lady, not difficult to gueſs, from *Bath*, where he and ſhe both at that Time were; and how he then held this witty Fair in Eſtimation, let his own Words expreſs:

IF you aſk how the Waters agree with me, I muſt tell you, ſo very well, that I queſtion how you and I ſhould agree if we were in a Room by ourſelves? Mrs. *Thomas* has honeſtly aſſur'd me, that but for ſome Whims which ſhe can't entirely conquer, ſhe would go and ſee the World with me in Man's Cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would not partake in our Adventures) would wait our coming in at the Evening with ſome Impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear them by the Fire-ſide: That would be better than reading Romances, unleſs Lady *M.* would be our Hiſtorian; for as ſhe is married, ſhe has probably leiſure Hours in the Night-time, to write or do what ſhe will in. What raiſes theſe Deſires in me, is an Acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady *Sandwich*, who has all the Spirit of the laſt Age, and all the gay Experience of a pleaſurable Life. It were as ſcandalous an Omiſſion to come to the *Bath*, and not to ſee my Lady *Sandwich*, as it had been formerly to travel to *Rome* without viſiting the Queen of *Sweden*. She is, in a Word, the beſt Thing this Country has to boaſt of; and as ſhe had been all that a Woman of Spirit could be, ſo ſhe ſtill continues that eaſy and independent Creature that a ſenſible Woman always will be.

I muſt tell you a Truth, which is not however much to my Credit. I never thought ſo much of

yourſelf and your Siſter, as ſince I have been fourſcore Miles Diſtance from you. In the Foreſt I look'd upon you as good Neighbours, at *London* as pretty Kind of Women, but here as Divinities, Angels, Goddeſſes, or what you will. In the ſame Manner I never knew at what a Rate I valu'd your Life, 'till you were upon the Point of dying. If Mrs. *Thomas* and you will but fall very ſick every Seaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriouſly I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your Sakes; you have robb'd me of the Pleaſure of eſteeming a Thouſand pretty Qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in yourſelves. There are but two Things in the World which could make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of, I mean Ill-nature and Malice. I have ſeen enough of you not to over-look any Frailty you could have, and nothing leſs than a Vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhould diſcover by my Conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a Thouſand Things in me for that one Diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but Truths and Freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you, what I always am,

Your, &c.

Mrs. *Thomas* fond of ſuch Company, and being, as certainly ſhe was, beautiful, witty, generous, and young, ſhe paſs'd whole Days, and often more than Days, with either Mr. *Cromwell* or Mr. *Pope*, or both. In the Year 1711, when ſhe was with Mr. *Pope*, her Perſon and Company charm'd him ſo much that he neglected to keep up his Correſpondence with his Friends as uſual, for which take his own Excuſe to the before-mention'd Gentleman, *December* the 21ſt.

I am

I AM at this Inſtant plac'd betwixt two ſuch Ladies, that in good Faith 'tis all I'm able to do to keep myſelf in my Skin. *He! Monſieur Cromwell! Entendez vous bien.* And now (ſince you find what a bleſſed Diſpoſition I am in)

Tell me by all the melting Joys of Love,
By the warm Tranſports and intrancing Languors,
By the ſoft Fannings of the wafting Sheets,
By the dear Tremblings of the Bed of Bliſs,
By all theſe tender Adjurations tell me,
Am I not fit to write a Tragedy?

And would not theſe Lines ſound admirably in the Mouth of *Wilks*, eſpecially if he humour'd each Period with his Leg, and ſtamp'd with juſt Alacrity at the Cadences? If I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now attone for the Delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a Sacrifice I make you at this Time, and that every Moment my Eyes are employ'd upon this Paper, they are taken off from two of the fineſt Faces in the Univerſe. But indeed it is ſome Conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this Period, I eſcape ſome hundred fatal Darts from thoſe unerring Eyes, and about a thouſand Deaths, or better, Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dream'd of an abſent Friend in theſe Circumſtances; you that are ſo nice an Admirer of Beauty, or (as a Critick would ſay after *Terence*) *ſo elegant a Spectator of Forms?* You muſt have a ſober Diſh of Coffee, and a ſolitary Candle at your Side, to write an Epiſtle lucubratory to your Friend; whereas I can do it as well with two Pair of radiant Lights, that outſhine the golden

God of Day and the ſilver Goddeſs of Night, with all the refulgent Eyes of the Firmament.—You fancy now that *Sapho*'s Eyes are two of theſe my Tapers, but 'tis no ſuch Matter, Sir; theſe are Eyes that have more Perſuaſion in one Glance than all *Sapho*'s Oratory and Geſture together, let her put her Body into what moving Poſture ſhe pleaſes. Indeed, indeed, my Friend, you cou'd never have found ſo improper a Time to tempt me with Intereſt or Ambition: Let me but have the Reputation of having theſe in my keeping, and as for my own, let the Devil, or let *Dennis*, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to ſay, my *Paſtorals* for one of them, and my *Eſſay* for the other? I would lay out all my *Poetry* in *Love*; an *Original* for a *Lady*, and a *Tranſlation* for a *Waiting-Maid!* Alas! What have I to do with *Jane Gray*, as long as Miſs *Molly*, Miſs *Betty*, or Miſs *Patty* are in the World? Shall I write of *Beauties murdered long ago*, when there are thoſe at this Inſtant that *murder me?* I'll e'en compoſe my own Tragedy, and the Poet ſhall appear in his own Perſon to move Compaſſion: 'Twill be far more effectual than *Bays*'s entring with a Rope about his Neck, and the World will own, there never was a more miſerable Object brought upon the Stage.

If more ſhould be deſir'd, it were eaſy to produce it, in Proof of the great Regard theſe Gentlemen had for this *Sapho*; though when Mr. *Cromwell* lent her theſe Letters, he did not imagine in the leaſt what would be the Conſequence, he did not know how ſoon that Face, by them ſo much admired, and by all; that genteel Perſon, and pleaſing Woman Companion, was to fly the great Scenes of Life, and retire into an obſcure Nook of the World, to

ſink

ſink to Solitude, and a Condition little above Want, which not only tempted her to print theſe Letters about which we ſpeak, but thoſe ſhe had received from Mr. *Dryden*, under the Name of *Corinna*, alſo to *Curl*: The *Dunciad* calls her, for this Reaſon, *Curl's Corinna*; Things ſo far gone were not to be recalled at any Rate; for Mr. *Pope* would have given more for thoſe Letters than any Bookſeller, meerly to ſuppreſs ſome of them, which either thro' Miſtake of Judgment he confeſſes himſelf to be then wanting in, or elſe that they were wrote when he was very young, and ſome of them a little more wanton than he lik'd to appear: But there was no Help for it. Notwithſtanding that, he could not avoid Writing to Mr. *Cromwell*, wondring how thoſe Letters, ſome of them almoſt forgot by him, ſhould ever get into *Curl*'s Hands; Mr. *Cromwell* being then at *Epſom*, and in two Letters from thence, ſeems more than Half to vindicate and wholly excuſe Mrs. *Thomas*, turning the Whole into Compliment to Mr. *Pope*, his Letters ſay:

Epſom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN theſe Letters were firſt printed, I wondered how *Curl* could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous Title; ſince whatever you wrote to me was Humour and familiar Raillery. As ſoon as I came from *Epſom*, I heard you had been to ſee me, and I writ you a ſhort Letter from *Will*'s, that I long'd to ſee you. Mr. *D—s* about that Time charged me with giving them to a Miſtreſs, which I poſitively denied; not in the leaſt, at that Time, thinking of it: But ſome Time after finding in the News-Papers, Letters from Lady

Packington, Lady *Chudleigh*, and Mr. *Norris*, to the ſame *Sapho*, or Mrs. *Thomas*, I began to fear I was guilty. I have never ſeen theſe Letters of *Curl*'s, nor would go to his Shop about them; I have not ſeen this *Sapho*, alias Mrs. *Thomas*, theſe ſeven Years; —her writing, *That I gave her them to do what ſhe would with them*, was ſtraining the Point too far: I thought not of it; nor do I think ſhe did then: But ſevere Neceſſity, which catches hold of a Twig, has produced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot by me, for ſo many Years. *Curl* ſent me a Letter laſt Week, deſiring a poſitive Anſwer about this Matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to Mrs. *Thomas*, and writ a Poſtſcript, in her long romantick Letter, to direct my Anſwer to his Houſe, but they not expecting an Anſwer, ſent a young Man to me, whoſe Name it ſeems is *Patiſſon*; I told him I ſhould not write any Thing, but I believed it might be ſo as ſhe writ in her Letter. I am extremely concerned that my former Indiſcretion, in putting them into the Hand of this *Pretieuſe*, ſhould have given you ſo much Diſturbance; for the laſt Thing I ſhould do would be to diſoblige you; for whom I have ever preſerved the greateſt Eſteem, and ſhall ever be,

S I R,

Your moſt faithful Friend, and humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

To Mr. POPE.

Aug. 1, 1727.

THO' I writ my long Narrative from *Epſom* till I was tired, yet was I not ſatisfied; leſt any Doubt ſhould reſt upon your Mind. I could not make Proteſtations of my Innocence of a grievous Crime;

Crime; but I was impatient till I came to Town, that I might ſend you thoſe Letters, as a clear Evidence, that I was a perfect Stranger to all their Proceedings. Should I have proteſted againſt it, after the Printing, it might have been taken for an Attempt to decry his Purchaſe; and as the little Exception you have taken, has ſerved him to play his Game upon us for theſe two Years; a new Incident from me might enable him to play it for one or two more: —The great Value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her Paſſion for having them, I believe, was what prevail'd upon me to let her keep them. By the Interval of 12 Years at leaſt from her Poſſeſſion to the Time of printing them, 'tis manifeſt that I had not the leaſt Ground to apprehend ſuch a Deſign: But as People in great Straits, bring forth their Hoards of old Gold, and moſt valuable Jewels, ſo *Sapho* had Recourſe to her hid Treaſure of Letters, and plaid off, not only your's to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the Ladies laſt Stake) into the Preſs.———As for me, I hope, when you ſhall cooly conſider the many thouſand Inſtances of our being deluded by Females, ſince the great Original of *Adam* by *Eve*, you will have a more favourable Thought of the undeſigning Error of,

Your faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

This Treatment being extremely diſagreeable to Mr. *Pope*, he was adviſed to re-call any Letters which might happen to be preſerved by any of his Friends, particularly thoſe written to Perſons deceas'd, which would be moſt ſubject to ſuch an Accident. Many of theſe were returned him.

Some of his Friends adviſed him to print a Collection

lection himſelf, to prevent a worſe; but this he would by no Means agree to. However, as ſome of the Letters ſerved to revive ſeveral paſt Scenes of Friendſhip, and others to clear the Truth of Facts in which he had been miſrepreſented by the common Scriblers, he was induced to preſerve a few of his own Letters, as well as of his Friends. Theſe as I have been told, he inſerted in two Books, ſome Originals, others Copies, with a few Notes and Extracts here and there added. In the ſame Books he cauſed to be copied ſome ſmall Pieces in Verſe and Proſe, either of his own, or his Correſpondents; which, tho' not finiſhed enough for the Publick, were ſuch as the Partiality of any Friend would be ſorry to be depriv'd of.

To this Purpoſe, an Amanuenſis or two were employed by Mr. *Pope*, when the Books were in the Country, and by the Earl of *Oxford* when they were in Town.

It happened ſoon after, that the Poſthumous Works of Mr. *Wycherly* were publiſhed, in ſuch a Manner, as could no Way increaſe the Reputation of that Gentleman, who had been Mr. *Pope*'s firſt Correſpondent and Friend, and ſeveral of theſe Letters ſo fully ſhewed the State of that Caſe, that it was thought but a Juſtice to Mr. *Wycherly*'s Memory to print a few, to diſcredit that Impoſition. Theſe were accordingly tranſcribed for the Preſs from the *Manuſcript Books* abovementioned.

They were no ſooner printed, but *Edmund Curl* look'd on theſe too as his Property; for a Copy is extant, which he corrected in order to another Impreſſion, interlined, and added marginal Notes to, in his own Hand.

He then advertiſed anew the Letters to Mr. *Cromwell*,

well, with *Additions*, and promis'd Encouragement to all Persons who should send him more.

This is a Practice frequent with Booksellers, to swell an Author's Works, in which they have some Property, with any Trash that can be got from any Hand; or where they have no such Works, to procure some. *Curl* has in the same Manner advertised the Letters of Mr. *Prior* and Mr. *Addison*. A Practice highly deserving some Check from the Legislature; since every such Advertisement, is really a *Watch-word* to every *Scoundrel* in the Nation, and to every *Domestick* of a Family, to get a Penny, by producing any Scrap of a Man's Writing, (of what Nature soever) or by picking his Master's Pocket of Letters and Papers.

By these honest Means, Mr. *Curl* went on increasing his Collection; and finding a further Prospect of doing so, he retarded his Edition of Mr. *Cromwell*'s Letters till the twenty second of *March* 1434-5.

Curl was tamper'd with, but nothing was to be done with him, he had got fast hold of a valuable Book; nay he us'd such Means by practising with several People, and talking and writing backwards and forwards, that he by Prying, by Art, by Money, got greater Insight into Mr. *Pope*'s Correspondence by Letters; so that he rais'd the Stile of his Advertisement, which he publish'd on the 12th of *May*, in these following Words:

THIS Day are published, and most beautifully printed, Price five Shillings, Mr. *Pope*'s *Literary Correspondence* for thirty Years; from 1704 to 1734: Being a Collection of Letters, regularly digested, written by him to the Right Honourable the late Earl of *Hallifax*, Earl of *Burlington*, Secretary *Craggs*,

Craggs, Sir *William Trumbull*, Honourable *J. C.* General *****, Honourable *Robert Digby*, Eſq; Honourable *Edward Blount*, Eſq; Mr. *Addiſon*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Walſh*, Mr. *Steele*, Mr. *Gay*, Mr. *Jarvas*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Dean *Berkeley*, Dean *Parnelle*, *&c.* Alſo Letters from Mr. *Pope* to Mrs. *Arabella Fermor*, and many other Ladies. *With the reſpective Anſwers of each Correſpondent.* Printed for *E. Curl*, in *Roſe-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, and ſold by all Bookſellers.

N. B. The *Original Manuſcripts* (of which Affidavits is made) may be ſeen at Mr. *Curl*'s Houſe by all who deſire it.

The Perſons he practis'd with were *P. T. E. P. R. S. &c.* But *Curl* by not keeping his Word in Bargains made with them, they turn'd againſt him ſo far as to publiſh what follows:

" TO manifeſt to the World the Inſolence of " *E. Curl*, we hereby declare, that neither " *P. T.* much leſs *R. S.* his Agent, ever did give, " or could pretend to give any Title whatever in Mr. " *Pope*'s Letters to the ſaid *E. Curl*; and he is here- " by challeng'd to produce any Pretence to the " Copy whatſoever.——We help'd the ſaid *E. Curl* " to the Letters, and join'd with him, on Condition " he ſhould pay a certain Sum for the Books as he " ſold them: Accordingly the ſaid *E. Curl* received " 250 Books; which he ſold perfect and imperfect " at five Shillings each; and for all which he never " paid more than ten Guineas, and gave Notes for " the reſt, which prov'd not negotionable. Beſides " which *P. T.* was perſwaded by *R. S.* at the In- " ſtigation of *E. Curl*, to pay the Expence of the " whole Impreſſion, *viz.* 75*l.* no Part whereof was

" repaid

" repaid by the ſaid *Curl*. Therefore every Book-
" ſeller will be indemnify'd every Way from any
" poſſible Proſecution or Moleſtation of the ſaid *E.*
" *Curl*: And whereas the ſaid *E. Curl* threatens to
" publiſh our Correſpondence, and as much as in
" him lies, to betray his Benefactors, we ſhall alſo
" publiſh his Letters to us, which will open a Scene
" of Baſeneſs and foul Dealing, that will ſufficient-
" ly ſhow to Mankind his Character and Conduct."

May 23, 1735. *P. T. R. S.*

For no other Reaſons than theſe Mr. *Curl* is honoured with ſo many Strokes of the Pen of our Author: But inſtead of being amended by the ſaid Correction, he has put up the Head of our Satiriſt to be his Sign, which is an Honour we do not remember to have ſeen done to any Poet whilſt living.

Not they are all Dunces, whoſe Names are recorded by our Satiriſt, we find *Congreve*, *Addiſon*, and *Prior*, to their Praiſe juſtly oppos'd to *Breval*, *Bond*, *Bezaleel*, *Morris*. And again very ſoon,

And we too boaſt our *Garth* and *Addiſon*.

Nothing is more remarkable than our Author's Love of praiſing good Writers; he has celebrated Sir *Iſaac Newton*, Dr. *Barrow*, Dr. *Atterbury*, Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Walſh*, Duke of *Buckingham*, Mr. *Addiſon*, Lord *Lanſdown*, in a Word, almoſt every Man of his Time who deſerv'd it, even *Cibber* himſelf, preſuming him to be the Author of the *Careleſs Huſband*. It muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. *Garth*, both as his conſtant Friend, and as he was his Predeceſſor in this Kind of Satire. The *Diſpenſary* attack'd the whole Body of Apothecaries, a much more uſeful one undoubtedly

doubtedly than that of the bad Poets, if in Truth this can be a Body, of which no two Members ever agreed. It alſo did what Mr. *Theobalds* ſays is unpardonable, drew in *Parts of private Character*, and introduc'd *Perſons independent of the Subject*. Much more would *Boileau* have incurr'd his Cenſure, who left all Subjects on all Occaſions to fall upon the bad Poets. But certainly next to commending good Writers, the greateſt Service to Learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that one Way be made of any Uſe to it. This Truth is very well ſet forth in theſe Lines addreſs'd to our Author:

The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither Birds of moral Kind)
Yet ſerve, if hang'd or ſtuff'd with Straw,
To ſhew us which Way blows the Wind.

Thus dirty Knaves or chatt'ring Fools,
Strung up by Dozens in thy Lay,
Teach more by Half than *Dennis'* Rules;
And point Inſtruction every Way.

With *Ægypt's* Art thy Pen may ſtrive;
One potent Drop let this but ſhed,
And every Rogue that ſtunk alive,
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

Having mentioned *Boileau*, the greateſt Poet and moſt judicious Critick of his Age and Country; admirable for his Talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for his Judgment in the proper Application of them; I cannot help remarking the Reſemblance betwixt him and our Author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the Diſtinctions ſhewn to them by their Superiors, in the general Eſteem of their Equals, and in their extended Reputation amongſt Foreigners; in the

the latter of which ours has met with the better Fortune, as he has had for his Tranſlators Perſons of the moſt eminent Rank and Abilities in their reſpective Nations. But the Reſemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abus'd by the ignorant Pretenders to Poetry of their Times; of which not the leaſt Memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What *Boileau* has done in almoſt all his Poems, our Author has only in this: I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on his Principle of attacking few but who had ſlander'd him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confin'd from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs Perſons; for ſcarce any others were his Enemies. However, as the Parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhall give us an Edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently (on their Repentance or better Merit) as *Perault* and *Quinault* were at laſt by *Boileau*.

In one Point I muſt be allow'd to think the Character of our *Engliſh* Poet the more amiable: He has not been a Follower of Fortune or Succeſs: He has liv'd with the Great without Flattery, been a Friend to Men in Power without Penſions, from whom as he aſk'd, ſo he receiv'd no Favour, but what was done him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more juſt for being delay'd, ſo were his Panegyricks; beſtow'd only on ſuch Perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch Virtues as he had long obſerv'd in them, and only at ſuch Times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean, when out of Power, or out of Faſhion. A Satire therefore on Writers ſo notorious for the contrary, became no Man ſo well as himſelf; as none (it is plain) was ſo little in their Friendſhips, or ſo much

much in that of thoſe whom they had moſt abus'd, namely, the greateſt and beſt of all Parties. Let me add a further Reaſon, that tho' engag'd in their Friendſhips, he never eſpouſed their Animoſities; and can almoſt ſingly challenge this Honour, not to have written a Line of any Man, which thro' Guilt, thro' Shame, or thro' Fear, thro' Variety of Fortune, or Change of Intereſts, he was ever unwilling to own.

This Character may alſo be (with great Propriety) applied to Dr. *Garth*. This Gentleman (afterwards Sir *Samuel Garth*) was deſcended of a very good Family in *Yorkſhire*. After he had finiſh'd his School Education, he removed to St. *Peter*'s College in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where he compleated his Studies in the Art of Phyſick. He has juſtly merited the Reputation of one of the beſt Poets of his Time, by his admirable Poem, *The Diſpenſary*. A judicious Writer † obſerves, that this Work hath loſt and gained in every Edition. Almoſt every Thing (ſays he) that Sir *Samuel* left out was a Robbery from the Publick: Every Thing he added hath been an Embelliſhment to his Poem. He was an excellent Phyſician, affable and courteous in his Behaviour, and never better pleaſed than in doing good Offices, either to Friends or Strangers, who required his Aſſiſtance.

Beſides his *Diſpenſary*, he has publiſh'd the following Pieces, *viz.*

I. *Claremont*. A Poem inſcribed to the Duke of *Newcaſtle*.

II. To the Lady *Berkeley*, with *Ovid*'s Epiſtles.

III. To the Earl of *Burlington*, with *Ovid's Art of Love*.

VI.

† *See Major* Pack's *Miſcellanies, 2d Edit. octav. p.* 102.

IV. The Fourteenth Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes* tranſlated.

V. Three Prologues. 1. Deſigned for Mr. *Rowe*'s *Tamerlane*. 2. At the Opening of the Theatre in the *Hay-market*. 3. At a Muſick-Meeting. Alſo an Epilogue to Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Cato*.

VI. Verſes to the Earl of *Godolphin*.

VII. Two Orations ſpoken at the College of Phyſicians. 1. On the Faculty. 2. On the Death of Mr. *Dryden*.

He died *Jan.* 18th, 1718-19; and was buried on the 22d of the ſame Month in the Church of *Harrow on the Hill*, in the Vault there built by him for the Interrment of his Family.

Theſe Lines in the *Diſpenſary*, on *Death*, are inimitable.

'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harſh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To die, is landing on ſome ſilent Shore,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempeſts roar;
E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis 'oer.
The Wiſe thro' Thought th'Inſults of Death defy;
The Fools, thro' bleſs'd Inſenſibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear; the Pious crave;
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the Brave.
It eaſes Lovers, ſets the Captive free;
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty. *

His *Diſpenſary* gain'd ſuch a Reputation, that the ſpightful Triflers of the Times inſiſted upon it, that it was not his own; and thoſe who thought themſelves aim'd at in it, inſiſted upon it as a mean Performance,

* *This is taken from the Lives and Characters of the* Engliſh *Poets, by Mr.* Jacob.

formance, and that it was his: But Dr. *Garth* had no Need to make any Reply to either of these Falsities; the Excellence of the Poem appear'd in it, and no Author, that we can think of, had at that Time so great a Talent that Way; so that indeed had he deny'd it, No-body could have told where else to have fix'd it. His philosophical Carriage when dying was very heroical, and yet entirely unaffected. Mr. *Pope* said, if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth*.

There went about the Town a great many idle Tales on this Subject; some People, Enemies to him and his Wit, endeavoured to insinuate that he died without Faith, and consequently (as those Zealots pretended) without Hope; others branded him with Irreligion and Expressions against all Revelation, as they did in his Life-Time; but the Truth of the Manner of his Death was thus: Several Gentlemen being in his Chamber, all sorrowing, some weeping to perceive the Agonies of Death coming fast upon him, some of them came to the Bed-side, desirous to take a last Farewell of him, and others whispering about the Bed so softly, that he only could hear the Whispering and not what they said; but perceiving much Officiousness in Every-body to serve him, and so many behind those near the Bed, ready to come forward to take Leave of him, he smiled, as in his healthy Hours, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish the "Ceremony of Death was over." And so sinking lower into the Bed, died with very little Struggle; as much lamented by the learned and thinking Part of Mankind as ever any private Man was (if he may so be called) whose Practice as a great Physician, as well as Works as a fine Writer, rather gives him another Title.

Mr. *Pope* address'd his Second Pastoral to him called

led *Summer*: The Scene of it by the River's Side, ſuitable to the Seaſon: The Time, Noon. It begins thus:

A faithful Swain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his Fate beſide a ſilver Spring;
Where gentle *Thames* his winding Waters leads
Thro' verdant Foreſts, and thro' flow'ry Meads;
In thoſe fair Fields where ſacred *Iſis* glides,
Or elſe where *Cam* his winding Vales divides.

But afterwards being convinc'd by Mr. *Gay*, that they might be alter'd to appear more paſtoral and natural, he alter'd thoſe Lines to the following much more lively, and not unlike (I mean the two firſt) the Stile of our great *Spencer*:

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better Name)
Led forth his Flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing Sun-beams on the Waters play'd,
And verdant Altars form'd a quiv'ring Shade.

His Addreſs to Dr. *Garth* as a great Poet and Phyſician, has ſomething rather too genteel for a *Shepherd's Boy*:

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muſe's early Lays,
That adds this Wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd Hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole Diſeaſe thou canſt not cure!

The Verſes of this Paſtoral are moſtly of that Sort which the Author of the *Guardian* ſays riſe above that Name, and are ſomething better. Yet we cannot help inſiſting upon ſome Part of it to be truly paſtoral, or elſe what Name of Stile ſhall we give the four following Lines?

Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry Herb that grew,
And ev'ry Plant that drinks the morning Dew:
Ah, wretched Shepherd! what avails thy Art
To cure thy Lambs, but not to heal thy Heart!

Much more might be ſaid of theſe Paſtorals, which we defer on Purpoſe, intending to treat of them again when we ſhall have Occaſion to take Notice of Mr. *Gay*'s.

Mr. *Pope*, you will obſerve, was no Niggard of his Praiſe where Praiſe was due; nay, he knew how (and that without any Thing that might give the leaſt Offence) to ſhew the Faults of thoſe, whoſe Characters he was about to give; at the ſame Time never concealing their Beauties or Degrees of Excellence, if Poets. Hereafter we ſhall have Opportunity to give ſeveral Examples: But a juſter Character he never gave, nor perhaps can be given, than of Mr. *Craſhaw*; he was a Poet contemporary with Mr. *Abraham Cowley*, and became a Convert to *Rome*; which Mr. *Cowley*, a little leaning that Way himſelf, almoſt compliments him for:

Pardon, my Mother Church, if I conſent
That Angels led him, when from thee he went;
For even in Error there no Danger is,
When mix'd with ſo much Piety as his.

Nor will we be ſo malicious, to think that Mr. *Pope* ſpeaks the better of him becauſe he was at laſt a Papiſt; you will ſee (if you read the Writings of that Poet) what Juſtice he has done him, and with what Likeneſs and Propriety he has drawn a Poet of that Claſs. Mr. *Cromwell*, whoſe Intimacy with Mr. *Pope* was a great Honour to the latter, had a great Deſire of knowing the Sentiments of our Author of all the *Engliſh* Poets; and happening one Day among ſome

ſome Waſte-paper to ſee a few Leaves of Mr. *Craſhaw*'s Poetry, queſtioned Mr. *Pope* about him, for that Gentleman confeſs'd himſelf pleaſed with a few Lines among thoſe which happened to fall into his Hand. This being in *London*, Mr. *Pope* had not *Craſhaw*'s Works to produce; ſo he only recited a few of his beſt Verſes, and pointed out a few of his Faults, which ſerv'd only to excite a Curioſity in him, and was the Occaſion of a Letter, deſiring Mr. *Pope* to be a little more particular about him; which was by the Meſſenger ſent, immediately complied with, and of which the following is a Copy:

IT ſeems that my late Mention of *Craſhaw*, and my Quotation from him, has mov'd your Curioſity: I therefore ſend you the whole Author, who has held a Place among my other Books of this Nature for ſome Years; in which Time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of thoſe whoſe Works may juſt deſerve Reading. I take this Poet to have writ like a Gentleman, that is, at leiſure Hours, and to keep more out of Idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a Reputation: So that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards Deſign, Form, Fable, (which is the Soul of Poetry) all that concerns Exactneſs, or Conſent of Parts, (which is the Body) will probably be wanting; only petty Conceptions, fine Metaphors, glittering Expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat Caſt of Verſe, (which are properly the Dreſs, Gems, or looſe Ornaments of Poetry) may be found in thoſe Verſes. This is indeed the Caſe of moſt other poetical Writers of *Miſcellanies*; nor can it well be otherwiſe, ſince no Man can be a true Poet, who writes for Diverſion only. Theſe Authors ſhould be conſidered as *Verſifiers*, and *witty Men*, rather than as *Poets*; and under this

Head will only fall the Thoughts, the Expreſſions, and the Numbers. Theſe are only the pleaſing Parts of Poetry, which may be judg'd of at a View, and comprehend all at once. And (to expreſs myſelf like a Painter) their *Colouring* entertains the Sight, but the *Lines* and *Life* of the Picture are not to be inſpected too narrowly.

This Author form'd himſelf upon *Petrarch*, or rather upon *Marino*. His Thoughts one may obſerve, in the main are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and too often ſtrain'd and ſtiffned to make them appear the greater. For Men are never ſo apt to think a Thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconſiderate Authors would rather be admired than underſtood. This Ambition of ſurprifing a Reader, is the true natural Cauſe of all Fuſtian, or Bombaſt in Poetry. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but look into his firſt Poem of the *Weeper*, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt Stanza's are as ſublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d Stanza's of the ſame Copy, are ſoft and pleaſing: And if theſe laſt want any Thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected Expreſſion.

The remaining Thoughts in that Poem might have been ſpared, being either but Repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this Example in the firſt we may gueſs at all the reſt, to be like this; a Mixture of tender gentle Thoughts and ſuitable Expreſſions, of forc'd and inextricable Conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this Author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt. A Reader may ſkim off the Froth, and uſe the clear underneath; but if he goes deep, he may meet with a Mouthful of Dregs; either the Top or Bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his *own*, *natural*, *middle-way*, is beſt.

To

To ſpeak of his Numbers is a little difficult, they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric: 'Tis evident his heroick Verſe (the beſt Example of which is his *Muſick's Duel*) is careleſly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more Care, it had been muſical and pleaſing enough, not extremely majeſtick, but ſweet: And the Time conſidered of his Writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worſt Verſificators.

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt Pieces of this Author are, a Paraphraſe on Pſal. 23. On *Leſſius*, Epitaph on Mr. *Aſhton*, Wiſhes to his ſuppoſed Miſtreſs, and the *Dies Iræ*.

But we muſt not loſe Sight of the *Dunciad*, and that we may not appear to deal altogether with common People,

—Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his Train;
Six Huntſmen with a Shout precede his Chair;
He grins, and looks broad Nonſenſe with a Stare.
His Honour's Meaning, *Dulneſs* thus expreſt;
"He wins this Patron who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his Purſe, and takes his Seat of State:
With ready Quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his Head the dext'rous Taſk commence,
And inſtant, Fancy feels th' imputed Senſe;
Now gentle Touches wanton o'er his Face,
He ſtruts *Adonis*, and affects Grimace:
Rolli the Feather to his Ear conveys,
Then his nice Taſte directs our Operas:
Bentley his Mouth with Claſſick Flattery ope's,
And the Puff'd-Orator burſts out in Tropes.
But *Welſted* moſt the Poets healing Balm,
Strives to extract from his ſoft giving Palm;

Unlucky *Welſted*, thy unfeeling Maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his Fiſt the faſter.

Not to meddle further with my Lord, let us make a little Obſervation of this *Leonard Welſted* here, who was at *Weſtminſter-School*, intended there to be educated, and has for ſome Time took it into his Head to be poetical: He has diſobliged the World with but few Performances; three Pieces of Flattery to the Great, and one lifeleſs Piece (of I dont know what to call it) which he calls the *Triumvirate*; or, a Letter in Verſe from *Palæmon* to *Celia*, at *Bath*: Which was meant as a Satire on Mr. *Pope* and ſome of his Friends, about the Year 1718. He writ other Things, which we cannot remember, having never read any of them but once: *Smedly*, in his *Metamorphoſis of Scriblers*, mentions one of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator*; and another either in Praiſe of a Cellar or a Garret: *L. W.* characteriz'd in the Treatiſe of περὶ Βάθους, or, the *Art of Sinking*, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is ſaid to be this Perſon, by *Dennis*. *Daily Journal* of *May* 11, 1728. He was alſo characteriz'd under another Animal, a Mole, by the Author of the enſuing Simile, which was handed about at the ſame Time:

Dear *Welſted* mark, in dirty Hole,
That painful Animal a Mole;
Above Ground never born to grow,
What mighty Stir it keeps below:
To make a Mole-Hill all this Strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for Life.
How proud a little Dirt to ſpread;
Conſcious of nothing o'er its Head,
'Till lab'ring on, for want of Eyes,
It blunders into Light and dies.

This

This Gentleman, as many Gentlemen of his Class are, being very apt to be bemus'd in Beer, Mr. *Pope* has chosen that beloved Liquor of his for a Simile, and applied it to him.

Flow, *Welsted*, flow! like thine Inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe, tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong, o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Which just Character of the whole Man, within the short Compass of four Lines, is inimitable, and what, we are apt to think, if he has any Modesty left, he himself would own too; though it is scarcely worth while to enquire for his Modesty, after what he has said of himself, in a Book called the *Characters of the Times*, 8vo, 1718. Page 23, 24. Mr. *Welsted had*, (says *Leonard Welsted*, speaking of his dear Self) *in his Youth, rais'd so great Expectations of his future Genius, that there was a kind of a Struggle between the most eminent in the two Universities, which should have the* Honour *of his Education: To compound this, he*, civilly, *became a Member of both, and after having pass'd some Time at the one, he removed to the other; from thence he returned to Town, where he became the* darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, *whose Encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional Poems, in a Manner that* will make no small Part of the Fame *of his Protectors: It appears from his own Works, that he was happy in the Patronage of the most illustrious Characters of the present Age——encouraged by such a* Combination *in his Favour, he—published a Book of Poems, some in the* Ovidian, *some in the* Horatian *Manner, in both which, the most exquisite Judges pronounce, he even* rivalled his Masters——*His Love Verses have rescued that Way of Writing from Contempt. In his Translations, he has given us the very Soul and Spirit*

Spirit of his Author——His Ode—His Epiſtle—His Verſes—His Love Tale, are the moſt perfect Things in all Poetry.

Reader, when thou haſt done laughing at this, as laugh thou doſt, I dare be perſwaded; let it be remembered to his Honour, that he received at one Time, the Sum of Five Hundred Pounds, for ſecret Service, among the other excellent Authors hired to write anonymouſly for the Miniſtry.—See Report of the Secret Committee in 1742. Were it worth the Time, a few Quotations of this Man's Writings, would, without any other Argument, give Proof that the *Dunciad* is the only Book in which he ever did, or can ſhine; where he not only ſhines himſelf, but (as *Falſtaff* ſays of his own Wit) is the Cauſe of another's ſhining alſo, and as his Name is taken Care of, he may ſleep himſelf, or make others ſleep alſo, as uſual. In the main, this muſt be look'd upon as a moſt capital Dunce.

It was the particular Happineſs of Mr. *Pope*, to hit a great Likeneſs in every Character he drew, the Picture is drawn ſo well, that at the ſame Time it paints Deformity, it raiſes the Reputation of the Painter; it requires as maſterly a Hand to finiſh a *Lazarus* as a *Venus*, and to characterize a *Welſted*, as a *Garth*, or *Sheffield*.

The Goddeſs *Dulneſs*, to proceed with the *Dunciad*, among the Exerciſes of the Poets, propoſes chattering like a Monkey, and braying like an Aſs; whoever excelled the reſt in each of theſe, was to receive as a Reward for one, three Cat-calls, and for the other a Drum, for Encouragement for the future, at which they all begin to ſet up at once.

Now thouſand Tongues are heard in one loud Din:
The Monkey-mimicks ruſh diſcordant in.

'Twas

'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noiſe, and *Norton*, *Brangling*, and *Breval*,
Dennis and Diſſonance; and captious Art,
And ſnip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Cat-call each ſhall win,
Equal your Merits! equal is your Din!
But that this well diſputed Game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the Welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd Milky-Mothers wait
At ſome ſick Miſer's triple-bolted Gate,
For their defrauded abſent Foals, they make
A Moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore ſighs Sir *Gilbert*, ſtarting at the Bray,
From Dreams of Millions, and three Groats to pay.
So ſwells each Wind-pipe; Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmoniac Twang! of Leather, Horn, and Braſs;
Such as from lab'ring Lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High Notes attempted to the vocal Noſe:
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
There *Webſter* peal'd thy Voice, there *Whitfield* thine!
But far o'er all, ſonorous *Blackmore*'s Strain;
Walls, Steeples, Skies, bray back to him again.

The *Whitfield* mentioned before *Blockmore*, was, and is a Field Preacher, who thought and thinks, or pretends to think, the only Way of advancing Chriſtianity, is by the new Birth of religious Madneſs: His Education he might have have had at the Univerſity, but he was always enthuſiaſtically given, and had almoſt a continual Gloom upon him; was look'd upon as a queer Youth, and detected in ſome Errors in moral Practice, which, though they might be excuſable in ſome, were not ſo in him, becauſe they prov'd upon him a Pretence to what in Reality he was not: He has preach'd in *Moorfields*, near *Bedlam*, to Thouſands at a Time, (the fitteſt Place for

for him, and whither he has ſent many of his Converts) at *Kennington* he had another Stage. Some of his Diſcourſes have been printed, which ſhew him to be ignorant, enthuſiaſtick, impudent, and wicked; but the Legiſlature not interfering (for the Name of being perſecuted had eſtabliſhed him quite) he ſeems in Danger of being neglected, and perhaps forgotten, were it not for his Name being regiſter'd in the *Dunciad*; ſo that as he is likely to be remembered, let it be born in Mind, that by Inſinuations, and tempting Children to rob from their Parents, and Wives from their Husbands, he has made a conſiderable Purſe, and runs about the World living luxurioufly, and indecently, the Reproach of which he can bear in a very meek and Saint-like Manner.

The Braying of this Animal, loud as it has been often heard, our Author ſays, was not ſo loud as that of *Blackmore*: This was Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who was the Son of Mr. *Robert Blackmore*, an Attorney at Law, who educated him firſt at a Country School; from whence in the thirteenth Year of his Age, he was removed to *Weſtminſter*, and in a ſhort Time after ſent to the Univerſity of *Oxford*, and entered a Commoner of St. *Edmond*'s Hall; where he continued thirteen Years. He then travelled into *Italy*, and at *Padua* took his Doctor's Degree in Phyſick; and having ſeen a great Part of *France*, *Germany*, and the *Low Countries*, after he had been abroad two Years and a Half, he returned to *England*. Coming to *London*, he entered upon the Practice of Phyſick, and not long after he was choſen Fellow of the Royal College of *Phyſicians* by the Charter of King *James* the Second. He was ſworn *Phyſician* in Ordinary to King *William*, in 1697; was honoured by that Prince with a Gold Medal and Chain, and was likewiſe knighted by him. Upon Queen *Anne*'s Acceſ-

ſion

ſion to the Throne, he was appointed one of her Phyſicians, and continued ſo for ſome Time. He wrote many Poems, and intended them for Heroick, which, when they firſt appeared, were read, and ſome of them applauded, by very good Criticks, either thro' Friendſhip or Obligation to the Author, or elſe to decry ſome other Poets of the Times, for now he is totally neglected; his Stile, is what our Poet, in his Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, calls rumbling, rough, and fierce; beſides, that there is a Cant runs through all his Writings, with no ſmall Mixture of Nonſenſe:

A *painted Veſt* Prince *Vortigern* had on,
Which from a *naked Pict* his Grandſire won.

This we think no inconſiderable Bray. Now ſays the *Dunciad*:

In *Tot'nam* Fields the Brethren with Amaze,
Prick all their Ears up, and forget to graze.
Long *Chancery-Lane* retentive rolls the Sound,
And Courts to Courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to *Rufus*'s roaring Hall,
And *Hungerford* re-echoes Bawl for Bawl.
All hail him Victor in both Gifts of Song,
Who ſings ſo loudly and who ſings ſo long.

This, according to the Cuſtom of our inimitable Poet, is giving a juſt Character of Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Knt. who (as Mr. *Dryden* expreſſed it) *Writ to the rumbling of his own Coach Wheels*, and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epick Poems: *Prince and King Arthur*, 20 Books, *Eliza*, 10, *Alfred*, 12; *The Redeemer*, 6; Beſides *Job* in Folio, The whole *Book of Pſalms*, *The Creation*, 7 Books; *Nature of Man*, three Books; and many more. 'Tis in this Senſe he is ſtiled afterwards the *Everlaſting*

ing Blackmore. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. *Gildon* ſeems aſſured, that "this admirable Author "did not think himſelf upon the *ſame Foot with Ho-* "*mer.*" *Comp. Art of Poetry*, Vol. 1. p. 108.

But how different is the Judgment of the Author of the *Characters of the Times?* p. 25. who ſays, "Sir "*Richard* is unfortunate in happening to miſtake his "proper Talents, and that he has not for many "Years been *ſo much as named*, or even *thought of* "among Writers." Even Mr. *Dennis* differs greatly from his Friend Mr. *Gildon*: "*Blackmore's* Acti- "on (ſays he) has neither Unity, nor Integrity, nor "Morality, nor Univerſality; and conſequently he "can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroick Poem*: His "Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor won- "derful: His Characters have none of the neceſſa- "ry Qualifications.—The Things contained in his "Narration are neither in their own Nature delight- "ful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly diſpoſed, "nor ſurpriſing, nor pathetick."—Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir *Richard* has *no Genius*; firſt laying down "that Genius is cauſed by a *furious Joy* and "*Pride of Soul*, on the Conception of an *extraordi-* "*nary Hint.* Many Men (ſays he) have their *Hints* "without theſe Motions of *Fury and Pride of Soul*, "becauſe they want Fire enough to agitate their "Spirits; and theſe we call cold Writers: Others "who have a great deal of Fire, but have not ex- "cellent Organs, feel the forementioned *Motions*, "without the *extraordinary Hints*; and theſe we "call Fuſtian Writers. But he declares, that Sir "*Richard* had neither the *Hints* nor the *Motions.*" *Remarks on Prince* Arthur. 8vo. 1696. *Preface.*

This Gentleman in his firſt Works abuſed the Character of Mr. *Dryden*, and in his laſt of Mr. *Pope*, accuſing him in very high and ſober Terms of Pro-

phaneſs

phaneſs and Immorality (*Eſſay on polite Writing*, Vol. 2. p. 270.) on a meer Report from *Edmund Curl*, that he was Author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. *Dennis* took up the ſaid Report, with but the Addition of what Sir *Richard* had neglected, *An Argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. (*Remarks on* Homer. 8vo. p. 27.) "It *was he* who burleſqu'd the Pſalm of *David*. It "is *apparent* to me that Pſalm was burleſqu'd by a "*Popiſh* Rhymeſter. Let rhyming Perſons who "have been brought up *Proteſtants* be otherwiſe "what they will, let them be Rakes, let 'em be "Scoundrels, let 'em be *Atheiſts*, yet Education "has made an invincible Impreſſion on them in "Behalf of the ſacred Writings. But a *Popiſh Rhy*"*meſter* has been brought up with a Contempt for "thoſe ſacred Writings. Now ſhow me another "*Popiſh* Rhymeſter but he."—This Manner of Argumentation is uſual with Mr. *Dennis*; he has employed the ſame againſt Sir *Richard* himſelf in a like Charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. "All Mr. *Black*"*more*'s celeſtial Machines, as they cannot be de"fended ſo much as by common receiv'd Opinion, "ſo are they directly contrary to the Doctrine of the "Church of *England*: For the viſible Deſcent of "an Angel muſt be a Miracle. Now it is the "Doctrine of the Church of *England* that Miracles "had ceas'd a long Time before Prince *Arthur* came "into the World. Now if the Doctrine of the "Church of *England* be true, as we are obliged to "believe, then are all the celeſtial Machines in "in Prince *Arthur* unſufferable, as wanting not "only Human but Divine Probability. But if the "Machines are ſufferable, that is if they have ſo "much as divine Probability, then it follows of Ne"ceſſity that the Doctrine of the Church is falſe:

"So

" So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to con" " ſider, *&c.*" *Preface to the Remarks on Prince* Arthur.

It has been ſuggeſted in the Character of Mr. *Pope*, that he had Obligations to Sir *Richard Blackmore*. He never had any, and never ſaw him but twice in his Life.

If as ſome ſay, this Gentleman was a good Phyſician (tho' we dont ſee what Time he could find for Study, and write ſuch prodigious bulky Books) it is greatly to be lamented he did not keep to what he underſtood ſomething of, and not make the Employment of his Life what at laſt, from ſo great a Judge of Nature as Mr. *Pope*, brought him to ſtand a Compariſon with an Aſs, and into ſuch Company as *Oldmixon*.

When the Poets came to the Exerciſe of Diving, *Oldmixon* comes in moſt naturally:

In naked Majeſty *Oldmixon* ſtands.

This Line in the firſt Edition of the *Dunciad*, was applied to Mr. *Dennis*; but in future Time, Mr. *Pope* being willing to take a little of the Load off poor old *Dennis*, claps it on the Shoulder of *Oldmixon*, who, next to Mr. *Dennis*, was the moſt antient Critick of our Nation then living: He wrote a Paſtoral called *Amyntas*, which was acted and damn'd (as the Criticks call it) at the Theatre Royal; he dedicated it to the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, and confeſs'd to take it from the *Aminta* of *Taſſo*, though he underſtood, as he himſelf ſays, no *Italian*, he pick'd it out from the *French*, and complains that no Paſtoral will pleaſe in *England*; but the Original pleas'd in *Italy*, Mr. *Jacob* ſays, where the Performance of the Compoſer of the Muſick is regarded more than that of the Poet: Thus ſlightly ſpeaks he of that divine

divine Paſtoral, only to excuſe that intolerable Piece of *Oldmixon*'s, who was an unjuſt Cenſurer of Mr. *Addiſon*, in his Proſe Eſſay on *Criticiſm*, whom alſo in his Imitation of *Bouhours* (called the *Arts of Logick and Rhetorick*) he miſrepreſents in plain Matter of Fact; for in Page 45, he cites the *Spectator* as abuſing Dr. *Swift* by Name, where there is not the leaſt Hint of it, and in Page 304, is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. *Addiſon* himſelf writ that *Tatler*, No. 43, which ſays of his own Simile, "'Tis as "great as ever entered into the Mind of Man." In his Eſſay on *Criticiſm*, and the Arts of *Logick* and *Rhetorick*, he frequently reflects on our Author; but the Top of his Character, was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the *Stuarts* in Folio, and his critical Hiſtory of *England*, in two Volumes Octavo; being employed by Biſhop *Kennet* in publiſhing the Hiſtorians in his Collection, he falſified *Daniel*'s *Chronicle*, in a great Number of Places: Yet this Man, in his Preface to the firſt of theſe Books, advanced a *particular Fact* to charge three eminent Perſons of falſifying the Lord *Clarendon*'s Hiſtory, which Fact has been diſprov'd by Dr. *Atterbury*, late Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, then the only Survivor of them, and the particular Part he pretended to be falſified, has been produced ſince, after ninety Years, in that noble Author's own Hand. He was all his Life a virulent Party-writer for Hire, and received his Reward in a ſmall Place, which he enjoy'd to his Death.

We underſtand that the Talent of tranſlating, without underſtanding the Language tranſlated from, deſcended to his Heir after him.

After making mention of Dunce *Smedley*, Dunce *Concanen*, (a hired Scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much *Billingſgate* againſt the

Lord *Bolingbroke*, and others) theſe and many more, he takes Notice of a ſmall Body of Men:

Next plung'd a feeble but a deſp'rate Pack,
With each a ſickly Brother at his Back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the Flood,
Then number'd with the Puppies in the Mud.
Aſk ye their Names? I ſooner cou'd diſcloſe
The Names of theſe blind Puppies than of thoſe;
Faſt by, like *Niobe* (her Children gone)
Sits Mother *Osbourne* ſtupified to Stone!
And monumental Braſs, this Record bears,
Theſe are——ah no! theſe were, the *Gazetteers*!

The *Daily Gazetteer* was a Title given very properly to certain Papers, each of which laſted but a Day; into this, as to a common Sink, was received all the Traſh which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral Pamphlets, and circulated at the publick Expence of the Nation; The Authors were the ſame obſcure Men, though ſometimes relieved by occaſional Eſſays from Stateſmen, Courtiers, Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors; the meaner Sort were rewarded with Money, others with Places, or Benefices for there were many unlearned cunning Parſons among them, who preferred Intereſt to Conſcience, ſuch as *Luke Milbourne*, tranſlating from *Thomas a Kempis*, deſcribes:

Nay, in my holy Houſe the Plague prevails,
No *little Prieſt* for *ſmall Preferment* fails
To go, to run, to fly, but ſcarce can crawl
When I to holy Pains, and ſharp Repentance call.

The Salaries given theſe Hirelings, were from an Hundred to a Thouſand Pounds a Year; it appears from the *Report* of the *Secret Committee* for enquiring into

into the Character of *R.* Earl of *O.* "That no leſs "than Fifty Thouſand, Seventy Seven Pounds, "Eighteen Shillings, were paid to Authors and "Printers of News Papers, ſuch as *Free Briton*, "*Daily Courant*, *Corn-Cutters Journal*, *Gazetteer*, "and other unpolitical Papers, between *February* "the 10th, 1731, and *February* the 10th, 1741." Which ſhows the Benevolence of one great Miniſter, to have expended, for the current Dulneſs of ten Years, double the Sum which gained *Lewis* the Fourteenth ſo much Honour, during a Reign of ſeventy, in annual Penſions to learned Men, all over *Europe*: One of the chief, if not the Chief of this Tribe, was *William Arnall*, who was bred an Attorney; he was a curious Genius in this Sort of Work; he began to write furious Party Papers under twenty Years of Age, and ſucceeded *Concanen* in the *Britiſh Journal*. At the firſt Publication of the *Dunciad*, he prevail'd on the Author not to give him his due Place in it, by a Letter profeſſing his Deteſtation of ſuch Practices as his Predeceſſors: But ſince, by the moſt un-exampled Inſolence, and perſonal Abuſe of ſeveral great Men, the Poet's particular Friends, he moſt amply deſerves a Niche in the Temple of Infamy, witneſs a Paper call'd the *Free Briton*, a Dedication entitled *To the general Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He valued himſelf in that he wrote for Hire, not indeed without Cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid *Report*, that he receiv'd in the Space of four Years no leſs than Ten Thouſand nine Hundred and ninety-ſeven Pounds, ſix Shillings and eight Pence; by which it may be ſeen, that ſometimes even Dunces are a great Expence to the Nation, as Mr. *Pope* further proves in another Sett of Men, many of whom never arrive at the little Learning and Knowledge which *Arnall* had:

Around him wide a ſable Army ſtand,
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile Band,
Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn;
Heav'n's *Swiſs*, who fight for any God or Man.

It is to be hop'd this will not be ſuppos'd to be the whole Body of Men, but only ſuch (and of them, to ſpeak a ſorrowful Truth, there are too many) as by their ſcandalous Lives have made themſelves odious both to God and Man; whoſe monſtrous and unſatiable Thirſt of Money and Power, ſpur them on to all Manner of foul Practices, and is the Cauſe they are look'd on with the Contempt which they at preſent are, which they cannot avoid perceiving, and this gauls them ſo, to be deſpis'd, who expect to be ador'd, that they would buy Revenge at any Rate, a Thing next Power, and Money, and Luxury, moſt dear to them; Impriſonment, nay, Fire, I have heard them wiſh to uſe againſt thoſe their Vices and Falſehoods have made their Adverſaries; but as they have at preſent but ſhort Horns, there is the leſs Danger in their being curs'd.

A ſlight Stroke at *Budgell*, *Toland*, *Tindal*, *Morgan*, *Mandevil*, and *Norton de Foe*, and our Author concludes the ſecond Book:

Thus the ſoft Gifts of Sleep conclude the Day,
And ſtretch'd on Bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhou'd I ſing what Bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumbring viſit, and convey to Stews?
Who prouder march'd, with Magiſtrates in State,
To ſome fam'd Round-houſe, ever open Gate!
How *Henley* lay inſpir'd beſide a Sink,
And to mere Mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in Drink?

While

While others timely, to the neighbouring *Fleet* (Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe Retreat.

We ſhall cloſe our Obſervations on this Book, with ſtill inſiſting on the Parallel between this Satire, and Mr. *Dryden*'s *Mac Flecknoe*, who ſpeaks thus of his Hero *Shadwell*:

—Thy tragick Muſe gives Smiles, thy comick Sleep.
With whate'er Gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive Satires never bite.
In thy fellonious Heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Iriſh* Pen, and dies.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchaſe Fame,
In keen Iambicks, but in Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuſe for thy Command
Some peaceful Province in Acroſtick Land.
There thou may'ſt Wings diſplay, and Altars raiſe,
And torture one poor Word Ten Thouſand Ways.

And to ſhow further, that our Author had Mr. *Dryden* much in his Mind, there needs only to obſerve the Similitude between,

And all was huſh'd as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

and that Line of Mr. *Dryden*'s, in his Play of the *Indian Emperor*:

All Things are huſh'd as Nature's ſelf lay dead.

Proceeding to the third Book, our Author ſhews, that, after the other Perſons are diſpos'd in their proper Places of Reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his Head on her Lap; a Poſition of marvellous Virtue, which cauſes all the Viſions of wild Enthuſiaſts, Projectors, Politicians, Inamorato's, Caſtle-Builders,

Chymiſts and Poets. He is immediately carried on the Wings of Fancy to the *Elizian* Shade, where on the Banks of *Lethe* the Souls of the Dull are dipp'd by *Bavius*, before their Entrance into this World. There he is met by the Ghoſt of *Settle*, and by him made acquainted with the Wonders of the Place, and with thoſe which he is himſelf deſtin'd to perform. He takes him to a *Mount of Viſion*, from whence he ſhews him the paſt Triumphs of the Emperor of *Dulneſs*, then the preſent, and laſtly the future. How ſmall a Part of the World was ever conquered by *Science*, how ſoon thoſe Conqueſts were ſtopp'd, and thoſe very Nations again reduced to her Dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the Iſland of *Great Britain*, ſhews by what Aids, by what Perſons, and by what Degrees, it ſhall be brought to her Empire. Some of the Perſons he cauſes to paſs in Review before his Eyes, deſcribing each by his proper Figure, Character, and Qualifications. On a ſudden the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt Number of Miracles and Prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and unknown to the King himſelf, 'till they are explained to be the Wonders of his own Reign, now commencing: On this Subject, *Settle* breaks out into a Congratulation, yet not unmixed with Concern, that his own Times were but Types of theſe; he propheſies how firſt the Nation ſhall be over-run with FARCES, OPERAS, and SHOWS, and the Throne of *Dulneſs* advanced over the Theatres; then how her Sons ſhall preſide in the Seats of ARTS and SCIENCES, giving a Glimpſe of the future Fullneſs of her Glory

Now Mr. *Pope* once more brings the King, *Bays*, upon the Stage:

A Slip-ſhod Sibyl led his Steps along,
In lofty Madneſs meditating Song;

Her

Her Treſſes ſtaring, from poetick Dreams,
And never waſh'd but in *Caſtalian* Streams.

This Allegory is extremely juſt; no Conformation of the Mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real *Madneſs*, as that which produces real *Dulneſs*: Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthuſiaſts of all Ages, were ever in their natural State, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but the common People have been taught (I do not know on what Foundation) to regard Lunacy as a Mark of Wit, juſt as the *Turks* and our modern *Methodiſts*, do of Holineſs.

The King thus led where *Bavius* dips the poetick Souls in *Lethe*, ſtood in Admiration at the prodigious Numbers of Souls wandring on the Banks and waiting to be uſhered into the World, by being plung'd:

——————When lo! A Sage appears
By his broad Shoulders known, and Length of Ears;
Known by the Band and Suit which *Settle* wore
(His only Suit) for twice three Years before.

This Mr. *Elkanah Settle* was City Poet, and ſome Time at *Trinity College*, *Oxon*; upon his coming to *London*, and being poſſeſs'd with a Spirit of Poetry, he ſpent a very good Fortune. When his Neceſſities obliged him to write, his Uncertainty in his political Principles did him a Prejudice, and at laſt he made a Reſolution of quitting all Pretenſions to State Craft, and to ſkulk into a Corner of the Stage, and there die contented, which is his own Expreſſion in the Preface of one of his Pieces. He has writ fifteen Plays, with various Succeſs: His Talent is Tragedy, and Mr. *Langbain* tells us, that he was tragically dealt withal by Mr. *Dryden*, in his Diſpute with him.

Obſerve, *Settle* was once a Writer in Vogue as well as Mr. *Cibber*, both for dramatick Poetry and Politicks. Mr. *Dennis* tells us, he *was a formidable Rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the* UNIVERSITY *of* CAMBRIDGE, *there were thoſe who gave him the* PREFERENCE: Mr. *Welſted* goes yet farther in his Behalf; *poor Settle was formerly the mighty Rival of Dryden; nay, for* MANY YEARS, *bore his Reputation* ABOVE *him.*

And Mr. *Cibber* might obſerve in his own Calling, as a Player, ſome bad Actors, (witneſs one lately ſet up) who have had uncommon Indulgence ſhown them, and the Bulk of the Audience liking better what is glaring, than what is juſt, thoſe tearing Actors mouth Applauſe from them, when better, that is, more natural Actors, are often overlook'd and neglected, nay, ſometimes hiſs'd: I remember a Fable which ſpeaks very well to this Purpoſe.

The Citizens of a certain City, met at a great Square to ſee ſome Pantomines act their Buffooneries; among theſe Actors, there was one whom the People applauded every Moment; this Buffoon, when the Show was almoſt over, would needs cloſe it with ſomething that was new; he came alone upon the Stage, bent down, covered his Head with his Cloak; and ſqueak'd like a ſucking Pig; they cried out to him to throw open his Cloak and Robe: He did ſo, and the People finding there was nothing under them, repeated their Applauſes with more Fury than ever. A Peaſant who was among the Spectators, was ſhock'd with ſo many Tokens of their Admiration: Gentlemen, cries he, he is not ſuch a rare Actor as you take him to be: I can act a ſucking Pig better than he; and if you queſtion it, come here Tomorrow, and you ſhall be Witneſſes if it yourſelves. The Citizens, prejudic'd in Favour of the Pantomime, met again the next Day,

rather

rather to hiſs the Peaſant, than to ſee what he could do. The two Rivals appeared on the Theatre: The Buffoon began, and received the ſame Applauſes as the Day before; then the Peaſant bended down in his Turn, and covering his Head with his Cloak, took a true ſucking Pig, which he had in his Arm, by the Ear, and the Pig ſqueek'd heartily; however, the Audience gave the Preference to the Pantomime, and hiſs'd the Peaſant, who, pulling out the ſucking Pig, and ſhowing them, ſaid, Gentlemen, 'tis not me that you hiſs, 'tis the Pig itſelf: See what Judges ye are.

So little are the Plaudits of a Theatre to be regarded; ſo little the Opinion of an Univerſity; that could give the Preference to *Settle*, and ſet below him in Reputation the great Mr. *Dryden*.

The Speech of *Settle* to the King of the Dunces, and his aſcending the *Mount of Viſion*, with all the Scenes that follow, are Paſſages very remarkable.

Firſt, thoſe Places of the Globe are ſhewn where Science never roſe; then thoſe where ſhe was deſtroyed by Tyranny; by Inundation of Barbarians; by Superſtition: Then *Rome*, the Miſtreſs of Arts, deſcrib'd in her Degeneracy; and laſtly *Britain*, the Scene of the Action of the Poem.

'Tis in this Book Mr. *Pope* introduces Mr. *Ralph*, in two Lines, alluding to a Poem of his, called *Night*;

Silence, ye Wolves! while *Ralph* to *Cynthia* howls,
And makes Night hideous—anſwer him ye Owls!

The Reaſon of this Gentleman's Name being here inſerted, we have given before—he ended at laſt in a political News Paper, to which he was recommended by his Friend Mr. *Arnall*, and received a ſmall Pittance for Pay; if this Gentleman had followed his

his firſt Bent for Poetry, and never debauched his Mind with bad Politicks, he might have improv'd his Talent, ſo far as to have gain'd the Reputation of a very good Poet; in ſome Things he promis'd well, but once fallen to be an Hireling, he was totally loſt, to Literature, to the Eſteem of the World, and every Thing but Party, and that wrongly choſen, ſuppoſing it neceſſary to be of any.

Some other Names in this Book we omit, till other Matter ſhall occur about them.

How like is Part of this Speech of *Settle*'s to that of *Ogilby*'s, in Mr. *Dryden*'s *Mac Flecknoe*, which, we hope, the Reader, as he goes on with this Satire, will always bear in Mind:

Then thus, continued he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without Birth, and fruitleſs Induſtry.
Let *Virtuoſo*'s in five Years be Writ;
Yet not one Thought accuſe thy Toil of Wit.
Let gentle *George* in Triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their Folly ſhew their Writers Wit.
Yet ſtill thy Fools ſhall ſtand in thy Defence,
And juſtify their Author's Want of Senſe.

The third Book (and all that was publiſhed till the new *Dunciad* in 1742) concludes thus:

Proceed great Days! 'till Learning fly the Shore,
'Till *Birch* ſhall bluſh with noble Blood no more;
'Till *Thames* ſee *Eaton*'s Sons for ever Play;
'Till *Weſtminſter*'s whole Year be Holiday;

'Till

'Till *Isis'* Elders reel, their Pupils Sport,
And *Alma Mater* lie dissolv'd in Port!
Enough, enough, the raptur'd Monarch cries,
And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

Thus it was imagined this Satire had had the finishing Stroke put to it, and those who were hurt began to cry out; the *stricken Deer began to weep*, and *Dennis* looking a few Years back, begins a heavy Complaint, and says,

" About that Time I received a Letter from him, " which I have still by me, in which he acknow- " ledged his Offences past, and expres'd an hypocri- " tical Sorrow for them.

" But no sooner did he believe that Time had " caused these Things to be forgot, than he relaps'd " into ten Times the Folly and the Madness that " ever he had shewn before. He not only attack'd " several Persons of far greater Merit than himself, " but like a mad *Indian* that runs a muck, struck at " every Thing that came in his Way, without Di- " stinction of Friend or Foe, Acquaintance or " Stranger, Merit or Unworthiness, Wisdom or " Folly, Vice or Virtue; like a blind Beetle, that " in its blundering Flight bruises itself against every " Object it meets, and does not fail to knock itself " down by the impotent Blows which it gives to " others.

" He has not only struck at very different Persons, " without any manner of Distinction, but has thrown " his rhetorical Flowers, of Fool, Blockhead, Scoun- " drel, promiscuously at them all; as if he wisely " thought, that he was the only foul mouth'd Fel- " low in *England*, or had so much of the Fool, " Blockhead, Dunce, Scoundrel within him, that " they have the same Effect on his Mind that Jaun-

dice

" dice would upon his Eyes, and make every Thing " without him to be in Appearance, what in Reali- " ty is within him.

" Nothing is more eaſy than to give foul Lan- " guage, which a Fool is more capable of giving to " a wiſe Man, than a wiſe Man to a Fool; becauſe " nothing incapacitates a Man ſo much for it as good " Senſe, good Nature, good Breeding, and common " Diſcretion; and nothing qualifies a Man more for " it, than his being a Clown, a Fool, a Barbarian, " and a Brute. The calling a Man a Fool, Dunce, " Blockhead, Scoundrel, if it does not find him ſo, " it does by no means make him ſo. But if it does " not find him ſo, it gives him who calls him ſo, an " unqueſtionable Title to thoſe Terms himſelf. As " this is the Language of the Rabble of Mankind, " the more any one brings himſelf to uſe it, the " more he ſets himſelf upon an infamous Level with " the Scum and Off-ſcouring of Things."

A great deal of this is true, and if what he ſays farther be ſo, we do not pretend to juſtify our Author, any farther than to ſay, their Bickerings and Contentions were come to ſuch an Height, they did not care what they did to vex one another: What Mr. *Dennis* alledges againſt our Author is:

" In the Height of his Profeſſions of Friendſhip " for Mr. *Addiſon*, he could not bear the Succeſs of " *Cato*, but prevails upon *Barnard Lintot* to engage " me to write and publiſh Remarks upon that Tra- " gedy; which after I had done, *Pope*, the better to " conceal himſelf from Mr. *Addiſon* and his Friends, " writes and publiſhes a ſcandalous Pamphlet, equally " fooliſh and villainous, in which he pretends that I " was in the Hands of a Quack who cures Mad-men. " So weak is the Capacity of this little Gentleman, " that he did not know that he had done an odious Thing;

" Thing; an Action deteſted even by thoſe whom " he fondly deſign'd to oblige by it: For Mr. *Addi-* " *ſon* was ſo far from approving of it, that he enga- " ged Sir *Richard Steele* to write to me, and to aſ- " ſure me that he knew nothing of that Pamphlet " 'till he ſaw it in Print, that he was very ſorry to " ſee it, and that whenever he ſhould think fit to " anſwer my Remarks on his Tragedy, he would do " it in a Manner to which I ſhould have no juſt Ex- " ception. Thus Mr. *Addiſon* acted like a Man of " Honour."

Here we hope the Reader will take Notice, he does not ſay that Mr. *Pope* practis'd with him himſelf to publiſh Remarks againſt Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Cato*, but that he prevail'd with *Lintot* to do it; which might be only a Surmiſe of his, or a Falſehood of the Book-ſeller's.

A certain Nobleman, known by the Letters *H—y* in the *Dunciad*, and in another Poem of our Author's by that of my Lord *Fanny*, took it into his Head to write an Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity, in which he endeavours to prove all Manner of Weakneſſes and Abſurdities on Mr. *Pope*: It concludes with the following Lines:

Since ſuch you'll find moſt Men of our Degree,
Excuſe the Ignorance appears in me.
Nor marvel whilſt that Ign'rance I rehearſe,
That ſtill I know enough to do't in Verſe;
Guiltleſs of Thought, each Blockhead may compoſe
This nothing-meaning Verſe, as faſt as Proſe.
And *Pope* with Juſtice of ſuch Lines may ſay,
His Lordſhip ſpins a Thouſand in a Day.
Such *Pope* himſelf might write, who ne'er could think;
He who at Crambo plays with Pen and Ink;

And

And is call'd Poet, 'cauſe in Rhyme he wrote,
What *Dacier* conſtrued, and what *Homer* thought;
But in Reality this Jingler's Claim,
Or to an Author's, or a Poet's Name,
A Judge of Writing would no more admit,
Than each dull Dictionary's Claim to Wit;
That nothing gives you at its own Expence,
But a few modern Words for antient Senſe.
'Tis thus, whene'er *Pope* writes he's forc'd to go
And beg a little Senſe, as School-Boys do:
" For all cannot invent, who can tranſlate;
" No more than thoſe who cloath us can create."
When we ſee *Celia* ſhining in Brocade,
Who thinks 'tis *Hinchclif* all that Beauty made?
And *Pope* in his beſt Works we only find
The gaudy *Hinchclif* of ſome beauteous Mind.
To bid his Genius work without that Aid,
Would be as much miſtaking of his Trade,
As 'twould to bid your Hatter make a Head:
Since this Mechanick's, like the other's Pains,
Are all for dreſſing other People's Brains.
But had he not, to his eternal Shame,
By trying to deſerve a *Sat'riſt*'s Name,
Prov'd he can ne'er invent, but to defame;
Had not his Taſte and Riches lately ſhown,
When he would talk of Genius to the Town,
How ill he chuſes, if he truſts his own;
Had he in modern Language only wrote
Thoſe Rules which *Horace* and which *Vida* taught;
On *Garth* or *Boileau*'s Model built his Fame,
Or ſold *Broome*'s Labours printed with *Pope*'s Name;
Had he ne'er aim'd at any Work beſide,
In Glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd;
And ever been, tho' not with Genius fir'd,
By School-Boys quoted, and by Girls admir'd.

So

So much for *Pope*.——And were I not afraid,
Tho' I write more, that you no more would read,
I now would try to jumble into Rhyme
Th' Account you ask, of how we pass our Time;
But by the Manner of your spending yours,
Guess,—and you'll not be very wide of ours.
For Courts are only larger Families,
The Growth of each, few Truths, and many Lies;
Like you we *lounge*, and feast, and play, and chatter;
In private satirize, in publick flatter.
Few to each other, all to one Point true,
Which one I shan't nor need explain, *Adieu.*

This Letter was answered in a Poem called *Tit for Tat*, where the Satire ran strong upon the Effeminacy of his Person, and his dangling after the Court:

Ne'er made for Use, just fit for Show;
Half Wit, half Fool, half Man, half Beau.

We don't find the Gentlemen who vented their Anger were any Thing cooler afterwards than before, some seem'd more enraged than ever; and it was reported that Persons were hired to meet Mr. *Pope* in the Dusk of the Evening, to insult, seize and lash him naked with Rods, which (in the Opinion of the Town) was done in *Ham-Walks*, and in a few Days starts from the Press:

A true and faithful Account of a late horrid and barbarous Whipping committed on the Body of SAUNEY POPE, a Poet; as he was innocently walking in *Ham-Walks*, near the River of *Thames*, meditating Verses for the Good of the Publick. Supppsed to be done by two evil disposed Persons, out of Spite and Revenge, for a harmless Lampoon which the said Poet had writ upon them.

THERE

THERE is nothing ſo lamentable as to behold the Exceſſes to which an unchriſtian Revenge is but too apt to hurry Mankind, when they have not the mild Diſpoſition of the Goſpel before their Eyes. There we are taught to think that all Chriſtians are our Neighbours, and that we ought to love them as ourſelves: Therefore, how much ſoever Papiſhes may be miſtaken in their Opinions, we ought not to give them bodily Perſecution or ill Uſage, but leave them to the Laws of the Land; for although miſtaken, they are ſtill ſome Sort of Chriſtians.

O! that this pious Conſideration could have withheld the Hands of two Proteſtant Gentlemen from offering opprobrious Violence to the Body of Mr. *Pope*; which however, we hope, will be no Reflection on the Proteſtant Religion abroad.

The barbarous Fact was as follows,

Laſt *Thurſday*, being a pleaſant Evening, Mr. *Sauny Pope*, a great Poet (as we are informed) was walking in *Ham-Walks*, meditating Verſes for the Publick Good, when two Gentlemen came up to him, (whoſe Names we cannot certainly learn) and knowing him perfectly well, partly by his Back, and partly by his Face, walked a Turn or two with him; when entering into a Converſation (as we hear on the *Dunciad*, a pretty Poem of the ſaid Poet's Writing) on a ſudden, one of the Gentlemen hoiſted poor Maſter *Pope*, the Poet, on his Back, whilſt the other drew out, from under his Coat, a long Birchen Rod, (as we are informed made out of a Stable Broom) and with the ſame long Rod, did, with great Violence and an unmerciful Hand, ſtrike Maſter *Pope* ſo hard on his naked Poſteriors, that he voided vaſt Quantities of Ichor, or Blood, which being Yellow, one Dr. *Arbuthnot* his Phyſician, has ſince

ſince affirmed, had a great Proportion of Gall mix'd with it, which occaſioned the ſaid Colour.

As ſoon as this inhuman Whipping was over, the two Gentlemen made off, and left poor Maſter *Pope* weltering in his own *yellow Blood*——When Mrs. *Blount*, a good charitable Woman, and near Neighbour of Maſter *Pope*'s at *Twickenham*, chancing to come by, took him up in her Apron, and buttoning up his Breeches, carried him to the Water-ſide, where ſhe got a Boat to convey him home.

We hear that Maſter *Pope* has been ever ſince greatly diſordered; occaſioned, as it is ſuppoſed, by the ſaid Whipping, which has driven the Humour upwards, and affected his Head in ſuch a Manner, that the poor Man continually raves for Pen, Ink, and Paper; and although they have been allowed him by his own Phyſician Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who miſtook his Caſe; yet he is now ſtrictly forbid the Uſe of them, by the learned Dr. *Hale* of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, under whoſe Care he is at preſent, and who doubts not (God willing) to reſtore the poor Man to his Senſes.

It is impoſſible for any charitable Chriſtian not to compaſſionate the Caſe of this unfortunate Poet, although he differs from us in Religion; but we cannot too much admire the Wiſdom of Providence, which brings this Man to the Laſh, whoſe want of Wit has been laſhing of others. And that this Madneſs eads him to rave for Pen, Ink, and Paper; whereof he has made ſo ill a Uſe, and which has been the Cauſe of the preſent Misfortune he labours under. We hope when he returns to his Senſes, he will make a better Uſe of them, and then he may ſay with holy *David*, *It is good for me that I have been afflicted.*

Thus far the publick Account; which caus'd the

following Advertiſement in the *Daily Poſt* of *Friday*, *June* 14, 1728.

WHERAS there has been a ſcandalous Paper cried about the Streets under the Title of *A* POPP *upon* POPE, inſinuating, that I was whipped in *Ham-Walks*, on *Thurſday* laſt. This is to give Notice, that I did not ſtir out of my Houſe at *Twickenham* all that Day, and the ſame is a malicious and ill-grounded Report.

A. P.

If this were true it was a very unlawful Reſentment, and in many Countries would be return'd by an Aſſaſſination of the Perſons concern'd; who, if they concealed themſelves, muſt have loſt great Part of their Revenge, by his not knowing who were the Cauſes of his Suffering.

Thus was he perſecuted by many, ſome covertly, ſome openly; nay, *Concanen* accuſed him of Treaſon, only becauſe two Vacancies of Aſteriſms might poſſibly be filled up with the Names of GEORGE and CAROLINE.

Though he wanted very little Aſſiſtance, ſeveral Friends appeared for him, particularly his old one *Scriblerus*:

But if a Genius riſe, whoſe pointed Wit
Corrects your Morals, and all Taſtes ſhall fit,
Claim then the Privilege to be his Foes,
Ye cannot ſhine, but when ye Worth oppoſe.
When ye *deny* him *Fame*, ye *fix* your *own*,
And to be ſatiris'd, is to be known.
Some hold, they're better in a curſed State,
Than to be totally annihilate;

Thrice

Thrice happy then, ye deathleſs, duncely Train!
The Subjects of the higher DUNCIAD's Strain.
How many, who have Reams of Paper ſpoil'd,
Have often ſleepleſs Nights obſcurely toil'd,
And buried in their Eggs, like Silk-worms, lay,
'Till his warm Satire ſhew'd them Life and Day?
Here then, my Sons, is all your living Hope,
To be immortal Scribblers, rail at POPE.

He introduces *Narciſſus* (the ſame with Lord *Fanny*) waking the Laureat ſleeping on the Lap of *Dullneſs*, and conjuring him by all Things dear, at laſt rouzes him:

" Dear *Laureat*, rouſe, the Enemy's at Hand,
" Another DUNCIAD travels round the Land,
" Whence all the ſole Proprietors of Traſh,
" Thy Friends and mine, moſt juſtly fear the Laſh."
Vain are his Efforts——yet again he tries;
" Thy *Odes!*-oh ſave thy *Odes!*--dear *Laureat*, riſe;
" If not for *Odes*—yet for *Love's Riddle* wake—
" Nor that?—thy *Careleſs Huſband*'s then at Stake."
All would not do——his ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd,
Nor the great Mother, nor the *Laureat* heard;
For on her Lap ſo *daintily* he lay,
His Senſes, breath'd into her, ſtole away;
All Aims at a Recovery were vain,
'Till ſhe vouchſaf'd to breathe them back again.
One gentle Imprecation more, and then,
He cries, " Farewell the *Laureat* and his *Pen*:
" Thy Country calls, if thou reſign'ſt thy Senſe,
" Yet rouſe to be a Man of Conſequence.
" Who calls thee *Dunce* abuſes too thy King,
" Whoſe Praiſes, by thy Place, thou'rt bound to ſing;
" O! grant me Aid, aſſume the pleaſing Taſk,
" In thy *Nonjuror*'s fav'rite Name I aſk."

Thrice groan'd the *Ompha*, and in Thunder ſpoke,
The Blaſt his Senſe return'd, and Slumber broke;
Nonjure! That Word alone unbinds the Charms,
For *Party* Dullneſs always ſounds to *Arms*,
Upſtarts the Sire, "Miſtake me not he cries,
"Whoever ſays I was aſleep—he lies;
"You know, my Lord, how I my Wits exert,
"How always pleaſing, and how always pert;
"I know your Grief before the Cauſe is told;
"Then here my Pen in Readineſs I hold.
"Since by Deſire I enter thus the Liſts,
"I vow Revenge,—know, COLLEY ne'er deſiſts:
"Then I'll purſue him with my lateſt Breath,
"Nor drop *this Pen* 'till quite *benumb'd* with *Death*."

How far the Laureat has kept his Word, concerning his not dropping his Pen, we ſhall obſerve in its Place, and imagining that Mr. *Pope* has lull'd his Dunces for a Time aſleep, give a little Reſt to the Reader, and finiſh here our firſt Volume.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

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